GRAY.

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THE

CABINET

OF

POETRY,

CONTAINING

THE BEST ENTIRE PIECES TO BE FOUND IN

THE WORKS

OF

THE BRITISH POETS.

"If the grain were separated from the chaff which fills the "works of our National Poets, what is truly valuable "would be to what is useless in the proportion of a mole-"hill to a mountain."—BURKE.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

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POETS

CONTAINED IN THIS FIFTH VOLUME.

GRAY.
WEST.
LYTTLETON.
MOORE.
THOMPSON.
CAWTHORN.
CHURCHILL.
LLOYD.
CUNNINGHAM.
GREEN.
COOPER.
GOLDSMITH.
GRAINGER.
SMOLLET.
ARMSTRONG.
BROWN.
DODSLEY.
SMART.
LANGHORNE.
BRUCE.
CHATTERTON,
SHAW.
LOVIBOND.
PENROSE.

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Ah! who ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year,
Or ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the rude cluster from the mourning spray?
Stern pow'r of fate! whose ebon sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah! stay till age shall blast my with'ring face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.
How weak is man to reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part etherial fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
In vain our plans of happiness we raise;
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise:
Wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wise would fear to call their own.
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing:
'Tis like the stream, aside whose wat'ry bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head,
Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies;
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below;
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey;
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks untimely in the whelming tide.
But why repine? does life deserve my sigh?
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those the wretches I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate.
For me, whene'er all conqu'ring death shall spread
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not: though this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before,
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;

Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are, ere spent my vital days,
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise:
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
Their praise would crown me as their precepts mend:
To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the poet, but the friend sincere.

ODE TO MAY.

Dear Gray, that always in my heart
Possessest far the better part,
What mean these sudden blasts that rise,
And drive the zephyrs from the skies?
O join with mine thy tuneful lay,
And invocate the tardy May.

Come, fairest nymph! resume thy reign,
Bring all the graces in thy train:
With balmy breath and flow'ry tread,
Rise from thy soft ambrosial bed,
Where in Elysian slumber bound,
Embow'ring myrtles veil thee round.

Awake, in all thy glories drest,
Recal the zephyrs from the west;
Restore the sun, revive the skies,
At mine and nature's call arise!
Great nature's self upbraids thy stay,
And misses her accustom'd May.

See! all her works demand thy aid,
The labours of Pomona fade!
A plaint is heard from ev'ry tree,
Each budding flow'ret calls for thee;
The birds forget to love and sing,
With storms alone the forests ring.

Come then, with pleasure at thy side,
Diffuse thy vernal spirit wide;
Create where'er thou turn'st thy eye
Peace, plenty, love, and harmony,
Till ev'ry being share its part,
And heav'n and earth be glad at heart.

LYTTLETON.

This illustrious statesman, poet, and historian, was the son of Sir Thomas Lyttleton of Hagley, in Worcestershire, and was born in 1709. He gave early indications of his genius by his compositions both in prose and verse; and after a classical education at Eton, was entered of Christ-church, Oxford, where he produced his "Blenheim, a poem." His "Progress of Love," and his "Persian Letters," were likewise written while he was very young: the first is interesting, the last excellent.

When only nineteen years of age, he set out on his travels, and addressed a poetical epistle to Pope from Rome. His employments abroad are a model for travelling young noblemen.

Soon after his return to his native country, he obtained a seat in parliament, and for many years he was found proudly independant in the ranks of opposition against Sir Robert Walpole; and his name appears in every debate of importance, though his father was a lord of the admiralty; and of course sided with the ministers. Between him and his parent, however, there seems to have been a perfectly good and affectionate understanding; and politics, which are so frequently the cause of disunion in weaker minds, in them produced no sensible effect, as each probably gave the other the credit of being guided by principle.

In 1737, when the Prince of Wales began to keep a separate court, Lyttleton became secretary to his Royal Highness; and through his influence, it is supposed, that so many persons of talents were patronized by the heir apparent. This may serve as a model for persons in power.

In 1741 he received the hand of Miss Lucy Fortescue, of Devonshire, for whom he had conceived the most ardent attachment, as is evident, not only from his amatory verses, but from the whole of his conduct.

With this accomplished lady he lived for five years in the highest degree of connubial felicity; and when she was prematurely carried off in child-birth, he solaced his grief by writing the " Monody" to her memory, which is so universally admired. By her he had a son and a daughter. But entering into the married state a second time, it is said he did not find a similar degree of happiness, nor did he leave any issue by his last lady, who was a daughter of Sir Robert Rich.

Sir Robert Walpole being at length driven from the helm of affairs, Lyttleton became one of the lords of the treasury, and from that time was a supporter of administration. Politics however did not wholly absorb his attention, and his " Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul," to which infidelity has never been able to fabricate a specious answer, attest his piety as well as his genius.

In 1755 he was appointed chancellor of the exchequer, and two years after created a baron, when he retired from active public labours, and devoted the greatest part of his time to literary and social pursuits. His elegant " Dialogues of the Dead," and his " History of Henry II." occupied a considerable portion of his leisure for some years. The latter is a most elaborate, but in some respects elegant, performance.

Lyttleton died, after a lingering illness, at his seat of Hagley, which he had adorned with taste and judgment, in 1773, at the age of 64. As a poet, he was more distinguished for ease than elevation, with peculiar delicacy of thought and expression; as a christian and a man, he deserves unqualified praise. Not more elegant in his writings than amiable in his life; not more the object of admiration for the first, than of love and honour for the last. The shades of Hagley, like those of the Leasowes, will always continue to associate in the minds and feelings of every visitor, the elegance and virtue of their poetry, progenitors, and patrons, whoever may be the future owners of those beautiful domains.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE,

IN FOUR ECLOGUES.

UNCERTAINTY. ECLOGUE I.

TO MR. POPE.

POPE, to whose reed beneath the beechen shade,
The nymphs of Thames a pleas'd attention paid;
While yet thy muse, content with humbler praise,
Warbled in Windsor's grove her sylvan lays;
Though now, sublimely borne on Homer's wing,
Of glorious wars and godlike chiefs she sing:
Wilt thou with me revisit once again
The crystal fountain, and the flowery plain?
Wilt thou, indulgent, hear my verse relate
The various changes of a lover's state;
And, while each turn of passion I pursue,
Ask thy own heart if what I tell be true?
To the green margin of a lonely wood,
Whose pendant shades o'erlook'd a silver flood,
Young Damon came, unknowing where he stray'd,
Full of the image of his beauteous maid:
His flock, far off, unfed, untended, lay,
To every savage a defenceless prey;
No sense of interest could their master move,
And every care seem'd trifling now but love.
Awhile in pensive silence he remain'd,
But, though his voice was mute, his looks complain'd;
At length the thoughts within his bosom pent,
Forc'd his unwilling tongue to give them vent.
"Ye nymphs," he cried, "ye Dryads, who so long
"Have favour'd Damon, and inspir'd his song;
"For whom, retir'd, I shun the gay resorts
"Of sportful cities, and of pompous courts;
"In vain I bid the restless world adieu,
"To seek tranquillity and peace with you.
"Though wild ambition and destructive rage,
"No factions here can form, no wars can wage:

" Though envy frowns not on your humble shades,
" Nor calumny your innocence invades :
" Yet cruel love, that troubler of the breast,
" Too often violates your boasted rest ;
" With inbred storms disturbs your calm retreat,
" And taints with bitterness each rural sweet.
" Ah luckless day ! when first with fond surprise
" On Delia's face I fix'd my eager eyes !
" Then in wild tumults all my soul was tost,
" Then reason, liberty, at once were lost :
" And every wish, and thought, and care, was gone,
" But what my heart employ'd on her alone.
" Then too she smil'd : can smiles our peace destroy,
" Those lovely children of content and joy ?
" How can soft pleasure and tormenting woe
" From the same spring at the same moment flow ?
" Unhappy boy ! these vain inquiries cease,
" Thought could not guard, nor will restore, thy peace :
" Indulge the frenzy that thou must endure,
" And sooth the pain thou know'st not how to cure.
" Come, flattering memory ! and tell my heart
" How kind she was, and with what pleasing art
" She strove its fondest wishes to obtain,
" Confirm her power, and faster bind my chain.
" If on the green we danc'd, a mirthful band ;
" To me alone she gave her willing hand :
" Her partial taste, if e'er I touch'd the lyre,
" Still in my song found something to admire.
" By none but her my crook with flowers was crown'd,
" By none but her my brows with ivy bound :
" The world, that Damon was her choice, believ'd,
" The world, alas ! like Damon, was deceiv'd.
" When last I saw her, and declar'd my fire,
" In words as soft as passion could inspire,
" Coldly she heard, and full of scorn withdrew,
" Without one pitying glance, one sweet adieu.
" The frighted hind, who sees his ripen'd corn
" Up from the roots by sudden tempests torn,
" Whose fairest hopes destroy'd and blasted lie,
" Feels not so keen a pang of grief as I.
" Ah, how have I deserv'd, inhuman maid,
" To have my faithful service thus repaid ?

" Were all the marks of kindness I receiv'd,
" But dreams of joy, that charm'd me and deceiv'd?
" Or did you only nurse my growing love,
" That with more pain I might your hatred prove?
" Sure guilty treachery no place could find
" In such a gentle, such a generous mind:
" A maid brought up the woods and wilds among
" Could ne'er have learnt the art of courts so young:
" No: let me rather think her anger feign'd,
" Still let me hope my Delia may be gain'd;
" 'Twas only modesty that seem'd disdain,
" And her heart suffer'd when she gave me pain."
Pleas'd with this flattering thought, the love-sick boy
Felt the faint dawning of a doubtful joy:
Back to his flock more cheerful he return'd,
When now the setting sun more fiercely burn'd,
Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills.

HOPE. ECLOGUE II.

TO MR. DODDINGTON,

Afterwards Lord Melcombe Regis.

Hear, Doddington, the notes that shepherds sing,
Like those that warbling hail the genial spring.
Nor Pan, nor Phœbus, tunes our artless reeds:
From love alone their melody proceeds.
From love, Theocritus, on Enna's plains,
Learnt the wild sweetness of his Doric strains.
Young Maro, touch'd by his inspiring dart,
Could charm each ear, and soften every heart:
Me too his power has reach'd, and bids with thine
My rustic pipe in pleasing concert join.*
Damon no longer sought the silent shade,
No more in unfrequented paths he stray'd,
But call'd the swains to hear his jocund song,
And told his joy to all the rural throng.
" Blest be the hour," he said, " that happy hour,
" When first I own'd my Delia's gentle power;

* Mr. Doddington had written some agreeable love-verses, which have never been published.

" Then gloomy discontent and pining care
" Forsook my breast, and left soft wishes there;
" Soft wishes there they left, and gay desires,
" Delightful languors, and transporting fires.
" Where yonder limes combine to form a shade,
" These eyes first gaz'd upon the charming maid,
" There she appear'd, on that auspicious day,
" When swains their sportive rites to Bacchus pay:
" She led the dance—heavens! with what grace she mov'd!
" Who could have seen her then, and not have lov'd?
" I strove not to resist so sweet a flame,
" But gloried in a happy captive's name:
" Nor would I now, could love permit, be free,
" But leave to brutes their savage liberty.
" And art thou then, fond youth, secure of joy?
" Can no reverse thy flattering bliss destroy?
" Has treacherous love no torment yet in store?
" Or hast thou never prov'd his fatal power?
" Whence flow'd those tears that late bedew'd thy cheek?
" Why sigh'd thy heart as if it strove to break!
" Why were the desert rocks invok'd to hear
" The plaintive accent of thy sad despair?
" From Delia's rigour all those pains arose,
" Delia, who now compassionates my woes,
" Who bids me *hope*; and in that charming word
" Has peace and transport to my soul restor'd.
" Begin my pipe, begin the gladsome lay;
" A kiss from Delia shall thy music pay;
" A kiss obtain'd 'twixt struggling and consent,
" Giv'n with forc'd anger, and disguis'd content.
" No laureat wreaths I ask, to bind my brows,
" Such as the muse on lofty bards bestows:
" Let other swains to praise or fame aspire;
" I from her lips my recompence require.
" Why stays my Delia in her secret bower?
" Light gales have chas'd the late impending shower;
" Th' emerging sun more bright his beams extends;
" Oppos'd, its beauteous arch the rainbow bends!
" Glad youths and maidens turn the new-made hay:
" The birds renew their songs on every spray!

" Come forth, my love, thy shepherd's joys to crown;
" All nature smiles,—Will only Delia frown?
" Hark, how the bees with murmurs fill the plain,
" While every flower of every sweet they drain:
" See, how beneath yon hillock's shady steep,
" The shelter'd herds on flowery couches sleep:
" Nor bees, nor herds, are half so blest as I,
" If with my fond desires my love comply;
" From Delia's lips a sweeter honey flows,
" And on her bosom dwells more soft repose.
" Ah how, my dear, shall I deserve thy charms?
" What gift can bribe thee to my longing arms?
" A bird for thee in silken bands I hold,
" Whose yellow plumage shines like polish'd gold;
" From distant isles the lovely stranger came,
" And bears the fortunate Canaries' name;
" In all our woods none boasts so sweet a note,
" Not even the nightingale's melodious throat.
" Accept of this; and could I add beside
" What wealth the rich Peruvian mountains hide,
" If all the gems in eastern rocks were mine,
" On thee alone their glittering pride should shine.
" But, if thy mind no gifts have power to move,
" Phœbus himself shall leave th' Aonian grove:
" The tuneful nine, who never sue in vain,
" Shall come sweet suppliants for their favourite swain.
" For him each blue-eye'd Naiad of the flood,
" For him each green-hair'd sister of the wood,
" Whom oft beneath fair Cynthia's gentle ray
" His music calls to dance the night away.
" And you, fair nymphs, companions of my love,
" With whom she joys the cowslip meads to rove,
" I beg you, recommend my faithful flame,
" And let her often hear her shepherd's name:
" Shade all my faults from her inquiring sight,
" And show my merits in the fairest light;
" My pipe your kind assistance shall repay,
" And every friend shall claim a different lay.
" But see, in yonder glade the heavenly fair
" Enjoys the fragrance of the breezy air—
" Ah, thither let me fly with eager feet;
" Adieu, my pipe, I go my love to meet—

" O, may I find her as we parted last,
" And may each future hour be like the past!
" So shall the whitest lamb these pastures feed,
" Propitious Venus, on thy altars bleed."

JEALOUSY. ECLOGUE III.

TO MR. EDWARD WALPOLE.

The gods, O Walpole, give no bliss sincere:
Wealth is disturb'd by care, and power by fear.
Of all the passions that employ the mind,
In gentle love the sweetest joys we find:
Yet ev'n those joys dire jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts.
O may the warmth of thy too tender heart
Ne'er feel the sharpness of his venom'd dart!
For thy own quiet, think thy mistress just,
And wisely take thy happiness on trust.
Begin, my muse, and Damon's woes rehearse,
In wildest numbers and disorder'd verse.
On a romantic mountain's airy head,
While browzing goats at ease around him fed,
Anxious he lay, with jealous cares opprest;
Distrust and anger labouring in his breast—
The vale beneath a pleasing prospect yields
Of verdant meads and cultivated fields;
Through these a river rolls its winding flood,
Adorn'd with various tufts of rising wood;
Here half-conceal'd in trees a cottage stands,
A castle there the opening plain commands;
Beyond, a town with glittering spires is crown'd,
And distant hills the wide horizon bound:
So charming was the scene, awhile the swain
Beheld delighted, and forgot his pain:
But soon the stings infix'd within his heart,
With cruel force renew'd their raging smart:
His flowery wreath, which long with pride he wore,
The gift of Delia, from his brows he tore,
Then cried, " May all thy charms, ungrateful maid,
" Like these neglected roses, droop and fade!
" May angry heaven deform each guilty grace,
" That triumphs now in that deluding face!

" Those alter'd looks may every shepherd fly,
" And ev'n thy Daphnis hate thee worse than I !
" Say, thou inconstant, what has Damon done,
" To lose the heart his tedious pains had won ?
" Tell me what charms you in my rival find,
" Against whose power no ties have strength to bind ?
" Has he, like me, with long obedience strove
" To conquer your disdain, and merit love ?
" Has he with transport every smile ador'd,
" And died with grief at each ungentle word ?
" Ah, no ! the conquest was obtain'd with ease ;
" He pleas'd you, by not studying to please :
" His careless indolence your pride alarm'd ;
" And, had he lov'd you more, he less had charm'd.
" O pain to think ! another shall possess
" Those balmy lips which I was wont to press :
" Another on her panting breast shall lie,
" And catch sweet madness from her swimming eye !—
" I saw their friendly flocks together feed,
" I saw them hand in hand walk o'er the mead :
" Would my clos'd eye had sunk in endless night,
" Ere I was doom'd to bear that hateful sight !
" Where'er they pass, be blasted every flower,
" And hungry wolves their helpless flocks devour !—
" Ah wretched swain, could no examples move
" Thy heedless heart to shun the rage of love ?
" Hast thou not heard how poor Menalcas died *
" A victim to Parthenia's fatal pride ?
" Dear was the youth to all the tuneful plain,
" Lov'd by the nymphs, by Phœbus lov'd in vain :
" Around his tomb their tears the muses paid;
" And all things mourn'd, but the relentless maid.
" Would I could die like him, and be at peace !
" These torments in the quiet grave would cease ;
" There my vex'd thoughts a calm repose would find,
" And rest, as if my Delia still were kind.
" No, let me live, her falsehood to upbraid :
" Some god perhaps my just revenge will aid.—
" Alas ! what aid, fond swain, wouldst thou receive ?
" Could thy heart bear to see its Delia grieve ?

* See Mr. Gay's Dione.

" Protect her, heaven! and let her never know
" The slightest part of hapless Damon's woe:
" I ask no vengeance from the powers above;
" All I implore is, never more to love.—
" Let me this fondness from my bosom tear,
" Let me forget that e'er I thought her fair.
" Come, cool indifference, and heal my breast;
" Wearied, at length, I seek thy downy rest:
" No turbulence of passion shall destroy
" My future ease with flattering hopes of joy.
" Hear mighty Pan, and all ye sylvans, hear
" What by your guardian deities I swear;
" No more my eyes shall view her fatal charms,
" No more I'll court the traitress to my arms;
" Not all her arts my steady soul shall move,
" And she shall find that reason conquers love!"
Scarce had he spoke, when through the lawn below,
Alone he saw the beauteous Delia go;
At once transported, he forgot his vow,
Such perjuries the laughing gods allow,
Down the steep hills with ardent haste he flew,
He found her kind, and soon believ'd her true.

POSSESSION. ECLOGUE IV.

TO LORD COBHAM.

Cobham, to thee this rural lay I bring,
Whose guiding judgment gives me skill to sing;
Though far unequal to those polish'd strains,
With which thy Congreve charm'd the listening plains:
Yet shall its music please thy partial ear,
And sooth thy breast with thoughts that once were dear;
Recal those years which time has thrown behind,
When smiling love with honour shar'd thy mind:
When all thy glorious days of prosperous fight
Delighted less than one successful night.
The sweet remembrance shall thy youth restore,
Fancy again shall run past pleasures o'er;
And, while in Stowe's enchanting walks you stray,
This theme may help to cheat the summer's day.
Beneath the covert of a myrtle wood,
To Venus rais'd, a rustic altar stood;

To Venus and to Hymen, there combin'd,
In friendly league to favour human kind.
With wanton Cupids, in that happy shade,
The gentle virtues and mild wisdom play'd.
Nor there in sprightly pleasure's genial train,
Lurk'd sick disgust, or late-repenting pain,
Nor force, nor interest, join'd unwilling hands,
But love consenting tied the blissful bands,
Thither, with glad devotion, Damon came,
To thank the powers who bless'd his faithful flame:
Two milk-white doves he on their altar laid,
And thus to both his grateful homage paid:
" Hail, bounteous God! before whose hallow'd shrine
" My Delia vow'd to be for ever mine,
" While, glowing in her cheeks, with tender love,
" Sweet virgin modesty reluctant strove!
" And hail to thee, fair queen of young desires!
" Long shall my heart preserve thy pleasing fires,
" Since Delia now can all its warmth return,
" As fondly languish, and as fiercely burn.
" O the dear gloom of last propitious night!
" O shade more charming than the fairest light!
" Then in my arms I clasp'd the melting maid,
" Then all my pains one moment overpaid:
" Then first the sweet excess of bliss I prov'd,
" Which none can taste but who like me have lov'd.
" Thou too, bright goddess, once in Ida's grove,
" Didst not disdain to meet a shepherd's love;
" With him, while frisking lambs around you play'd,
" Conceal'd you sported in the secret shade:
" Scarce could Anchises' raptures equal mine,
" And Delia's beauties only yield to thine.
" What are ye now, my once most valued joys?
" Insipid trifles all, and childish toys—
" Friendship itself ne'er knew a charm like this,
" Nor Colin's talk could please like Delia's kiss.
" Ye muses, skill'd in every winning art,
" Teach me more deeply to engage her heart;
" Ye nymphs, to her your freshest roses bring,
" And crown her with the pride of all the spring:
" On all her days let health and peace attend;
" May she ne'er want, nor ever lose, a friend!

" May some new pleasure every hour employ:
" But let her Damon be her highest joy!
" With thee, my love, for ever will I stay,
" All night caress thee, and admire all day;
" In the same field our mingled flocks we'll feed,
" To the same spring our thirsty heifers lead,
" Together will we share the harvest toils,
" Together press the vine's autumnal spoils.
" Delightful state, where peace and love combine,
" To bid our tranquil days unclouded shine!
" Here limpid fountains roll through flowery meads:
" Here rising forests lift their verdant heads:
" Here let me wear my careless life away,
" And in thy arms insensibly decay.
" When late old age our heads shall silver o'er,
" And our slow pulses dance with joy no more;
" When time no longer will thy beauties spare,
" And only Damon's eyes shall think thee fair;
" Then may the gentle hand of welcome death,
" At one soft stroke, deprive us both of breath!
" May we beneath one common stone be laid,
" And the same cypress both our ashes shade!
" Perhaps some friendly muse, in tender verse,
" Shall deign our faithful passion to rehearse,
" And future ages, with just envy mov'd,
" Be told how Damon and his Delia lov'd."

ADVICE TO A LADY.

M.DCC.XXXI.

THE counsels of a friend, Belinda, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a lady's ear,
Unlike the flateries of a lover's pen,
Such truths as women seldom learn from men.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I show
What female vanity might fear to know.
Some merit's mine, to dare to be sincere;
But greater yours, sincerity to bear.
Hard is the fortune that your sex attends;
Women, like princes, find few real friends:

All who approach them their own ends pursue:
Lovers and ministers are seldom true.
Hence oft from reason heedless beauty strays,
And the most trusted guide the most betrays!
Hence, by fond dreams of fancied power amus'd,
When most ye tyrannize, you're most abus'd.
What is your sex's earliest, latest care,
Your heart's supreme ambition?—To be fair.
For this, the toilet every thought employs,
Hence all the toils of dress, and all the joys:
For this, hands, lips, and eyes, are put to school,
And each instructed feature has its rule:
And yet how few have learnt, when this is given,
Not to disgrace the partial boon of Heaven!
How few with all their pride of form can move!
How few are lovely, that are made for love!
Do you, my fair, endeavour to possess
An elegance of mind as well as dress;
Be that your ornament, and know to please
By graceful nature's unaffected ease.
Nor make to dangerous wit a vain pretence,
But wisely rest content with modest sense;
For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
Too strong for feeble woman to sustain:
Of those who claim it more than half have none;
And half of those who have it are undone.
Be still superior to your sex's arts,
Nor think dishonesty a proof of parts:
For you the plainest is the wisest rule:
A *cunning woman* is a *knavish fool.*
Be good yourself, nor think another's shame
Can raise your merit, or adorn your fame.
Prudes rail at whores, as statesmen in disgrace
At ministers, because they wish their place.
Virtue is amiable, mild, serene:
Without, all beauty, and all peace within:
The honour of a prude is rage and storm,
'Tis ugliness in its most frightful form.
Fiercely it stands, defying gods and men,
As fiery monsters guard a giant's den.
Seek to be good, but aim not to be great:
A woman's noblest station is retreat:

Her fairest virtues fly from public sight,
Domestic worth, that shuns too strong a light.
To rougher man, ambition's task resign;
'Tis ours in senates or in courts to shine;
To labour for a sunk corrupted state,
Or dare the rage of envy, and be great.
One only care your gentle breasts should move,
Th' important business of your life is love;
To this great point direct your constant aim,
This makes your happiness, and this your fame.
Be never cool reserve with passion join'd;
With caution choose; but then be fondly kind.
The selfish heart, that but by halves is given,
Shall find no place in love's delightful heaven;
Here sweet extremes alone can truly bless:
The virtue of a lover is excess.
A maid unask'd may own a well-plac'd flame:
Not loving *first*, but loving *wrong*, is shame.
Contemn the little pride of giving pain,
Nor think that conquest justifies disdain.
Short is the period of insulting power:
Offended Cupid finds his vengeful hour;
Soon will resume the empire which he gave,
And soon the tyrant shall become the slave.
Blest is the maid, and worthy to be blest,
Whose soul, entire by him she loves possest,
Feels every vanity in fondness lost,
And asks no power but that of pleasing most:
Here is the bliss, in just return, to prove
The honest warmth of undissembled love;
For her, inconstant man might cease to range,
And gratitude forbid desire to change.
But, lest harsh care the lover's peace destroy,
And roughly blight the tender buds of joy,
Let reason teach what passion fain would hide,
That Hymen's bands by prudence should be tied,
Venus in vain the wedded pair would crown,
If angry fortune on their union frown:
Soon will the flattering dream of bliss be o'er,
And cloy'd imagination cheat no more,
Then, waking to the sense of lasting pain,
With mutual tears the nuptial couch they stain;

And that fond love, which should afford relief,
Does but increase the anguish of their grief:
While both could easier their own sorrows bear,
Than the sad knowledge of each other's care.
Yet may you rather feel that virtuous pain,
Than sell your violated charms for gain;
Than wed the wretch whom you despise or hate,
For the vain glare of useless wealth or state.
The most abandon'd prostitutes are they,
Who, not to love, but avarice, fall a prey:
Nor aught avails the specious name of *wife*;
A maid so wedded is *a whore for life.*
Ev'n in the happiest choice, where favouring heaven
Has equal love and easy fortune given,
Think not, the husband gain'd, that all is done:
The prize of happiness must still be won:
And oft, the careless find it to their cost,
The *lover* in the *husband* may be lost;
The graces might *alone* his heart *allure;*
They and the virtues *meeting* must *secure.*
Let ev'n your *prudence* wear the pleasing dress
Of care for *him,* and anxious *tenderness.*
From kind concern about his weal or woe,
Let each domestic duty seem to flow.
The *household sceptre* if he bids you bear,
Make it your pride his *servant* to appear:
Endearing thus the common acts of life,
The *mistress* still shall charm him in the *wife:*
And wrinkled age shall unobserv'd come on,
Before his eye perceives one beauty gone:
Ev'n o'er your cold, your ever-sacred urn,
His constant flame shall unextinguish'd burn.
Thus I, Belinda, would your charms improve,
And form your heart to all the arts of love.
The task were harder, to secure my own
Against the power of those already known:
For well you twist the secret chains that bind
With gentle force the captivated mind.
Skill'd every soft attraction to employ,
Each flattering hope, and each alluring joy,
I own your genius; and from you receive
The rules of pleasing, which to you I give.

DAMON AND DELIA.

IN IMITATION OF HORACE AND LYDIA.

Written in the Year 1732.

DAMON.

TELL me, my Delia, tell me why
My kindest, fondest looks you fly?
What means this cloud upon your brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how!—
Some change has happen'd in your heart,
Some rival there has stol'n a part;
Reason these fears may disapprove:
But yet I fear, because I love.

DELIA.

First tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay?
Why with such warmth her charms you prais'd,
And every trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me see
Your flattery is not all for me?
Alas! too well your sex I knew,
Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind! my falsehood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd:
You bid me try, by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide, beneath another name,
The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less;
Too well the lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the disguise.

DAMON.

Ah! cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin breast.

While thus at fancied wrongs you grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Though well I might your truth distrust,
My foolish heart believes you just;
Reason this faith may disapprove;
But I believe, because I love.

SONG.

Written in the Year 1732.

Say, Myra, why is gentle love
A stranger to that mind,
Which pity and esteem can move,
Which can be just and kind?

Is it, because you fear to share
The ills that love molest;
The jealous doubt, the tender care,
That rack the amorous breast?

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain:
The heart can ne'er a transport know,
That never feels a pain.

TO MISS LUCY FORTESCUE.

To him who in an hour must die,
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
Than slow the minutes seem to me,
Which keep me from the sight of thee.

Not more that trembling wretch would give,
Another day or year to live;
Than I to shorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh! come to my impatient arms,
Oh! come, with all thy heavenly charms,
At once to justify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

TO THE SAME.

To ease my troubled mind of anxious care,
Last night the secret casket I explor'd,
Where all the letters of my absent fair,
His richest treasure, careful Love had stor'd.

In every word a magic spell I found
Of power to charm each busy thought to rest;
Though every word increas'd the tender wound
Of fond desire still throbbing in my breast.

So to his hoarded gold the miser steals,
And loses every sorrow at the sight;
Yet wishes still for more, nor ever feels
Entire contentment, or secure delight.

Ah! should I lose thee, my too lovely maid,
Couldst thou forget thy heart was ever mine,
Fear not thy letters should the change upbraid;
My hand each dear memorial shall resign:

Not one kind word shall in my power remain,
A painful witness of reproach to thee;
And lest my heart should still their sense retain,
My heart shall break, to leave thee wholly free.

TO THE SAME.

WITH A NEW WATCH.

With me while present may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy:
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
And measure time by joy succeeding joy!

But when the cares that interrupt our bliss
To me not always will thy sight allow;
Then oft with kind impatience look on this,
Then every minute count—as I do now.

TO THE MEMORY

OF THE SAME LADY.

A MONODY. 1747.

" Ipse cavâ solans ægrum testudine amorem,
" Te dulcis conjux, te solo in littore secum,
" Te veniente die, te decedente canebat."

At length escap'd from every human eye,
From every duty, every care,
That in my mournful thought may claim a share,
Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,
This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,
I now may give my burden'd heart relief,
And pour forth all my stores of grief;
Of grief surpassing every other woe,
Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
Can on th' ennobled mind bestow.
Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
Our gross desires, inelegant and low.

Ye tufted groves, ye gently falling rills,
Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
Ye lawns gay-smiling with eternal green,
Oft have you my Lucy seen!
But never shall you now behold her more:
Nor will she now with fond delight,
And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore.
Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine
Reason's pure light and virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice,
To hear her heavenly voice;
For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
The sweetest songsters of the spring:
The woodlark and the linnet pleas'd no more;
The nightingale was mute,
And every shepherd's flute
Was cast in silent scorn away,
While all attended to her sweeter lay.
Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song,
And thou, melodious Philomel,
Again thy plaintive story tell;
For death has stopt that tuneful tongue,
Whose music could alone your warbling notes excel.

In vain I look around,
O'er all the well-known ground,
My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
Where oft we us'd to walk,
Where oft in tender talk,
We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
Nor by the fountain's side,
Nor where its waters glide
Along the valley, can she now be found:
In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound,
No more my mournful eye
Can aught of her espy,
But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.

O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
Your bright inhabitant is lost.
You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
Where female vanity might wish to shine,
The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:
To your sequester'd dales,
And flower-embroider'd vales,
From an admiring world she chose to fly:
With nature there retir'd, and nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine,

The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes, who, like the little playful fawns,
Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns
By your delighted mother's side,
Who now your infant steps shall guide?
Ah! where is now the hand whose tender care
To every virtue would have form'd your youth,
And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth?
O loss beyond repair!
O wretched father! left alone,
To weep their dire misfortunes, and thy own!
How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with woe,
And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
Perform the duties that you doubly owe,
Now she, alas! is gone,
From folly and from vice their helpless age to save?

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless fate
From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
From these fond arms, that vainly strove
With hapless ineffectual love,
To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
Could not your favouring power, Aonian maids,
Could not, alas! your power prolong her date,
For whom so oft in these inspiring shades,
Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
You open'd all your sacred store,
Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spirit glow?

Nor then did Pindus, or Castalia's plain,
Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,
Nor in the Thespian valleys did you play;
Nor then on Mincio's bank
Beset with osiers dank,
Nor where Clitumnus rolls his gentle stream;
Nor where through hanging woods,
Steep Anio pours his floods,
Nor yet where Meles or Ilissus stray.
Ill does it now beseem,

That of your guardian care bereft,
To dire disease and death your darling should be left.

Now what avails it that in early bloom,
When light fantastic toys,
Are all her sex's joys,
With you she search'd the wit of Greece and Rome;
And all that in her latter days,
To emulate her ancient praise,
Italia's happy genius could produce;
Or what the Gallic fire
Bright sparkling could inspire,
By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
Or what in Britain's isle,
Most favour'd with your smile,
The powers of reason and of fancy join'd,
To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
Ah! what is now the use
Of all these treasures that enrich her mind,
To black oblivion's gloom for ever now consign'd?

At least, ye nine, her spotless name
'Tis yours from death to save,
And in the temple of immortal fame
With golden characters her worth engrave.
Come then, ye virgin sisters, come
And strew with choicest flowers her hallow'd tomb:
But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
With accents sweet and sad,
Thou, plaintive muse, whom o'er his Laura's urn
Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
O come, and to this fairer Laura pay,
A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay.

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar grace!
How eloquent in every look,
Through her expressive eyes her soul distinctly spoke!
Tell how her manners, by the world refin'd,
Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
And made each charm of polish'd courts agree
With candid truth's simplicity,

And uncorrupted innocence!
Tell how to more than manly sense,
She join'd the softening influence
Of more than female tenderness:
How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
Which oft the care of other's good destroy,
Her kindly melting heart
To every want and every woe,
To guilt itself when in distress,
The balm of pity would impart,
And all relief that bounty could bestow!
Ev'n for the kid or lamb that pour'd its life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall,
Tears from sweet virtue's source, benevolent to all.

Not only good and kind,
But strong and elevated was her mind:
A spirit that with noble pride
Could look superior down
On fortune's smile or frown;
That could without regret or pain,
To virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
Or interest or ambition's highest prize;
That, injur'd or offended, never tried,
Its dignity by vengeance to maintain,
But by magnanimous disdain.
A wit that, temperately bright,
With inoffensive light
All pleasing shone; nor ever past
The decent bounds that wisdom's sober hand,
And sweet benevolence's mild command,
And bashful modesty before it cast.
A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
That nor too little nor too much believ'd,
That scorn'd unjust suspicion's coward fear,
And without weakness knew to be sincere,
Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
Amidst th' acclaim of universal praise,
In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the tomb.

So where the silent streams of Liris glide,
In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head:
From every branch the balmy flowerets rise,
On every bough the golden fruits are seen;
With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies,
The wood-nymphs tend, and the Idalian queen,
But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
Cold with perpetual snows:
The tender blighted plant shrinks up its leaves and dies.

Arise, O Petrarch, from th' Elysian bowers,
With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;
Arise, and thither bring the silver lyre,
Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
To the soft notes of elegant desire,
With which o'er many a land
Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
To me resign the vocal shell,
And teach my sorrows to relate
Their melancholy tale so well,
As may ev'n things inanimate,
Rough mountain oaks, and desert rocks, to pity move.

What were, alas! thy woes compar'd to mine?
To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
Of Hymen never gave her hand;
The joys of wedded love were never thine:
In thy domestic care
She never bore a share,
Nor with endearing art
Would heal thy wounded heart
Of every secret grief that fester'd there:
Nor did her fond affection on the bed
Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
And charm away the sense of pain:

Nor did she crown your mutual flame
With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name,

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
Than when thy virgin charms
Were yielded to my arms,
How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
How in the world, to me a desert grown,
Abandon'd and alone,
Without my sweet companion can I live?
Without thy lovely smile,
The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
What pleasures now can pall'd ambition give?
Ev'n the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
Unshar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts could raise.

For my distracted mind
What succour can I find?
On whom for consolation shall I call?
Support me, every friend;
Your kind assistance lend,
To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
Alas! each friend of mine,
My dear departed love, so much was thine,
That none has any comfort to bestow.
My books, the best relief
In every other grief,
Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
Each favourite author we together read
My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind;
The rolling year its varying course perform'd,
And back return'd again;
Another and another smiling came,
And saw our happiness unchang'd remain:
Still in her golden chain
Harmonious concord did our wishes bind:
Our studies, pleasures, taste the same.

O fatal, fatal stroke,
That all this pleasing fabric love had rais'd
Of rare felicity,
On which ev'n wanton vice with envy gaz'd,
And every scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
With soothing hope for many a future day,
In one sad moment broke!—
Yet, O my soul, thy rising murmurs stay;
Nor dare the all-wise Disposer to arraign,
Or against his supreme decree
With impious grief complain.
That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
Was his most righteous will—and be that will obey'd.

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul,
And in these low abodes of sin and pain
Her pure exalted soul
Unjustly for thy partial good detain?
No—rather strive thy groveling mind to raise
Up to that unclouded blaze,
That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
In which enthron'd she now with pity sees
How frail, how insecure, how slight,
Is every mortal bliss!
Ev'n love itself, if rising by degrees
Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
And seek those regions of serene delight,
Whose peaceful path and ever-open gate,
No feet but those of harden'd guilt shall miss.
There death himself thy Lucy shall restore,
There yield up all his pow'r, ne'er to divide you more.

ON THE SAME LADY.

To the
Memory of Lucy Lyttleton,
Daughter of Hugh Fortescue of Filleigh,
In the county of Devon, Esq.
Father to the present Earl of Clinton,
By Lucy his wife,
The daughter of Matthew Lord Aylmer,
Who departed this life the 19th of Jan. 1746-7,
Aged twenty-nine,
Having employed the short time assigned to her here
In the uniform practice of religion and virtue.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wise;
Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
Yet good, as she the world had never seen;
The noble fire of an exalted mind,
With gentle female tenderness combin'd.
Her speech was the melodious voice of love,
Her song the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
Her form each beauty of her mind express'd,
Her mind was virtue by the Graces dress'd.

MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

THE gods on thrones celestial seated,
By Jove with bowls of nectar heated,
All on Mount Edgecumbe turn'd their eyes;
"That place is mine," great Neptune cries:
"Behold! how proud o'er all the main
"Those stately turrets seem to reign!
"No views so grand on earth you see!
"The master too belongs to me:
"I grant him my domain to share,
"I bid his hand my trident bear."

" The sea is yours, but mine the land,"
Pallas replies ;. " by me were plann'd
" Those towers, that hospital, those docks,
" That fort, which crown those island rocks :
" The lady too is of my choir,
" I taught her hand to touch the lyre ;
" With every charm her mind I grac'd,
" I gave her prudence, knowledge, taste."
" Hold, madam," interrupted Venus,
" The lady must be shar'd between us :
" And surely mine is yonder grove,
" So fine, so dark, so fit for love ;
" Trees, such as in th' Idalian glade,
" Or Cyprian lawn, my palace shade."
Then Oreads, Dryads, Naiads, came ;
Each nymph alleg'd her lawful claim.
But Jove, to finish the debate,
Thus spoke, and what he speaks is fate :
" Nor god, nor goddess, great or small,
" That dwelling his or hers may call ;
" I made Mount Edgecumbe for you all."

MOORE.

Edward Moore was born at Abingdon, in Berkshire, in 1712. His father was a dissenting minister of that place, and afterwards removed to Bridgewater, where he conducted a seminary of education, in conjunction with his brother, with great applause.

Moore lost his father when he was only ten years of age, and owed the care of his education to his uncle, who placed him, at a proper age, in the warehouse of a wholesale linen-draper in London. Afterwards he went to Ireland, in the capacity of a factor, for some years; and returning to England, entered into partnership in the linen trade, but made no great progress in business. His attachment to the Muses was probably the cause of his failure; be this as it may, he early courted public attention; and his "Fables for the Female Sex," published in 1744, were very favourably received, and encouraged him to proceed in his literary career. In this truly ingenious work, which forms the basis of his poetical fame, he was assisted by Henry Brooke, Esq. who contributed "The Female Seducers," and some other pieces of distinguished merit.

Having written an ironical defence of Lord Lyttleton, under the title of "The Trial of Selim the Persian," he was noticed by that nobleman, but received no permanent advantage from the connection.

His first dramatic performance, "The Foundling," appeared in 1748, and had pretty good success. Next year he married Miss Jenny Hamilton, a young lady of eminent beauty and accomplishments, between whom and our author a mutual and sincere attachment seems to have existed. She had herself a poetical turn, and some lines expressive of her regard for our poet attest at once her talents and affection.

In 1751, Moore produced, under the auspices of his friend Garrick, his comedy of "Gil Blas;" and two years

afterwards, "The Gamester," the most popular of all his plays, though it met with much opposition at first, in consequence of its being written purposely to expose a fashionable vice. Perhaps it is the deepest tragedy in the English language as to pathos; and certainly it is one of the most affecting.

Moore began a periodical paper in 1753, under the appellation of "The World," by Adam Fitz Adam. It met, and deservedly, with great encouragement; the first wits and characters of the age contributed to its completion. He just lived to finish this excellent work, which obtains a place of honour among the British Essayists, and died at South Lambeth in 1757, in the 45th year of his age, respected by his friends for his talents and virtues, and beloved by his family for the sweetness of his disposition and the goodness of his heart.

His poetical works have established his name as a man of genius, but they failed to procure him comfort and independence. He had several nominal, but no real, patrons; yet what they denied to him when living, they bestowed on his family when he was no more. His only son was brought up at the expence of the Earl of Chesterfield; and his widow was appointed to a place in the queen's private apartments.

Two stanzas written by Garrick in a copy of Moore's Fables presented to a young lady, include a just eulogy on their merit, and may be offered as a poetical criticism:

While here the poet paints the charms
  Which bless the perfect dame,
How unaffected beauty warms,
  And art preserves the flame;

How prudence, virtue, sense, agree,
  To form the happy wife;
In Lucy and her book I see
  The picture and the life.

"The Female Seducers" is, indeed, a most exquisite performance. All the pictures and descriptions are, says Anderson, very highly coloured, and the versification superlatively polished and harmonious.

FABLES.

THE FARMER, THE SPANIEL, AND THE CAT.

Why knits my dear her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I said, that Delia's fair, 'tis true,
But did I say she equall'd you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead lours,
As if her merit lessen'd yours?
From female envy never free,
All must be blind, because you see.
Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs.
Then tell me where the woodbine grows,
That vies in sweetness with the rose?
Or where the lily's snowy white,
That throws such beauties on the sight?
Yet folly is it to declare,
That these are neither sweet nor fair.
The crystal shines with fainter rays,
Before the di'mond's brighter blaze;
And fops will say, the diamond dies
Before the lustre of your eyes:
But I, who deal in truth, deny,
That neither shine when you are by.
When zephyrs o'er the blossoms stray,
And sweets along the air convey,
Sha'n't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?
Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field;
Sweet is the smell that blossoms yield;
Sweet is the summer gale that blows;
And sweet, though sweeter you, the rose.
Shall envy then torment your breast,
If you are lovelier than the rest?
For while I give to each her due,
By praising them I flatter you;

And praising most, I still declare
You fairest, where the rest are fair.

As at his board a farmer sate,
Replenish'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shar'd the food;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd;
Till sated now, supine he lay,
And snor'd the rising fumes away.

The hungry cat in turn drew near,
And humbly crav'd a servant's share;
Her modest worth the master knew,
And straight the fatt'ning morsel threw:
Enrag'd the snarling cur awoke,
And thus, with spiteful envy, spoke.

They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by services their meat.
Me, zeal and industry inflame
To scour the fields, and spring the game;
Or, plunging in the wintr'y wave,
For man the wounded bird to save.
With watchful diligence I keep
From prowling wolves his fleecy sheep:
At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door.
For this, his breast with kindness glows;
For this, his hand the food bestows;
And shall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendship to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper such vile things as you?

I own, with meekness Puss reply'd,
Superior merit on your side;
Nor does my breast with envy swell,
To find it recompens'd so well:
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whose claws destroy the pilf'ring mouse?
Who drives the vermin from the house?

Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,
From lurking rats secures the grain?
From hence, if he rewards bestow,
Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?
Why pine my happiness to see,
Since there's enough for you and me?
Thy words are just, the farmer cry'd,
And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

The nymph who walks the public streets,
And sets her cap at all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare,
But men of sense avoid the snare.
As on the margin of the flood,
With silken line my Lydia stood,
I smil'd to see the pains you took,
To cover o'er the fraudful hook.
Along the forest as we stray'd,
You saw the boy his lime-twigs spread;
Guess'd you the reason of his fear,
Lest, heedless, we approach'd too near?
For, as behind the bush we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the spray.
Needs there such caution to delude
The scaly fry, and feather'd brood;
And think you, with inferior art,
To captivate the human heart?
The maid, who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals.
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
All dress was meant for fancy's aid,
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful nymph conceals.
When Cælia struts in man's attire,
She shows too much to raise desire;
But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has power to wound.

The roving eye, the bosom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fop; for gudgeons strike
At the bare hook and bait alike;
While salmon play regardless by,
Till art, like nature, forms the fly.

Beneath a peasant's homely thatch,
A spider long had held her watch:
From morn to night, with restless care,
She spun her web, and wove her snare.
Within the limits of her reign,
Lay many a heedless captive slain,
Or flutt'ring, struggled in the toils,
To burst the chains, and shun her wiles.
A straying bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with disdainful eye,
And thus began. Mean thing, give o'er,
And lay thy slender threads no more;
A thoughtless fly or two, at most,
Is all the conquest thou canst boast;
For bees of sense thy arts evade,
We see so plain the nets are laid.
The gaudy tulip, that displays
Her spreading foliage to the gaze;
That points her charms at all she sees,
And yields to every wanton breeze,
Attracts not me; where blushing grows,
Guarded with thorns, the modest rose,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant bosom lie;
Reluctant she my ardour meets,
And bashful renders up her sweets.
To wiser heads attention lend,
And learn this lesson from a friend:
She, who with modesty retires,
Adds fuel to her lover's fires,
While such incautious jilts as you,
By folly your own schemes undo.

THE OWL AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

To know the mistress' humour right,
See if her maids are clean and tight;
If Betty waits without her stays,
She copies but her lady's ways.
When miss comes in with boist'rous shout,
And drops no curtsy going out,
Depend upon't mamma is one
Who reads or drinks too much alone.
If bottled beer her thirst assuage,
She feels enthusiastic rage,
And burns with ardour to inherit
The gifts and workings of the spirit.
If learning crack her giddy brains,
No remedy, but death, remains.
Sum up the various ills of life,
And all are sweet to such a wife.
At home, superior wit she vaunts,
And twits her husband with his wants;
Her ragged offspring all around,
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground:
Impatient ever of controul,
She knows no order but of soul;
With books her litter'd floor is spread,
Of nameless authors, never read;
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace,
Fill up the intermediate space.
Abroad, at visitings, her tongue
Is never still, and always wrong;
All meanings she defines away,
And stands, with truth and sense, at bay.
If e'er she meets a gentle heart,
Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,
Who makes her family her care,
And builds contentment's temple there,
She starts at such mistakes in nature,
And cries, Lord help us! what a creature!
Melissa, if the moral strike,
You'll find the fable not unlike.

An owl, puff'd up with self-conceit,
Lov'd learning better than his meat;
Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,
And rummag'd every grocer's shop;
At pastry-cook's was known to ply,
And strip, for science, every pye.
For modern poetry and wit,
He had read all that Blackmore writ;
So intimate with Curll was grown,
His learned treasures were his own;
To all his authors had access,
And sometimes would correct the press.
In logic he acquir'd such knowledge,
You'd swear him fellow of a college;
Alike to every art and science,
His daring genius bid defiance,
And swallow'd wisdom with that haste,
That cits do custards at a feast.

Within the shelter of a wood,
One ev'ning, as he musing stood,
Hard by, upon a leafy spray,
A nightingale began his lay.
Sudden he starts, with anger stung,
And, screeching, interrupts the song.

Pert, busy thing, thy airs give o'er,
And let my contemplations soar.
What is the music of thy voice,
But jarring dissonance, and noise?
Be wise. True harmony thou'lt find,
Not in the throat, but in the mind;
By empty chirping not attain'd,
But by laborious study gain'd.
Go read the authors Pope explodes,
Fathom the depth of Cibber's odes.
With modern plays improve thy wit,
Read all the learning Henley writ;
And, if thou needs must sing, sing then,
And emulate the ways of men;
So shalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,
And bring improvement to thy kind.

Thou wretch, the little warbler cry'd,
Made up of ignorance and pride,

Ask all the birds, and they'll declare,
A greater blockhead wings not air.
Read o'er thyself, thy talents scan,
Science was only meant for man.
No useless authors we molest,
I mind the duties of my nest;
With careful wing protect my young,
And cheer their ev'nings with a song.
Thus, following nature, and her laws,
From men and birds I claim applause;
While nurs'd in pedantry and sloth,
An owl is scorn'd alike by both.

THE FEMALE SEDUCERS.

'Tis said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honour is a woman's life;
Unhappy sex! who only claim
A being, in the breath of fame,
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore,
That breathe along Arabia's shore.
The trav'ller, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure;
But woman no redemption knows,
The wounds of honour never close.
Though distant every hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the course decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before;
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose;
Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.
Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a single error? None.

Though woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without allay,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelic natures claim;
Nay more; for sacred stories tell,
That ev'n immortal angels fell.
Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth, and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.
The stars no fix'd duration know,
Wide oceans ebb, again to flow,
The moon repletes her waning face,
All-beauteous, from her late disgrace,
And suns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with new-born light.
In vain may death, and time subdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in every heart;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,
To clothe a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring;
Again from every latent root
The bladed stem, and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.
And must weak woman then disown
The change, to which a world is prone?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er, like ev'ning suns, decline?
Resolv'd and firm alone!—Is this
What we demand of woman?—Yes.
But should the spark of vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire,
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste, and sacred shade,

Of all the blooming spoil possess'd,
The dragon honour charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return ?
No more with virgin splendour burn ?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom ?—No.
Pity may mourn, but not restore,
And woman falls, to rise no more.

Within this sublunary sphere,
A country lies—no matter where ;
The clime may readily be found
By all, who tread poetic ground.

A stream call'd life, across it glides,
And equally the land divides ;
And here, of vice the province lies,
And there, the hills of virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect as repose ;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temp'rance, and Religion, nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confess'd the honours of their line ;
But in a little daughter fair,
Was center'd more than half their care ;
For heav'n to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth ;
White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew,
A flow'r just op'ning to the view,
Oft through her native lawns she stray'd,
And wrestling with the lambkins play'd ;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd,
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd,
The morn her radiant blush assum'd,
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
And nature, yearly, took delight,
Like her, to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head,
With anxious steps their darling led;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express'd.
O joyful cause of many a care!
O daughter, too divinely fair!
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dangerous way;
A painful journey, all must go,
Whose doubtful period none can know;
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason's mute, and sense is blind?
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Through such a wide perplexing maze!
Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn what love and years advise.
Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend;
Lo, there the arduous paths in view,
Which virtue and her sons pursue!
With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
And gain, and gain upon the skies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk, for pleasure smoothly spread,
But rough, and difficult, and steep,
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.
Fruits immature those lands dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant; yet from those
Pure health, with cheerful vigour flows,
And strength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long, laborious way.
Hence, as they scale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load;
From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below;
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And, taught by virtue, pain can please.

At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright, celestial shore,
A gulf, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Through darkness, leading up to light:
Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight;
For there the transitory train
Of time, and form, and care and pain,
And matter's gross encumb'ring mass,
Man's late associates, cannot pass,
But sinking, quit the immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring soul at large;
Lightly she wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, O, thither wing thy speed,
Though pleasure charm or pain impede!
To such th' all-bounteous Pow'r has giv'n,
For present earth a future heav'n;
For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain,
And endless bliss, for transient pain.

Then fear, ah, fear, to turn thy sight,
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite;
Wide on the left the path-way bends,
And with pernicious ease descends;
There sweet to sense, and fair to show,
New-planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poison bear,
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each sinew slack'ning at the taste;
The soul to passion yields her throne,
And sees with organs not her own;
While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The scenes of fairy-land arise;
The puppet world's amusing show,
Dipt in the gaily-colour'd bow;
Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants and of kings,
That tempt, along the baneful plain,
The idly wise, and lightly vain,

Till verging on the gulfy shore,
Sudden they sink, and rise no more.
But list to what the fates declare;
Though thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy sliding foot should stray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait,
Thy form be loath'd by every eye,
And every foot thy presence fly.
Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,
A charm, by truth divinely cast,
Forward our young advent'rer pass'd.
Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While honour, hand-maid, late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.
Awe-struck, the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin vision bow'd,
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught fresh virtues at the sight:
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem'd the heav'n-compounded dame;
Of matter, sure the most refin'd,
High-wrought, and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.
Where'er she passes, thousands bend,
And thousands where she moves attend;
Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises bless;
While to the elevated maid
Oblations, as to heav'n, are paid.
'Twas on an ever-blithsome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
New-melts the frost in every breast,
The cheek with secret flushing dies,
And looks kind things from chastest eyes;

The sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th' ethereal plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.
And now, for momentary rest,
The nymph her travell'd step repress'd,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height she gain'd.
Out-stretch'd before her wide survey,
The realms of sweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
To see a world so lost below;
When strait the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense;
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk, and lost in woes,
But as of present good possess'd,
The very triumph of the bless'd.
The maid in wrapt attention hung,
While thus approaching sirens sung.
Hither, fairest, hither haste,
Brightest beauty, come and taste
What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
Joys, too mighty to be told;
Taste what ecstacies they give,
Dying raptures taste and live.
In thy lap, disdaining measure,
Nature empties all her treasure,
Soft desires, that sweetly languish;
Fierce delights, that rise to anguish.
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.
List not, when the forward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride;
Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
April sunshine is offence;
Age and envy will advise
Ev'n against the joy they prize.

Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl,
Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment, past the painting;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.
So sung the sirens, as of yore,
Upon the false Ausonian shore;
And, O! for that preventing chain,
That bound Ulysses on the main,
That so our fair-one might withstand
The covert ruin, now at hand.
The song her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters stood in view;
Curiosity with prying eyes,
And hands of busy, bold emprise;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And, like forerunning fancy, fleet.
By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty she still aspir'd,
Tasteless of every good possess'd,
And but in expectation bless'd.
With her, associate, Pleasure came,
Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mien, all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to sight;
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kissing winds around.
As erst Medusa's looks were known
To turn beholders into stone,
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of pleasure melt.
Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,
Unnerv'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd;
No safety ev'n the flying find,
Who vent'rous, look but once behind.
Thus was the much-admiring maid,
While distant, more than half betray'd:
With smiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand:
Their touch envenom'd sweets instill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd,

While half consenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
Still down and down the winning pair
Compell'd the struggling, yielding fair.
As when some stately vessel, bound
To blest Arabia's distant ground,
Borne from her courses, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry clime invites,
Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land,
Lurk'd the dire rock, and dangerous sand;
The pilot warns with sail and oar,
To shun the much-suspected shore,
In vain; the tide, too subtly strong,
Still bears the wrestling bark along,
Till found'ring, she resigns to fate,
And sinks o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.
So, baffling every bar to sin,
And heaven's own pilot plac'd within,
Along the devious, smooth descent,
With pow'rs increasing as they went,
The dames, accustom'd to subdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long-reluctant maid.
Here stop, ye fair-ones, and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you, and heav'n, restor'd;
Till then, with weeping honour wait,
The servant of her better fate;
With honour, left upon the shore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more;
Nor with the guilty world upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
But o'er her failing cast a veil,
Rememb'ring, you yourselves are frail.
And now, from all-inquiring light,
Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
The damsel, from a short repose,
Confounded at her plight arose.

As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress'd,
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And steal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus streams,
Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
And stands all wrapt amidst his store,
But wakens, naked, and despoil'd
Of that for which his years had toil'd.
So far'd the nymph, her treasure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone;
Within, without, obscure, and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.
And, O thou curs'd, insidious coast!
Are these the blessings thou canst boast?
These, virtue! these the joys they find,
Who leave thy heaven-topt hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me, she cry'd!
Her trumpet slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the sky;
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A side-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And soil'd and blasted every grace;
Officious shame, her handmaid knew,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view;
While those, in crimes the deepest dy'd,
Approach'd, to whiten at her side,
And every lewd, insulting dame,
Upon her folly rose to fame.
What should she do? attempt once more
To gain the late deserted shore?
So trusting, back the mourner flew,
As fast the train of fiends pursue.
Again the farther shore's attain'd,
Again the land of virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And shows her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends,
Where late she left a host of friends:

Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine;
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coast,
Where peace was wreck'd and honour lost.
From earth thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hostile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendship driv'n,
The nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.
Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
All radiant sate, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine;
Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n, and solar flame,
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a new-born phœnix, die.
Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, care, and melancholy made.
Through this her all-inquiring eye,
Attentive from her station high,
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And with a voice, whose awful sound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain;

The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung.
Lovely penitent, arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies;
Come, thy sister angels say,
Thou hast wept thy stains away.
Let experience now decide,
'Twixt the good and evil try'd;
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.
Structures, rais'd by morning dreams,
Sands, that trip the flitting streams,
Down, that anchors on the air,
Clouds, that paint their changes there.
Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Showing, in an obvious glass,
Joys, that in possession pass;
Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain?
Life, like all its circles, vain!
Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store,
From the bleak and bladeless shore?
Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way,
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and plows the sand.
Soon this elemental mass,
Soon th' encumb'ring world shall pass,
Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.
Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?
Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a sceptre, grasp'd in sleep,
Dews, exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an universe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd.
Like the life-supporting grain,
Fruit of patience and of pain,
On the swain's autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away.
Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou hast plenteous crops in store,
Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy scorners own.
What though hostile earth despise,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
Chear thy hours, and guard thy side.
When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th' immortals pour around,
Heav'n shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the bless'd.
Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent, arise,
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.
More delightful are my woes,
Than the rapture pleasure knows;
Richer far the weeds I bring,
Than the robes that grace a king.
On my wars, of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait;
On my cares, a period bless'd;
On my toils eternal rest.
Come, with virtue at thy side,
Come, be every bar defy'd,
Till we gain our native shore,
Sister, come, and turn no more.

LOVE AND VANITY.

The breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom,

Up with the sun, from short repose,
Gay health and lusty labour rose,
The milkmaid carol'd at her pail,
And shepherds whistled o'er the dale:
When love, who led a rural life,
Remote from bustle, state and strife,
Forth from his thatch'd-roof cottage stray'd,
And stroll'd along the dewy glade.
A nymph, who lightly tript it by,
To quick attention turn'd his eye;
He mark'd the gesture of the fair,
Her self-sufficient grace and air,
Her steps, that mincing meant to please,
Her study'd negligence and ease;
And, curious to inquire what meant
This thing of prettiness and paint,
Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
The lady, slightly,—Sir, your servant.
Such beauty in so rude a place;
Fair-one, you do the country grace:
At court, no doubt, the public care,
But love has small acquaintance there.
Yes, Sir, reply'd the flutt'ring dame,
This form confesses whence it came;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity. I sway
The utmost islands of the sea;
Within my court all honour centres,
I raise the meanest soul that enters,
Endow with latent gifts and graces,
And model fools for posts and places.
As vanity appoints at pleasure,
he world receives its weight and measure;
THence all the grand concerns of life,
ys, cares, plagues, passions, peace and strife.
Refl ect how far my pow'r prevails,
When I step in where nature fails,
And ev ery breach of sense repairing,
Am bounteous still, where heav'n is sparing.
But chief in all their arts and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts, and pray'rs,

Their various habits and complexions,
Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,
Their robing, curling, and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning,
From six to sixty, sick or sound,
I rule the female world around.
Hold there a moment, Cupid cry'd,
Nor boast dominion quite so wide;
Was there no province to invade,
But that by love and meekness sway'd?
All other empire I resign,
But be the sphere of beauty mine.
For in the downy lawn of rest,
That opens on a woman's breast,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I choose to live, and choose to reign.
Far-sighted faith I bring along,
And truth, above an army strong,
And chastity, of icy mould,
Within the burning tropics cold,
And lowliness, to whose mild brow
The pow'r and pride of nations bow,
And modesty, with down-cast eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye,
And innocence, array'd in light,
And honour, as a tow'r upright;
With sweetly winning graces, more
Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
In unaffected conduct free,
All smiling sisters, three times three,
And rosy peace, the cherub bless'd,
That nightly sings us all to rest.
Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
From the first step of infant time,
Woman, the world's appointed light,
Has skirted every shade with white;
Has stood for imitation high,
To every heart and every eye;
From ancient deeds of fair renown,
Has brought her bright memorials down;
To time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.

Upon a new Promethean plan,
She moulds the essence of a man,
Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
And, as a better soul, inspires.
The rude she softens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold,
Calls sloth from his supine repose,
Within the coward's bosom glows,
Of pride unplumes the lofty crest,
Bids bashful merit stand confess'd,
And like coarse metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates, and refines.
The gentle science she imparts,
All manners smooths, informs all hearts;
From her sweet influence are felt,
Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;
To stormy rage she bids controul,
And sinks serenely on the soul;
Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.
Thus arm'd to all that's light and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere by heaven assign'd,
And rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.
He spoke. The nymph impatient stood,
And laughing, thus her speech renew'd.
And pray, Sir, may I be so bold,
To hope your pretty tale is told?
And next demand, without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel?
Upon my word, these high-flown fancies
Show depth of learning—in romances.
Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us,
Of buckram dames, and tiptoe fellows!
Go, child; and when you're grown maturer,
You'll shoot your next opinion surer.
O such a pretty knack at painting!
And all for soft'ning and for sainting!
Guess now, who can, a single feature,
Through the whole piece of female nature!
Then mark; my looser hand may fit
The lines, too coarse for love to hit.

'Tis said, that woman, prone to changing,
Through all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,
Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright,
Trackless, and shifting as the wind,
A sea, whose fathom none can find,
A moon, still changing, and revolving,
A riddle, past all human solving,
A bliss, a plague, a heav'n, a hell,
A——something which no man can tell.
Now learn a secret from a friend,
But keep your counsel, and attend.
Though in their tempers thought so distant,
Nor with their sex nor selves consistent,
'Tis but the diff'rence of a name,
And every woman is the same.
For as the world, however vary'd,
And through unnumber'd changes carry'd,
Of elemental modes and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and storms,
Though in a thousand suits array'd,
Is of one subject matter made;
So, Sir, a woman's constitution,
The world's enigma, finds solution,
And let her form be what you will,
I am the subject essence still.
With the first spark of female sense,
The speck of being, I commence,
Within the womb make fresh advances,
And dictate future qualms and fancies;
Thence in the growing form expand,
With childhood travel hand in hand,
And give a taste to all their joys,
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.
And now, familiar, and unaw'd,
I send the flutt'ring soul abroad;
Prais'd for her shape, her face, her mien,
The little goddess, and the queen,
Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.

Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dress becomes her darling care;
The realms of beauty then I bound,
I swell the hoops enchanted round,
Shrink in the waist's descending size,
Heav'd in the snowy bosom, rise,
High on the floating lappet sail,
Or curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale,
Then to her glass I lead the fair,
And show the lively idol there,
Where, struck as by divine emotion,
She bows with most sincere devotion,
And numb'ring ev'ry beauty o'er,
In secret bids the world adore.
Then all for parking and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, masquerading,
For balls, plays, courts, and crowds, what passion!
And churches, sometimes—if the fashion;
For woman's sense of right and wrong,
Is rul'd by the almighty throng;
Still turns to each meander tame,
And swims the straw of every stream.
Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
Accomplish'd only in defects,
Such excellence is her ambition,
Folly, her wisest acquisition,
And ev'n from pity and disdain,
She'll cull some reason to be vain.
Thus, Sir, from every form and feature,
The wealth and wants of female nature,
And ev'n from vice which you'd admire,
I gather fuel to my fire,
And on the very base of shame
Erect my monument of fame.
Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godship has not dreamt.
Those shining virtues which you muster,
Whence think you they derive their lustre?
From native honour and devotion?
O yes, a mighty likely notion!
Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,
'Tis I make saints, whoe'er makes sinners;

'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,
And hold presumptuous man in awe;
For female worth as I inspire,
In just degrees still mounts the higher,
And virtue so extremely nice,
Demands long toil and mighty price;
Like Samson's pillars, fix'd elate,
I bear the sex's tottering state:
Sap these, and in a moment's space,
Down sinks the fabric to its base.
Alike from titles and from toys,
I spring, the fount of female joys;
In every widow, wife, and miss,
The sole artificer of bliss.
For them each tropic I explore;
I cleave the sand of every shore;
To them uniting Indias sail,
Sabæa breathes her farthest gale;
For them the bullion I refine,
Dig sense and virtue from the mine,
And from the bowels of invention,
Spin out the various arts you mention.
Nor bliss alone my pow'rs bestow,
They hold the sov'reign balm of woe;
Beyond the Stoic's boasted art,
I sooth the heavings of the heart;
To pain give splendour and relief,
And gild the pallid face of grief.
Alike the palace, and the plain,
Admit the glories of my reign;
Through every age, in every nation,
Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station,
Whate'er a woman says, I say;
Whate'er a woman spends, I pay;
Alike I fill, and empty bags,
Flutter in finery and rags,
With light coquets through folly range,
And with the prude disdain to change.
And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,
That things were ripe for a reply—
But soft, and while I'm in the mood,
Kindly permit me to conclude,

Their utmost mazes to unravel,
And touch the farthest step they travel.
When every pleasure's run aground,
And folly tir'd through many a round;
The nymph, conceiving discontent hence,
May ripen to an hour's repentance,
And vapours, shed in pious moisture,
Dismiss her to a church or cloister;
Then on I lead her, with devotion
Conspicuous in her dress and motion,
Inspire the heav'nly breathing air,
Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,
Soften the voice, and in the face
Look melting harmony, and grace.
Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
Nor quits her in her latest hour;
The couch of decent pain I spread,
In form recline her languid head,
Her thoughts I methodize in death,
And part not, with her parting breath;
Then do I set, in order bright,
A length of funeral pomp to sight,
The glitt'ring tapers, and attire,
The plumes, that whiten o'er her bier;
And last, presenting to her eye
Angelic fineries on high,
To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
And form the heav'n she hopes hereafter.
In truth, rejoin'd love's gently god,
You've gone a tedious length of road,
And strange, in all the toilsome way,
No house of kind refreshment lay,
No nymph, whose virtues might have tempted
To hold her from her sex exempted.
For one, we'll never quarrel, man;
Take her, and keep her, if you can;
And pleas'd I yield to your petition,
Since every fair, by such permission,
Will hold herself the one selected,
And so my system stands protected.
O, deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in story!

The godhead in his zeal return'd,
And kindling at her malice burn'd.
Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old;
Hypsipile, who sav'd her sire:
And Portia's love, approv'd by fire.
Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurell'd Daphne past unnoted,
Nor Laodamia's fatal garter,
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr,
Alcestes' voluntary steel,
And Catherine, smiling on the wheel.
But who can hope to plant conviction
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some she evades or disavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows;
A kind of ancient things call'd fables!
And thus the goddess turn'd the tables.
Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flash'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conquest of so fair a field.
When happily arriv'd in view
A goddess, whom our grandams knew,
Of aspect grave, and sober gait,
Majestic, awful, and sedate,
As heav'n's autumal eve serene,
When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene,
Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
And in old Rome, Cornelia nam'd.
Quick at a venture, both agree
To leave their strife to her decree.
And now by each the facts were stated,
In form and manner as related;
The case was short. They crav'd opinion,
Which held o'er females chief dominion?
When thus the goddess, answering mild,
First shook her gracious head, and smil'd.
Alas, how willing to comply,
Yet how unfit a judge am I!
In times of golden date, 'tis true,
I shar'd the fickle sex with you.

But from their presence long precluded,
Or held as one whose form intruded,
Full fifty annual suns can tell,
Prudence has bid the sex farewell.
In this dilemma what to do,
Or who to think of, neither knew;
For both, still biass'd in opinion,
And arrogant of sole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the case compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.
When in the nick, a rural fair,
Of inexperienc'd gait and air,
Who ne'er had cross'd the neighbouring lake,
Nor seen the world beyond a wake,
With cambric coif, and kerchief clean,
Tript lightly by them o'er the green.
Now, now! cry'd love's triumphant child,
And at approaching conquest smil'd,
If vanity will once be guided,
Our diff'rence may be soon decided:
Behold yon wench; a fit occasion
To try your force of gay persuasion.
Go you, while I retire aloof,
Go, put those boasted pow'rs to proof;
And if your prevalence of art
Transcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the fav'rite contest o'er,
And ne'er will boast my empire more.
At once, so said, and so consented;
And well our goddess seem'd contented;
Nor pausing, made a moment's stand,
But tript, and took the girl in hand.
Meanwhile the godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occasion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erst had wounded many a heart;
Then, bending, drew it to the head;
The bow-string twang'd, the arrow fled,
And, to her secret soul address'd,
Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.
But here the dame, whose guardian care,
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,

At once her pocket mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;
As quickly, rang'd in order bright,
A thousand beauties rush to sight;
A world of charms, till now unknown,
A world, reveal'd to her alone:
Enraptur'd stands the lovesick maid,
Suspended o'er the darling shade,
Here only fixes to admire,
And centres every fond desire.

W. THOMPSON.

FEW are the memorials of the personal history of William Thompson, a poet of considerable genius, and as it appears, a very worthy man.

His father was rector of Brough, in Westmoreland, and once fellow of Queen's college, Oxford, at which house the son was brought up, and in due time became a fellow likewise. Early in life he discovered a vein for poetry; and after writing some pastorals, which are lost, on the banks of his native Eden, he composed his "Stella," or three books of Elegies, in 1736. The same year he wrote an epithalamium on the royal nuptials, which procured him considerable reputation; and in 1738, entering into orders, was presented by his college to the livings of South Weston and Hampton Poyle, both in Oxfordshire.

A collection of his poems appeared by subscription in 1757, together with Gondibert and Bertha, a tragedy, which was never acted; nor indeed is it calculated for the stage. His longest performance is "Sickness," a poem in blank verse, in which we find boldness of personification united with pathetic description, and ennobled with christian and moral truth. But we have to regret that it is too extended for our selection. His "Hymn to May," however, is the most popular of his productions, and even deserves a much higher degree of celebrity than has hitherto fallen to its lot. It is a professed imitation of Spenser; and in more modern phraseology, it possesses all the vigour of description, opulence of imagery, and brilliancy of colouring, of that great master of the lyre. The Magi, a sacred eclogue, is likewise a masterly performance; and many of his other poems evince the versatility of his genius, and the exuberance of his fancy.

Neither the year of his birth nor of his death is known, though the latter might be ascertained from the records of his college. It appears, that he intended to republish

" Browne's Britannia's Pastoral," on which he left some short notes, inserted in the edition by Davies in 1772.

Thompson was of the school of Spenser and Milton. Of nature he seems to have been an enthusiastic admirer and an accurate observer. His compositions abound in minute rural imagery and picturesque description : and in general are distinguished by fertility of invention, tenderness of sentiment, splendour of imagination, and harmony of numbers.

It is admitted, his early conceptions of love, of friendship, and of virtue, were very warm and elevated, and prompted a variety of poetical effusions, amatory, sentimental, and serious; but many of his pastorals, love elegies, &c. written when the young poet's love was high-toned to the tender emotions of nature, without any design of printing them, have not been collected into his works.

He was once a candidate for the poetry-professorship at Oxford; but did not succeed in his application.

Soon after he published Gratitude, a poem, on the Countess of Pomfret's benefactions to the university of Oxford, which has eluded the inquiries of the present writer.

AN HYMN TO MAY.

ETHEREAL daughter of the lusty Spring,
And sweet Favonius, ever gentle May!
Shall I, unblam'd, presume of thee to sing,
And with thy living colours gild my lay?
Thy genial spirit mantles in my brain;
My numbers languish in a softer vein:
I pant, too emulous, to flow in Spenser's strain.

Say, mild Aurora of the blooming year,
With storms when winter blackens nature's face;
When whirling winds the howling forest tear,
And shake the solid mountains from their base:
Say, what refulgent chambers of the sky
Veil thy beloved glories from the eye,
For which the nations pine, and earth's fair children die?

Where Leda's twins, forth from their diamond tow'r,
Alternate o'er the night their beams divide;
In light embosom'd, happy and secure
From winter rage, thou choosest to abide.
Blest residence! For, there, as poets tell,
The powers of poetry and wisdom dwell;
Apollo wakes the arts; the muses strike the shell.

Certes o'er Rhedicyna's laurell'd mead,
For ever spread, ye laurels, green and new!
The brother-stars their gracious nurture shed,
And secret blessings of poetic dew.
They bathe their horses in the learned flood,
With flame recruited for the ethereal road,
And deem fair Isis' swans fair as their father-god.

No sooner April, trim'd with girlonds* gay,
Rains fragrance o'er the world, and kindly show'rs;
But, in the eastern pride of beauty, May,
To gladden earth, forsakes her heav'nly bow'rs,
Restoring nature from her palsy'd state.
April, retire; ne† longer nature wait:
Soon may she issue from the morning's golden gate.

* Garlands. † Nor.

Come, bounteous May! in fulness of thy might,
Lead briskly on the mirth-infusing hours,
All-recent from the bosom of delight,
With nectar nurtur'd, and involv'd in flow'rs:
By spring's sweet blush, by nature's teeming womb;
By Hebe's dimply smile, by Flora's bloom;
By Venus' self, for Venus' self demands thee, come!

By the warm sighs, in dewy even-tide,
Of melting maidens in the woodbine groves,
To pity loosen'd, soften'd down from pride;
By billing turtles, and by cooing doves;
By the youth's plainings stealing on the air,
For youths will plain, though yielding be the fair,
Hither to bless the maidens and the youths repair.

With dew bespangled, by the hawthorn buds,
With freshness breathing, by the daisy'd plains,
By the mix'd music of the warbling woods,
And jovial roundelays* of nymphs and swains;
In thy full energy, and rich array,
Delight of earth and heaven! O blessed May!
From heav'n descend to earth: on earth vouchsafe to stay.

She comes!—A silken camus,† em'rald-green,
Gracefully loose, adown her shoulders flows,
Fit to enfold the limbs of Paphos' queen,
And with the labours of the needle glows,
Purfled‡ by nature's hand! The amorous air
And musky western breezes fast repair,
Her mantle proud to swell, and wanton with her hair.

Her hair, but rather threads of light it seems,
With the gay honours of the spring entwin'd,
Copious, unbound, in nectar'd ringlets streams,
Floats glittering on the sun, and scents the wind,
Love-sick with odours!—Now to order roll'd,
It melts upon her bosom's dainty mould,
Or, curling round her waste, disparts its wavy gold.

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* Songs. † A light gown.
‡ Flourished with a needle.

Young circling roses, blushing round them throw
The sweet abundance of their purple rays,
And lilies, dipp'd in fragrance, freshly blow,
With blended beauties in her angel face.
The humid radiance beaming from her eyes
The air and seas illumes, the earth and skies;
And opens, where she smiles, the sweets of Paradise.

On zephyr's wing the laughing goddess view,
Distilling balm. She cleaves the buxom air,
Attended by the silver-footed dew,
The ravages of winter to repair.
She gives her naked bosom to the gales,
Her naked bosom down the ether sails;
Her bosom breathes delight; her breath the spring exhales.

All as the phœnix in Arabian skies,
New-burnish'd from his spicy funeral pyres,
At large, in roseal undulation flies;
His plumage dazzles and the gazer tires;
Around their king the plumy nations wait,
Attend his triumph, and augment his state:
He tow'ring, claps his wings, and wins the ethereal height:

So round this phœnix of the gawdy year,
A thousand, nay, ten thousand sports and smiles,
Fluttering in gold, along the hemisphere,
Her praises chaunt: her praises glad the isles.
Conscious of her approach, to deck her bow'rs,
Earth from her fruitful lap and bosom pours
A waste of springing sweets, and voluntary flow'rs.

Narcissus fair, in snowy velvet gown'd;
Ah foolish! still to love the fountain-brim;
Sweet hyacinth, by Phœbus erst* bemoan'd;
And tulip, flaring in her powder'd trim.
Whate'er, Armida, in thy garden blew;
Whate'er the sun inhales, or sips the dew;
Whate'er compose the chaplet on Ianthe's brow.

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* Formerly: long ago.

He who undaz'd* can wander o'er her face,
May gain upon the solar blaze at noon !—
What more than female sweetness and a grace
Peculiar ! save, Ianthe, thine alone,
Ineffable effusion of the day !
So very much the same, that lovers say,
May is Ianthe ; or the dear Ianthe May.

So far as doth the harbinger of day
The lesser lamps of night in sheen† excel ;
So far in sweetness and in beauty, May
Above all other months doth bear the bell,
So far as May doth other months exceed,
So far in virtue and in goodlihead,‡
Above all other nymphs Ianthe bears the meed.‖

Welcome ! as to a youthful poet, wine,
To fire his fancy and enlarge his soul :
He weaves the laurel chaplet with the vine,
And grows immortal as he drains the bowl.
Welcome ! as beauty to the lovesick swain,
For which he long had sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain ;
He darts into her arms ; quick vanishes his pain.

The drowzy elements, arouz'd by thee,
Roll to harmonious measures, active all !
Earth, water, air, and fire, with feeling glee,
Exult to celebrate thy festival.
Fire glows intenser ; softer blows the air ;
More smooth the waters flow ; earth smiles more fair :
Earth, water, air, and fire, thy glad'ning impulse share.

What boundless tides of splendour o'er the skies,
O'erflowing brightness, stream their golden rays !
Heav'n's azure kindles with the varying dies,
Reflects the glory, and returns the blaze.
Air whitens ; wide the tracts of ether been
With colours damask'd rich, and goodly sheen,
And all above is blue, and all below is green.

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* Undazzled. † Brightness. Shining.
‡ Beauty. ‖ Prize.

At thy approach, the wild waves loud uproar,
And foamy surges of the mad'ning main,
Forget to heave their mountains to the shore;
Diffus'd into the level of the plain.
For thee, the halcyon builds her summer's nest;
For thee the ocean smooths her troubled breast,
Gay from thy placid smiles, in thy own purple drest.

Have ye not seen, in gentle even tide,
When Jupiter the earth hath richly shower'd,
Striding the clouds, a bow dispredden wide,
As if with light inwove, and gayly flower'd
With bright variety of blending dies?
White, purple, yellow, melt along the skies,
Alternate colours sink, alternate colours rise.

The earth's embroidery then have ye ey'd,
And smile of blossoms, yellow, purple, white;
Their vernal-tinctur'd leaves, luxurious dy'd
In Flora's livery, painted by the light.
Light's painted children in the breezes play,
Lay out their dewy bosoms to the ray,
Their soft enamel spread, and beautify the day.

From the wide altar of the foodful earth,
The flow'rs, the herbs, the plants, their incense roll;
The orchards swell the ruby-tinctur'd birth;
The vermeil gardens breathe the spicy soul.
Grateful to May, the nectar-spirit flies,
The wafted clouds of lavish'd odours rise,
The zephyr's balmy burthen, worthy of the skies.

The bee, the golden daughter of the spring,
From mead to mead, in wanton labour, roves,
And loads its little thigh, or gilds its wing,
With all the essence of the flushing groves:
Extracts the aromatic soul of flow'rs,
And, humming in delight, its waxen bow'rs
Fills with the luscious spoils, and lives ambrosial hours.

Touch'd by thee, May, the flocks and lusty droves
That low in pastures, or on mountains bleat,
Revive their frolics and renew their loves,
Stung to the marrow with a generous heat.

The stately courser, bounding o'er the plain,
Shakes to the winds the honours of his mane,
High-arch'd his neck, and, snuffing, hopes the dappled
train.

The aereal songsters sooth the list'ning groves:
The mellow thrush, the ouzel * sweetly shrill,
And little linnet, celebrate their loves,
In hawthorn valley, or on tufted hill;
The soaring lark, the lowly nightingale,
A thorn her pillow, trills her doleful tale,
And melancholy music dies along the dale.

This gay exuberance of gorgeous spring,
The gilded mountain, and the herbag'd vale,
The woods that blossom, and the birds that sing,
The murmuring fountain, and the breathing dale:
The dale, the fountains, birds and woods, delight,
The vales, the mountains, and the spring invite,
Yet unadorn'd by May, no longer charm the sight.

When nature laughs around, shall man alone,
Thy image, hang, ah me! the sickly head?
When nature sings, shall nature's glory groan,
And languish for the pittance poor of bread?
O may the man that shall his image scorn,
Alive, be ground with hunger, most forlorn,
Die unanell'd,† and dead, by dogs and kites be torn.

Curs'd may he be, as if he were not so!
Nay doubly curs'd be such a breast of steel,
Which never melted at another's woe,
Nor tenderness of bowels knew to feel.
His heart is black as hell, in flowing store
Who hears the needy crying at his door, [poor.
Who hears them cry, ne recks; ‡ but suffers them be

But blest, oh more than doubly blest be he!
Let honour crown him and eternal rest,
Whose bosom, the sweet fount of charity,
Flows out to nourslе|| innocence distrest.

* Blackbird. † Without a funeral knell.
‡ Nor is concerned. || To nurse.

His ear is open to the widow's cries,
His hand the orphan's cheek of sorrow dries;
Like mercy's self he looks on want with pity's eyes.

In this blest season, pregnant with delight,
Ne may the boding owl with screeches wound
The solemn silence of the quiet night,
Ne croaking raven, with unhallow'd sound,
Ne damned ghost affray* with deadly yell
The waking lover, rais'd by mighty spell,
To pale the stars, till Hesper shine it back to hell.

Ne witches rifle gibbets, by the moon,
With horror winking, trembling all with fear,
Of many a clinking chain, and canker'd bone:
Nor imp in visionary shape appear,
To blast the thriving verdure of the plain;
Ne let hobgoblin, ne the ponk, profane
With shadowy glare the light, and mad the bursting brain.

Ye fairy-elves, so ancient customs will,
The green-gown'd fairy elves, by starry sheen,
May gambol or in valley or on hill,
And leave their footsteps on the circled green.
Full lightly trip it, dapper Mab, around;
Full featly,† Ob'ron, thou, o'er grass-turf bound:
Mab brushes off no dew-drops, Ob'ron prints no ground.

Ne bloody rumours violate the ear,
Of cities sack'd, and kingdoms desolate,
With plague or sword, with pestilence or war;
Ne rueful murder stain thy era-date;
Ne shameless calumny, for fell despight,
The foulest fiend that e'er blasphem'd the light,
At lovely lady rail, nor grin at courteous knight.

Ne wailing in our streets nor fields be heard,
Ne voice of misery assault the heart;
Ne fatherless from table be debar'd;
Ne piteous tear from eye of sorrow start;

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* Affright. † Nimbly.

But plenty, pour thyself into the bowl
Of bounty-head; may never want controul
That good, good honest man, who feeds the famish'd soul.

Now let the trumpet's martial thunders sleep;
The viol wake alone, and tender flute:
The Phrygian lyre with sprightly fingers sweep,
And, Erato, dissolve the Lydian lute.
Yet Clio frets, and burns, with honest pain,
To rouse and animate the martial strain,
While British banners flame o'er many a purpled plain.

The trumpet sleeps, but soon for thee shall wake,
Illustrious chief! to sound thy mighty name,
Snatch'd from the malice of Lethean lake,
Triumphant swelling from the mouth of fame.
Meanwhile, disdain not, so the virgins pray,
This rosy crown, with myrtle wove and bay;
Too humble crown I ween: the offering of May.

And while the virgins hail thee with their voice,
Heaping thy crowded way with greens and flow'rs,
And in the fondness of their heart rejoice
To sooth, with dance and song, thy gentler hours;
Indulge the season, and with sweet repair,
Embay thy limbs, the vernal beauties share:
Then blaze in arms again, renew'd for future war.

Britannia's happy isle derives from May
The choicest blessings liberty bestows:
When royal Charles, for ever hail the day!
In mercy triumph'd o'er ignoble foes.
Restor'd with him, the arts the drooping head
Gaily again uprear'd; the muse's shade
With fresher honours bloom'd, in greener trim array'd.

And thou, the goodliest blossom of our isles!
Great Frederick's and his Augusta's joy,
Thy native month approv'd with infant smiles,
Sweet as the smiling May, imperial boy!
Britannia hopes thee for her future lord,
Lov'd as thy parents, only not ador'd!
Whene'er a George is born, Charles is again restor'd.

O may his fathers pant for finer fame,
And boundless bountyhead to humankind:
His grandsire's glory, and his uncle's name,
Renown'd in war, inflame his ardent mind!
So arts shall flourish 'neath his equal sway,
So arms the hostile nations wide affray;
The laurel, Victory; Apollo wear the bay.

Through kind infusion of celestial pow'r,
The dullard earth May quick'neth with delight:
Full suddenly the seeds of joy recure*
Elastic spring, and force within empight.†
If senseless elements invigorate prove
By genial May, and heavy matter move,
Shall shepherdesses cease, shall shepherds fail to love?

Ye shepherdesses, in a goodly round,
Purpled with health, as in the greenwood shade,
Incontinent ye thump the echoing ground,
And deftly‡ lead the dance along the glade;
O may no show'rs your merry-makes affray!
Hail at the op'ning, at the closing day,
All hail, ye bonnibels,§ to your own season, May.

Nor ye absent yourselves, ye shepherd-swains,
But lend to dance and song the liberal May,
And while in jocund ranks you beat the plains,
Your flocks shall nibble and your lambkins play,
Frisking in glee. To May your girlands bring,
And ever and anon her praises sing:
The woods shall echo May, with May the valleys ring.

Your May-pole deck with flow'ry coronal;
Sprinkle the flow'ry coronal with wine;
And in the nimble-footed galliard, all,
Shepherds and shepherdesses, lively join.
Hither from village sweet, and hamlet fair,
From bordering cot and distant glenne‖ repair,
Let youth indulge its sport, to eld¶ bequeath its care.

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* Recover.
† Placed, fixed.
‡ Finely.
§ Pretty women.
‖ A country hamlet.
¶ Old age.

Ye wanton dryads and light-tripping fauns,
Ye jolly satyrs, full of lustyhead,*
And ye that haunt the hills, the brooks, the lawns,
O come with rural chaplets gay dispread:
With heel so nimble wear the springing grass,
To shrilling bagpipe, or to tinkling brass;
Or foot it to the reed: Pan pipes himself apace.

In this soft season, when creation smil'd,
A quivering splendour on the ocean hung,
And from the fruitful froth, his fairest child,
The queen of bliss and beauty, Venus sprung.
The dolphins gambol o'er the wat'ry way,
Carol the Naiads, while the Tritons play,
And all the sea-green sisters bless the holiday.

In honour of her natal month, the queen
Of bliss and beauty consecrates her hours,
Fresh as her cheek, and as her brow serene,
To buxom ladies, and their paramours.
Love tips with golden alchemy his dart;
With rapt'rous anguish, with an honey'd smart,
Eye languishes on eye, and heart dissolves on heart.

A softly-swelling hill, with myrtles crown'd,
Myrtles to Venus algates† sacred been,
Hight Acidale, the fairest spot on ground,
For ever fragrant and for ever green,
O'erlooks the windings of a shady vale,
By beauty form'd for amorous regale.
Was ever hill so sweet, as sweetest Acidale?

All down the sides, the sides profuse of flow'rs,
An hundred rills, in shining mazes, flow
Through mossy grottoes, amaranthine bow'rs,
And form a laughing flood in vale below:
Where oft their limbs the loves and graces bay‡,
When summer sheds insufferable day,
And sport, and dive, and flounce, in wantonness of play

---

* Vigour. † Ever. ‡ Bathe.

No noise o'ercomes the silence of the shades,
Save short-breath'd vows, the dear excess of joy;
Or harmless giggle of the youths and maids,
Who yield obeisance to the Cyprian boy:
Or lute, soft-sighing in the passing gale;
Or fountains, gurgling down the sacred vale,
Or hymn to beauty's queen, or lover's tender tale.

Here Venus revels, here maintains her court,
In light festivity and gladsome game:
The young and gay in frolic troops resort,
Withouten censure and withouten blame,
In pleasure steep'd, and dancing in delight,
Night steals upon the day, the day on night:
Each knight his lady loves; each lady loves her knight.

Where lives the man, if such a man there be,
In idle wilderness or desert drear,
To beauty's sacred pow'r an enemy?
Let foul fiends harrow * him; I'll drop no tear.
I deem that carl† by beauty's pow'r unmov'd,
Hated of Heav'n, of none but hell approv'd.
O may he never love, O never be belov'd!

Hard is his heart, unmelted by thee, May!
Unconscious of love's nectar-tickling sting,
And, unrelenting, cold to beauty's ray;
Beauty the mother and the child of spring!
Beauty and wit declare the sexes even;
Beauty to woman, wit to man is given;
Neither the slime of earth, but each the fire of Heav'n.

Alliance sweet! let beauty, wit approve,
As flow'rs to sunshine ope the ready breast:
Wit beauty loves, and nothing else can love:
The best alone is grateful to the best.
Perfection has no other parallel:
Can light with darkness, doves with ravens dwell?
As soon perdie ‡ shall heav'n communion hold with hell.

---

* Destroy. † A clown.
‡ An old word for asserting any thing.

I sing to you, who love alone for love :
For gold the beauteous fools, O fools besure !
Can win ; though brighter wit shall never move :
But folly is to wit the certain cure.
Curs'd be the men, or be they young or old,
Curs'd be the women, who themselves have sold
To the detested bed for lucre base of gold.

Not Julia such : she higher honour deem'd
To languish in the Sulmo poet's arms,
Than, by the potentates of earth esteem'd,
To give to sceptres and to crowns her charms.
Not Laura such ; in sweet Vauclusa's vale,
She list'ned to her Petrarch's amorous tale,
But did poor Colin Clout o'er Rosalind prevail?

Howe'er that be, in Acidalian shade,
Embracing Julia, Ovid melts the day :
No dreams of banishment his loves invade ;
Encircled in eternity of May.
Here Petrarch with his Laura, soft reclin'd
On violets, gives sorrow to the wind :
And Colin Clout pipes to the yielding Rosalind.

Pipe on, thou sweetest of th' Arcadian train,
That e'er with tuneful breath inform'd the quill :
Pipe on, of lovers the most loving swain !
Of bliss and melody, oh ! take thy fill.
Ne envy I, if dear Ianthe smile,
Though low my numbers, and though rude my style ;
Ne quit for Acidale fair Albion's happy isle.

Come then, Ianthe ! milder than the spring,
And grateful as the rosy month of May,
O come : the birds the hymn of nature sing,
Inchanting wild, from every bush and spray :
Swell the green gems, and teem along the vine,
A fragrant promise of the future wine,
The spirits to exalt, the genius to refine !

Let us our steps direct where Father Thames
In silver windings draws his humid train,
And pours, where'er he rolls his naval stream,
Pomp on the city, plenty o'er the plain.

Or by the banks of Isis shall we stray,
Ah why so long from Isis' banks away?
Where thousand damsels dance, and thousand shepherds play.

Or choose you rather Theron's calm retreat,
Embosom'd, Surry, in thy verdant vale,
At once the muses' and the graces' seat;
There gently listen to my faithful tale.
Along the dew-bright parterres let us rove,
Or taste the odours of the mazy grove;
Hark how the turtles coo: I languish too with love.

Amid the pleasaunce of Arcadian scenes,
Love steals his silent arrows on my breast;
Nor falls of water, nor enamell'd greens,
Can sooth my anguish, or invite to rest.
You, dear Ianthe, you alone impart
Balm to my wounds, and cordial to my smart:
The apple of my eye, the life-blood of my heart.

With line of silk, with hook of barbed steel,
Beneath the broken umbrage let us lay,
And from the water's crystal bosom steal
Upon the grassy bank the finny prey:
The perch, with purple speckled manifold;
The eel, in silver labyrinth self-roll'd,
And carp, all-burnish'd o'er with drops of scaly gold.

Or shall the meads invite, with Iris-hues,
And nature's pencil, gay-diversify'd,
For now the sun has lick'd away the dews,
Fair-flushing and bedeck'd like virgin bride?
Thither, for they invite us, we'll repair,
Collect and weave whate'er is sweet and fair,
A posy for thy breast, a garland for thy hair.

Fair is the lily, clad in balmy snow;
Sweet is the rose, of spring the smiling eye;
Nipt by the winds, their heads the lilies bow;
Cropt by the hand, the roses fade and die.
Though now in pride of youth and beauty drest,
O think, Ianthe, cruel time lays waste
The roses of the cheek, the lilies of the breast!

Weep not; but rather, taught by this, improve
The present freshness of thy springing prime:
Bestow thy graces on the god of love,
Too precious for the wither'd arms of time.
In chaste endearments, innocently gay,
Ianthe! now, now love thy spring away;
Ere cold October-blasts despoil the bloom of May.

Now up the chalky mazes of yon hill,
With grateful diligence, we wind our way;
What op'ning scenes our ravish'd senses fill,
And wide their rural luxury display!
Woods, dales, and flocks, and herds, and cots, and spires,
Villas of learned clerks and gentle squires;
The villa of a friend the eye-sight never tires.

If e'er to thee and Venus, May, I strung
The gladsome lyre, when livelood* swell'd my veins,
And Eden's nymphs and Isis' damsels sung
In tender elegy, and pastoral strains;
Collect and shed thyself on Theron's bowr's,
O green his gardens, O perfume his flow'rs,
O bless his morning walks and sooth his ev'ning hours!

Long, Theron, with thy Annabell enjoy
The walks of nature, still to virtue kind,
For sacred solitude can never cloy
The wisdom of an uncorrupted mind!
O very long may Hymen's golden chain
To earth confine you and the rural reign:
Then soar, at length, to heaven; nor pray, O muse, in vain!

Where'er the muses haunt, or poets muse,
In solitary silence sweetly tir'd,
Unloose, thy bosom, May! thy stores effuse,
Thy vernal stores, by poets most desir'd,
Of living fountain, of the woodbine shade,
Of Philomela, warbling from the glade.
Thy bounty, in his verse, shall *certes* be repay'd.

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* Liveliness.

On Twit'nam bow'rs, Aonian-Twit'nam bow'rs,
Thy softest plenitude of beauties shed,
Thick as the winter stars, or summer flow'rs;
Albè * the tuneful master, ah! be dead.
To Colin next he taught my youth to sing,
My reed to warble, to resound my string:
The king of shepherds he, of poets he the king.

Hail, happy scenes, where joy would choose to dwell;
Hail, golden days, which Saturn deems his own;
Hail, music, which the muses scant † excel;
Hail, flowrets, not unworthy Venus' crown.
Ye linnets, larks, ye thrushes, nightingales;
Ye hills, ye plains, ye groves, ye streams, ye vales,
Ye ever happy scenes! all you your poet hails.

All hail to thee, O May, the crown of all!
The recompence and glory of my song:
Ne small the recompence, ne glory small,
If gentle ladies, and the tuneful throng,
With lovers' myrtle, and with poets' bay,
Fairly bedight,‡ approve the simple lay,
And think on Thomalin whene'er they hail thee, May

THE HAPPY LIFE.

A BOOK, a friend, a song, a glass,
A chaste, yet laughter-loving lass,
To mortals various joys impart,
Inform the sense, and warm the heart.

Thrice happy they who, careless laid
Beneath a kind-embow'ring shade,
With rosy wreaths their temple crown,
In rosy wine their sorrows drown.

Meanwhile the Muses wake the lyre,
The Graces modest mirth inspire,

* Although. † Scarcely. ‡ Adorned.

Good-natur'd humour, harmless wit,
Well temper'd joys, nor grave nor light.

Let sacred Venus with her heir,
And dear Ianthe too be there.
Music and wine in concert move
With beauty, and refining love.

There Peace shall spread her dove-like wing,
And bid her olives round us spring.
There Truth shall reign, a sacred guest;
And Innocence, to crown the rest.

Begone, ambition, riches, toys,
And splendid cares, and guilty joys,—
Give me a book, a friend, a glass,
And a chaste, laughter-loving lass.

THE MAGI.

A SACRED ECLOGUE.

No more in beauty's praise my numbers move,
Nor melt away in dying falls of love:
A child on earth, yet heaven's Eternal King,
The manger'd God, the Virgin's Son, I sing.
Thou Fountain-good, with light my soul o'erflow,
With hallow'd ardour bid my bosom glow!
Fir'd at the promise of thy dawning ray,
The eastern sages found celestial day.
Drawn by a leading flame, with sweet surprise,
The infant Deity salutes their eyes.
The heir-elect of love his mother prest,
Smil'd in her arms, and wanton'd on her breast.
No jewels sparkle here, nor India's stores
The portals brighten or emblaze the doors.
But young-ey'd, seraphim around him glow,
And Mercy spreads her many-colour'd bow;
Her bow, compos'd of new-created light,
How sweetly lambent and how softly bright!

The sacred circle of embodied rays
The cradle crowns, and round his temples plays.
So shines the rainbow round th' eternal throne,
To shade the Holy, Holy, Holy One.
By turns the ruby bleeds a beam, by turns
Smiles the green em'rald, and the topaz burns:
The various opal mingles every ray,
Fades into faintness, deepens into day:
Promiscuous lustre kindles half the skies,
Too slippery bright for keen seraphic eyes.
The venerable Three, low bending down,
Extend their offerings and the Godhead own.

MAGUS I.

From eastern realms, where first the infant sight
Springs into day, and streaks the fading night,
To thee we bend, before the morning rise;
A purer morning trembles from thy eyes.

MAG. II.

In vain the sun with light his orb arrays,
Our sense to dazzle, and as God to blaze;
Through his transparent fallacy we see,
And own the sun is but a star to Thee.

MAG. III.

Thou spotless Essence of primeval light,
Thy vassals own, and wash thy Ethiops white.
Thy cloud of sable witnesses adorn
With the first roses of thy smiling morn.

MAG. I.

By bards foretold the ripen'd years are come,
Gods fall to dust and oracles are dumb.
Old Ocean murmurs from his oozy bed,
"A maid has borne a son, and Pan is dead."

MAG. II.

The nymphs, their flow'r-inwoven tresses torn,
O'er fountains weep, in twilight thickets mourn.
Long, hollow groans, deep sobs, thick screeches, fill
Each dreary valley, and each shaded hill.

MAG. III.

No more shall Memphian timbrels wake the morn,
No more shall Hammon lift his gilded horn.

From hence in vain shall Belzebub rebel,
Anubis howls, and Moloch sinks to hell.

MAG. I.

Here lows a bull: a golden gleam adorns
The circling honours of his beamy horns.
He safely lows, nor fears the holy knife,
No sacrifice from hence shall drink his life.

MAG. II.

Ye gardens, blush with never-fading flow'rs,
For ever smile ye meads, and blow ye bow'rs:
Bleat all ye hills, be whiten'd all ye plains;
O earth, rejoice! the Eternal Shepherd reigns.

MAG. III.

Ye lilies, dip your leaves in falling snow,
Ye roses, with the eastern scarlet glow,
To crown the God: ye angels haste to pour
Your rain of nectar, and your starry show'r.

MAG. I. *Offers gold.*

The ore of India ripens into gold,
To gild thy courts, thy temple to infold.
Accept the emblematic gift; again
Saturnian years revolve, a golden reign!

MAG. II. *Offers frankincense.*

For thee Arabia's happy forests rise,
And clouds of odours sweetly stain the skies.
While fragrant wreaths of smoking incense roll,
Receive our pray'rs, the incense of the soul!

MAG. III. *Offers myrrh.*

The weeping myrrh with balmy sorrow flows,
Thy cup to sweeten, and to sooth thy woes:
So prophets sing; for, human and divine,
The man was born to grieve, the God to shine.

MAG. I.

Smile, sacred Infant, smile: thy rosy breast
Excels the odours of the spicy East;
The burnish'd gold is dross before thy eye,
Thou God of sweetness, God of purity!

MAG. II.

Ye planets, unregarded walk the skies,
Your glories lessen as his glories rise;
His radiant word with gold the sun attires,
The moon illumes, and lights the starry fires.

MAG. III.

Hail, Lord of Nature, hail! To thee belong
My song, my life,—I give my life, my song:
Walk in thy light, adore thy day alone,
Confess thy love, and pour out all my own.

CAWTHORN.

Of the circumstances and condition of the father of James Cawthorn, who was born near Sheffield in Yorkshire in 1721, we have no memorial. The son received a classical education, partly at the school of Rotheram, and partly at Kirkby Lonsdale; and his epitaph gives him the degree of master of arts, though his name does not appear in the Oxford or Cambridge list of graduates.

For some time he officiated as assistant in the school of Mr. Clare, a man of some eminence in his line, in the city of London, whose sister our poet married.

In 1743, he was elected master of Tunbridge school by the Skinners' company of London; and it may here be incidentally remarked, that the masters of this seminary have frequently been distinguished for genius and learning.

Before his appointment to the mastership of this school, Cawthorn appears to have taken orders; but neither the time nor the place of his ordination has been ascertained.

That he had an early turn for poetry is evident, from the date of several of his productions. Some of them appear to have been written at Kirkby Lonsdale. In 1746 he produced the "Equality of Human Conditions," and the same year published his "Abelard to Eloisa," which is only inferior to the celebrated epistle of Pope from Eloisa to Abelard.

In 1749 he addressed an ethic epistle on the "Vanity of Human Enjoyments," to Lyttleton, who was courted by poets with an assiduity originating as much from his goodness as his rank. "The Regulation of the Passions," which he justly considers as the source of human happiness, is an excellent moral poem; but we cannot particularize the merits of his separate pieces.

Of a man who was diligently employed in cultivating the talents of others, or in improving and exercising his

own, the incidents must necessarily be few; and the last twelve years of his life present almost a blank in his history. He was killed by a fall from his horse, April 15, 1761, in the 40th year of his age, and was buried in Tunbridge church, under a flat stone, with an appropriate Latin inscription.

The poems of Cawthorn were collected and published in 1771; but with a culpable degree of indifference, the editor is wholly silent in regard to the man.

From information, however, casually gleaned, it appears that Cawthorn was generous and friendly in the intercourse of life, but severe and rigid as an instructor of youth. He is said to have been passionately fond of music, though wholly ignorant of the science, and attached to hunting, though a very indifferent huntsman.

As a poet, his compositions are characterised by bold and nervous expressions, and by melody of numbers, but he was deficient in judgment, and copied Pope without possessing his correctness of taste, and easy elegance of versification, power to or keep up to the free and unwearied spirit that he breathed. He has the faults of his master; but not all his sublime beauties, and more animated graces. His verse, though flowing and harmonious, is too artificial and uniform, and sometimes elaborated into obscurity. His pauses are anticipated by the ear; and the regular recurrence of the words *every* and *all*, especially the latter, in almost every line, produces a tiresome monotony.

Cawthorn, it must be acknowledged, has bestowed too much attention on inferior poetical ornaments; but when every deduction is made which criticism requires, his compositions will be found to display that pregnancy of invention, that exquisite sensibility, and that genuine enthusiasm, which are the invaluable sanctions bestowed by nature on every real poet.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

First published in 1747.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty: but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortunes, fell into the hands of Eloisa: this occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion. POPE.

Ah! why this boding start? this sudden pain,
That wings my pulse, and shoots from vein to vein?
What mean, regardless of yon midnight bell,
These earth-born visions saddening o'er my cell?
What strange disorder prompts these thoughts to glow,
These sighs to murmur, and these tears to flow?
'Tis she, 'tis Eloisa's form restor'd,
Once a pure saint, and more than saints ador'd:
She comes in all her killing charms confess'd,
Glares through the gloom, and pours upon my breast,
Bids heaven's bright guard from Paraclete remove,
And drags me back to misery and love.
Enjoy the triumph, dear illusion! see
This sad apostate from his God to thee;
See, at thy call, my guilty warmths return,
Flame through my blood, and steal me from my urn.
Yet, yet, frail Abelard! one effort try,
Ere the last lingering spark of virtue die;
The deadly charming sorceress controul,
And, spite of nature, tear her from thy soul.
Long has that soul, in these unsocial woods,
Where anguish muses, and where sorrow broods,

From love's wild visionary wishes stray'd,
And sought to lose thy beauties in the shade.
Faith dropp'd a smile, devotion lent her fire,
Woke the keen pang, and sanctified desire;
Led me enraptur'd to the blest abode,
And taught my heart to glow with all its God.
But O, how weak fair faith and virtue prove,
When Eloisa melts away in love!
When her fond soul, impassion'd, rapt, unveil'd,
No joy forgotten, and no wish conceal'd,
Flows through her pen, as infant-softness free,
And fiercely springs in ecstacies to me!
Ye heavens! as walking in yon sacred fane,
With every seraph warm in every vein,
Just as remorse had rous'd an aching sigh,
And my torn soul hung trembling in my eye,
In that kind hour thy fatal letter came,
I saw, I gaz'd, I shiver'd at the name;
The conscious lamps at once forgot to shine,
Prophetic tremors shook the hallow'd shrine;
Priests, censers, altars, from thy genius fled,
And heav'n itself shut on me while I read.

Dear smiling mischief! art thou still the same,
The still pale victim of too soft a flame?
Warm as when first, with more than mortal shine,
Each melting eye-ball mix'd thy soul with mine?
Have not thy tears, for ever taught to flow,
The glooms of absence, and the pangs of woe,
The pomp of sacrifice, the whisper'd tale,
The dreadful vow yet hov'ring o'er thy veil,
Drove this bewitching fondness from thy breast,
Curb'd the loose wish, and form'd each pulse to rest?
And canst thou still, still bend the suppliant knee
To love's dread shrine, and weep and sigh for me?
Then take me, take me, lock me in thy arms,
Spring to my lips, and give me all thy charms.
No—fly me, fly me, spread the impatient sail,
Steal the lark's wing, and mount the swiftest gale;
Skim the vast ocean, freeze beneath the pole,
Renounce me, curse me, root me from thy soul:
Fly, fly, for justice bares the arm of God,
And the grasp'd vengeance only waits his nod.

Are these thy wishes ? can they thus inspire ?
Does frenzy form them, or does grace aspire ?
Can Abelard, in hurricanes of zeal,
Betray his heart, and teach thee not to feel ?
Teach thy enamour'd spirit to disown
Each human warmth, and chill thee into stone ?
Ah ! rather let my tenderest accents move
The last wild accents of unholy love ;
On that dear bosom trembling let me lie,
Pour out my soul, and in fierce raptures die,
Rouse all my passions, act my joys anew :
Farewell, ye cells ! ye martyr'd saints, adieu !
Sleep, conscience, sleep, each awful thought be drown'd,
And sevenfold darkness veil the scene around.

What means this pause, this agonizing start,
This glimpse of heav'n quick-rushing through my heart ?
Methinks I see a radiant cross display'd——
A wounded Saviour bleeds along the shade :
Around th' expiring God bright angels fly,
Swell the loud hymn, and open all the sky.
O save me, save me, ere the thunders roll,
And hell's black caverns swallow up my soul !

Return, ye hours ! when, guiltless of a stain,
My strong-plum'd genius throbb'd in every vein ;
When, warm'd with all th' Egyptian fanes inspir'd,
All Athens boasted, and all Rome admir'd,
My merit in its full meridian shone,
Each rival blushing, and each heart my own.
Return, ye scenes !—Ah no ! from fancy fly,
On time's stretch'd wing, till each idea die,
Eternal fly ; since all that learning gave,
Too weak to conquer, and too fond to save ;
To love's soft empire every wish betray'd,
And left my laurels with'ring in the shade.
Let me forget, that while deceitful fame
Grasp'd her shrill trump, and fill'd it with my name,
Thy stronger charms empower'd by heaven to move
Each saint, each blest insensible, to love,
At once my soul from bright ambition won,
I hugg'd the dart, I wish'd to be undone.
No more pale science durst my thoughts engage,
Insipid dulness hung on every page ;

The midnight-lamp no more enjoy'd its blaze,
No more my spirit flew from maze to maze;
Thy glances bade philosophy resign
Her throne to thee, and every sense was thine.
But what could all the frosts of wisdom do,
Oppos'd to beauty, when it melts in you?
Since these dark, cheerless, solitary caves,
Death-breathing woods, and daily-opening graves,
Misshapen rocks, wild images of woe,
For ever howling to the deeps below;
Ungenial deserts, where no vernal show'r
Wakes the green herb, or paints th' unfolding flow'r;
Th' embrowning glooms these holy mansions shed,
The night-born horrors brooding o'er my bed,
The dismal scenes black melancholy pours
O'er the sad visions of enanguish'd hours;
Lean abstinence, wan grief, low-thoughted care,
Distracting guilt, and, hell's worst fiend, despair;
Conspire in vain, with all the aids of art,
To blot thy dear idea from my heart.
Delusive, sightless God of warm desire!
Why wouldst thou wish to set a wretch on fire?
Why lives thy soft divinity where woe
Heaves the pale sigh, and anguish loves to glow?
Fly to the mead, the daisy-painted vale,
Breathe in its sweets, and melt along the gale;
Fly where gay scenes luxurious youths employ,
Where ev'ry moment steals the wing of joy:
There may'st thou see, low prostrate at thy throne,
Devoted slaves, and victims all thy own;
Each village-swain the turf-built shrine shall raise,
And kings command whole hecatombs to blaze.
O memory! ingenious to revive
Each fleeting hour, and teach the past to live,
Witness what conflicts this frail bosom tore,
What griefs I suffer'd, and what pangs I bore!
How long I struggled, labour'd, strove to save
A heart that panted to be still a slave!
When youth, warmth, rapture, spirit, love, and flame,
Seiz'd every sense, and burnt through all my frame;
From youth, warmth, rapture, to these wilds I fled,
My food the herbage, and the rock my bed:

There, while these venerable cloisters rise
O'er the bleak surge, and gain upon the skies,
My wounded soul indulg'd the tear to flow
O'er all the sad vicissitudes of woe;
Profuse of life, and yet afraid to die,
Guilt in my heart, and horror in my eye,
With ceaseless pray'rs, the whole artill'ry giv'n
To win the mercies of offended Heav'n,
Each hill, made vocal, echoed all around,
While my torn breast knock'd bleeding on the ground.
Yet, yet, alas! though all my moments fly,
Stain'd by a tear, and darken'd in a sigh,
Though meagre fasts have on my cheeks display'd
The dusk of death, and sunk me to a shade,
Spite of myself, the still-empoisoning dart
Shoots through my blood, and drinks up all my heart:
My vows and wishes wildly disagree,
And grace itself mistakes my God for thee.
Athwart the glooms that wrap the midnight sky,
My Eloisa steals upon my eye;
For ever rises in the solar ray,
A phantom brighter than the blaze of day.
Where'er I go, the visionary guest
Pants on my lip, or sinks upon my breast;
Unfolds her sweets, and, throbbing to destroy,
Winds round my heart in luxury of joy.
While loud hosannas shake the shrines around,
I hear her softer accents in the sound;
Her idol-beauties on each altar glare,
And heav'n much injur'd has but half my pray'r:
No tears can drive her hence, no pangs controul,
For ev'ry object brings her to my soul.
Last night, reclining on yon airy steep,
My busy eyes hung brooding o'er the deep;
The breathless whirlwinds slept in ev'ry cave,
And the soft moon-beam danc'd from wave to wave;
Each former bliss in this bright mirror seen,
With all my glories, dawn'd upon the scene;
Recall'd the dear auspicious hour anew,
When my fond soul to Eloisa flew;
When, with keen speechless agonies oppress'd,
Thy frantic lover snatch'd thee to his breast,

Gaz'd on thy blushes, arm'd with ev'ry grace,
And saw the goddess beaming in thy face;
Saw thy wild, trembling, ardent wishes, move
Each pulse to rapture, and each glance to love.
But lo! the winds descend, the billows roar,
Foam to the clouds, and burst upon the shore,
Vast peals of thunder o'er the ocean roll,
The flame-wing'd lightning gleams from pole to pole.
At once the pleasing images withdrew,
And more than horrors crowded on my view:
Thy uncle's form, in all his ire array'd,
Serenely dreadful, stalk'd along the shade:
Pierc'd by his sword I sunk upon the ground,
The spectre ghastly smil'd upon the wound!
A group of black infernals round me hung,
And toss'd my infamy from tongue to tongue.
Detested wretch! how impotent thy age!
How weak thy malice! and how kind thy rage!
Spite of thyself, inhuman as thou art,
Thy murdering hand has left me all my heart;
Left me each tender, fond affection, warm,
A nerve to tremble, and an eye to charm.
No, cruel, cruel, exquisite in ill!
Thou thought'st it dull barbarity to kill;
My death hath robb'd lost vengeance of her toil,
And scarcely warm'd a Scythian to a smile:
Sublimer furies taught thy soul to glow
With all their savage mysteries of woe;
Taught thy unfeeling poinard to destroy
The powers of nature, and the source of joy;
To stretch me on the racks of vain desire,
Each passion throbbing, and each wish on fire;
Mad to enjoy, unable to be blest,
Fiends in my veins, and hell within my breast.
Aid me, fair faith! assist me, grace divine!
Ye martyrs! bless me, and, ye saints! refine:
Ye sacred groves! ye heaven-devoted walls!
Where folly sickens, and where virtue calls;
Ye vows! ye altars! from this bosom tear
Voluptuous love, and leave no anguish there:
Oblivion! be thy blackest plume display'd
O'er all my griefs, and hide me in the shade;

And thou, too fondly idoliz'd! attend,
While awful reason whispers in the friend.
Friend, did I say! Immortals! what a name!
Can dull, cold friendship, own so wild a flame?
No: let thy lover, whose enkindling eye
Shot all his soul between thee and the sky,
Whose warmth bewitch'd thee, whose unhallow'd song
Call'd thy rapt ear to die upon his tongue,
Now strongly rouse, while heav'n his zeal inspires,
Diviner transports, and more holy fires;
Calm all thy passions, all thy peace restore,
And teach that snowy breast to heave no more.
Torn from the world, within dark cells immur'd,
By angels guarded, and by vows secur'd,
To all that once awoke thy fondness dead,
And hope, pale sorrow's last sad refuge, fled;
Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt in vain,
Brood o'er false joys, and hug th' ideal chain?
Say, canst thou wish that, madly wild to fly
From yon bright portal opening in the sky,
Thy Abelard should bid his God adieu,
Pant at thy feet, and taste thy charms anew?
Ye heav'ns! if, to this tender bosom woo'd,
Thy mere idea harrows up my blood;
If one faint glimpse of Eloise can move
The fiercest, mildest agonies of love;
What shall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
Thy whole effulgence flows upon my sight?
Look on thyself, consider who thou art,
And learn to be an abbess in thy heart.
See, while devotion's ever-melting strain
Pours the loud organ through the trembling fane,
Yon pious maids each earthly wish disown,
Kiss the dread cross, and crowd upon the throne:
Oh let thy soul the sacred charge attend,
Their warmths inspirit, and their virtues mend:
Teach every breast from every hymn to steal
The cherub's meekness, and the seraph's zeal;
To rise to rapture, to dissolve away
In dreams of heav'n, and lead thyself the way;
Till all the glories of the blest abode
Blaze on the scene, and every thought is God.

While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
And make each vestal spotless as her veil,
Th' eternal spirit o'er thy cell shall move
In the soft image of the mystic dove;
The longest gleams of heavenly comfort bring,
Peace in his smile, and healing on his wing;
At once remove affliction from thy breast,
Melt o'er thy soul, and hush her pangs to rest.
O that my soul, from love's curst bondage free,
Could catch the transports that I urge to thee!
O that some angel's more than magic art,
Would kindly tear the hermit from his heart!
Extinguish every guilty sense, and leave
No pulse to riot, and no sigh to heave.
Vain, fruitless wish! still, still the vig'rous flame
Bursts, like an earthquake, through my shatter'd frame;
Spite of the joys that truth and virtue prove,
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to love;
Repent in vain, scarce wish to be forgiv'n,
Thy form my idol, and thy charms my heav'n.
Yet, yet, my fair! thy nobler efforts try,
Lift me from earth and give me to the sky;
Let my lost soul thy brighter virtues feel,
Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd with all thy zeal.
And when, low-bending at the hallow'd shrine,
Thy contrite heart shall Abelard resign:
When pitying Heav'n, impatient to forgive,
Unbars the gates of light and bids thee live;
Seize on th' auspicious moment ere it flee,
And ask the same immortal boon for me.
Then when these black terrific scenes are o'er,
And rebel nature chills the soul no more;
When on thy cheek th' expiring roses fade,
And thy last lustres darken in the shade;
When arm'd with quick varieties of pain,
Or creeping dully slow from vein to vein,
Pale death shall set my kindred spirit free,
And these dead orbs forget to doat on thee;
Some pious friend, whose wild affections glow
Like ours in sad similitude of woe,
Shall drop one tender, sympathizing tear,
Prepare the garland, and adorn the bier;

Our lifeless relics in one tomb enshrine,
And teach thy genial dust to mix with mine.
Meanwhile, divinely purg'd from every stain,
Our active souls shall climb th' ethereal plain,
To each bright cherub's purity aspire,
Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his fire:
There, where no face the glooms of anguish wears,
No uncle murders, and no passion tears,
Enjoy with Heav'n eternity of rest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

THE REGULATION OF THE PASSIONS,

THE SOURCE OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

A Moral Essay.

> Dunque ne l' Uso per cui fur concesse
> L' impieghi il soggio Duce, e le governi:
> Et a suo Senno or tepide, or ardenti;
> Le faccia: et or le affretti, et or le allenti.
>
> TASSO.

YES, yes, dear Stoic! hide it as you can,
The sphere of pleasure is the sphere of man:
This warms our wishes, animates our toil,
And forms alike a Newton or an Hoyle;
Gives all the soul to all the soul regards,
Whether she deal in planets, or in cards.
In every human breast there lives enshrin'd
Some atom pregnant with th' ethereal mind;
Some plastic pow'r, some intellectual ray,
Some genial sun-beam from the source of day;
Something that, warm and restless to aspire,
Works the young heart, and sets the soul on fire,
And bids us all our inborn pow'rs employ
To catch the phantom of ideal joy.
Were it not so, the soul, all dead and lost,
Like the tall cliff beneath th' impassive frost,
Form'd for no end, and impotent to please,
Would lie inactive on the couch of ease:

And, heedless of proud fame's immortal lay,
Sleep all her dull divinity away.
And yet, let but a zephyr's breath begin
To stir the latent excellence within—
Wak'd in that moment's elemental strife,
Impassion'd genius feels the breath of life;
Th' expanding heart delights to leap and glow,
The pulse to kindle, and the tear to flow:
Strong and more strong the light celestial shines,
Each thought ennobles, and each sense refines,
Till all the soul, full op'ning to the flame,
Exalts to virtue what she felt for fame.
Hence, just as nature points the kindred fire,
One plies the pencil, one awakes the lyre;
This, with a Halley's luxury of soul,
Calls the wild needle back upon the pole,
Maps half the winds, and gives the sail to fly
In ev'ry ocean of the arctic sky;
While he whose vast capacious mind explores
All nature's scenes, and nature's God adores,
Skill'd in each drug the varying world provides,
All earth embosoms, and all ocean hides;
Expels, like Heberden, the young disease,
And softens anguish to the smile of ease.
The passions then all human virtue give,
Fill up the soul, and lend her strength to live.
To them we owe fair truth's unspotted page,
The gen'rous patriot, and the moral sage;
The hand that forms the geometric line,
The eye that pierces through th' unbowell'd mine,
The tongue that thunders eloquence along,
And the fine ear that melts it into song.
And yet these passions, which, on nature's plan,
Call out the hero while they form the man,
Warp'd from the sacred line that nature gave,
As meanly ruin as they nobly save.
Th' ethereal soul that heav'n itself inspires
With all its virtues, and with all its fires,
Led by these syrens to some wild extreme,
Sets in a vapour when it ought to beam;
Like a Dutch sun that in the autumnal sky
Looks through a fog, and rises but to die.

But he whose active, unencumber'd mind,
Leaves this low earth and all its mists behind,
Fond in a pure unclouded sky to glow,
Like the bright orb that rises on the Po,
O'er half the globe with steady splendour shines,
And ripens virtues as it ripens mines.
Whoever thinks, must see that man was made
To face the storm, not languish in the shade:
Action's his sphere, and, for that sphere design'd,
Eternal pleasures open on his mind.
For this, fair hope leads on th' impassion'd soul
Through life's wild labyrinths to her distant goal;
Paints in each dream, to fan the genial flame,
The pomp of riches, and the pride of fame;
Or fondly gives reflection's cooler eye
A glance, an image of a future sky.
Yet, though kind Heav'n points out th' unerring road,
That leads through nature up to bliss and God;
Spite of that God, and all his voice divine,
Speaks to the heart, or teaches from the shrine,
Man, feebly vain, and impotently wise,
Disdains the manna sent him from the skies;
Tasteless of all that virtue gives to please,
For thought too active, and too mad for ease,
From wish to wish in life's mad vortex tost,
For ever struggling, and for ever lost;
He scorns religion, though her seraphs call,
And lives in rapture, or not lives at all.
And now, let loose to all our hopes and fears,
As pride inspirits, or ambition tears,
From ev'ry tie, from ev'ry duty freed,
Without a balance, and without a creed,
Dead ev'ry sense, each particle divine,
And all the man embruted in the swine;
These drench in luxury's ambrosial bowl
Reason's last spark, and drain off all the soul.
Those for vain wealth fly on from pole to pole,
Where winds can waft them, and where seas can roll.
While others, wearied with the farce of pow'r,
Or mad with riot in the midnight hour,
With Spain's proud monarch to a cell retire,
Or, Nero like, set half the globe on fire.

Stretch'd on high-tow'ring Dover's sandy bed,
Without a coffin, and without a head;
A dirty sail-cloth o'er his body thrown,
By marks of misery almost unknown,
Without a friend to pity or to save,
Without a dirge to consecrate the grave,
Great Suffolk lies——he who for years had shone,
England's sixth Henry! nearest to thy throne.
What boots it now, that list'ning senates hung
All ear, all rapture on his angel tongue?
Ah! what avails th' enormous blaze between
His dawn of glory, and his closing scene!
When haughty France his heav'n-born pow'rs ador'd,
And Anjou's princess sheath'd Britannia's sword!
Ask ye what bold conspiracy opprest
A chief so honour'd, and a chief so blest?
Why, lust of pow'r, that wreck'd his rising fame
On courts' vain shallows, and the gulf of shame:
A Glo'ster's murder, and a nation's wrongs,
Call'd loud for vengeance with ten thousand tongues;
And hasten'd death, on Albion's chalky strand,
To end the exile by a pirate's hand.

Pleasure, my friend! on this side folly lies;
It may be vig'rous, but it must be wise:
And when our organs once that end attain,
Each step beyond it is a step to pain.
For ask the man whose appetites pursue
Each loose Roxana of the stew;
Who cannot eat till luxury refine
His taste, and teach him how to dine;
Who cannot drink till Spain's rich vintage flow,
Mix'd with the coolness of December's snow:
Ask him, if all those ecstacies that move
The pulse of rapture, and the rage of love,
When wine, wit, woman, all their pow'rs employ,
And ev'ry sense is lost in ev'ry joy,
E'er fill'd his heart, and beam'd upon his breast
Content's full sunshine, with the calm of rest?
No—virtue only gives fair peace to shine,
And health, oh sacred temperance! is thine.
Hence the poor peasant, whose laborious spade
Rids the rough crag of half its heath and shade,

Feels in the quiet of his genial nights
A bliss more genuine than the club at White's:
And has in full exchange for fame and wealth,
Herculean vigour, and eternal health.
Of blooming genius, judgment, wit, possess'd,
By poets envied, and by peers caress'd;
By royal mercy sav'd from legal doom,
With royal favour crown'd for years to come,
O hadst thou, Savage! known thy lot to prize,
And sacred held fair friendship's gen'rous ties;
Hadst thou, sincere to wisdom, virtue, truth,
Curb'd the wild sallies of impetuous youth;
Had but thy life been equal to thy lays,
In vain had envy strove to blast thy bays;
In vain thy mother's unrelenting pride
Had strove to push thee helpless from her side;
Fair competence had lent her genial dow'r,
And smiling peace adorn'd thy evening hour;
True pleasure would have led thee to her shrine,
And every friend to merit had been thine.
Bless'd with the choicest boon that heav'n can give,
Thou then hadst learnt with dignity to live;
The scorn of wealth, the threats of want to brave,
Nor sought from prison refuge in the grave.
Th' immortal Rembrandt all his pictures made
Soft as their union into light and shade:
Whene'er his colours wore too bright an air,
A kindred shadow took off all the glare;
Whene'er that shadow, carelessly embrown'd,
Stole on the tints, and breath'd a gloom around,
Th' attentive artist threw a warmer dye,
Or call'd a glory from a pictur'd sky;
Till both th' opposing powers mix'd in one,
Cool as the night, and brilliant as the sun.
Passions, like colours, have their strength and ease,
Those too insipid, and too gaudy these:
Some on the heart, like Spagnoletti's, throw
Fictitious horrors, and a weight of woe;
Some, like Albano's, catch from every ray
Too strong a sunshine, and too rich a day;
Others, with Carlo's Magdalens, require
A quicker spirit, and a touch of fire;

Or want, perhaps, though of celestial race,
Correggio's softness, and a Guido's grace.
Wouldst thou then reach what Rembrandt's genius knew,
And live the model that his pencil drew,
Form all thy life with all his warmth divine,
Great as his plan, and faultless as his line;
Let all thy passions, like his colours, play,
Strong without harshness, without glaring gay:
Contrast them, curb them, spread them, or confine,—
Ennoble these, and those forbid to shine,
With cooler shades ambition's fire allay,
And mildly melt the pomp of pride away;
Her rainbow-robe from vanity remove,
And soften malice with the smile of love;
Bid o'er revenge the charities prevail,
Nor let a grace be seen without a veil:
So shalt thou live as Heav'n itself design'd,
Each pulse congenial with th' informing mind,
Each action station'd in its proper place,
Each virtue blooming with its native grace,
Each passion vig'rous to its just degree,
And the fair whole a perfect symmetry.

LADY JANE GREY TO LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY.

AN EPISTLE.

In the Manner of Ovid.

From these dark cells, in sable pomp array'd,
Where night's black horrors breathe a deeper shade,
Where ev'ry hour some awful vision brings
Of pale assassins and the shrouds of kings,
What comforts can a wretched wife afford
The last sad moments of her dying lord?
With what fond tear, what love-impassion'd sigh,
Sooth the dear mourner ere he reach the sky?

Ye pow'rs of song that ev'ry chord inspire
When Rome's soft Ovid weeps along his lyre;
Ye angel-sounds that Troy's great Hector mourn,
When his lost consort bleeds upon his urn!
Teach me, ye warblers! teach this strain of woe
Like you to kindle, and like you to flow.

Alas! in vain ye bid your warmths divine
Wake all the string, and live through all the line.
Spite of those warmths, th' immortal numbers roll
Cool from my hand, and faithless to my soul;
Too faint a wish, too calm a sigh impart,
Hide half my grief, and tell but half my heart;
Lose the fond anguish of this flowing tear,
And the keen pang that tears and tortures there.

'Tis said that souls, to love's soft union wrought,
Converse by silent sympathy of thought:
O! then with that mysterious art divine,
The fierce impatience of my breast be thine;
And when some tender, recollecting sigh
Pours the big passion from each weeping eye,
When wrapt, and wild, thy fond ideas roll,
And all my image takes up all thy soul;
Think that my breast the same dear tumults move,
As keen an anguish, and as soft a love;
Think that I hear thy pray'rs, explore thy fears,
Sigh to thy sighs, and weep with all thy tears;
From all thy wishes, all thy phrenzies see,
And feel for Guilford all he feels for me.

Ah! where are now the joys my fancy drew
For ever blooming, and for ever new?
Where the dear scenes that meditation aid,
The rill's soft murmur, and th' embow'ring shade;
Where all the heartfelt charities that move
The warmths of rapture in the pulse of love?
Lost, lost for ever, like th' ethereal fire
Shot through the sky to glitter and expire.

Hide it, ye pow'rs! the sad, the solemn day
That gave a Dudley to the house of Grey:
For O! when to the altar's foot we came,
And each fond eye confess'd the kindling flame;
Just as the priest had join'd my hand to thine,
An awful tremor shook the hallow'd shrine,

A sudden gloom the sacred walls array'd,
And round the tapers threw an azure shade;
The winds blew hollow with the voice of pain,
Aerial echoes sigh'd through all the fane:
'Twas God himself, that from th' empyreal sky,
Look'd inauspicious on the nuptial tie,
And pitying taught, as prophecies of woe,
The shrines to tremble, and the wind to blow.
O! had thy blood drunk in some fell disease,
From each chill pinion of th' autumnal breeze,
Had yon keen sun, with all the rage of pain,
Wing'd every pulse, and scorch'd up every vein,
Extinguish'd Guilford ere he liv'd his span,
It had been nature and the fate of man.
Heav'ns! had my cares but eas'd thy parting breath,
In life's last moment, and the gasp of death,
Explor'd the dear imperfect sounds that hung
Loose on each fibre of the fault'ring tongue,
Cool'd the fond phrenzies of thy parting sigh,
Wip'd the warm drop from each expiring eye;
I had but known what many a virtuous pair
Are doom'd to suffer, and are doom'd to bear:
But, O! in thought's wild images to see
My glories fall, proud infamy! like thee;
See, 'midst the murmur of a million sighs,
The sabre glitter, and the scaffold rise;
To see my Guilford moving sadly slow
Through ranks of warriors, and the pomps of woe;
See him, while bending o'er his awful bier,
Shed the keen anguish of too warm a tear,
A tear that from the warmths of love proceeds,
And melts the husband, while the hero bleeds—
Bleed, did I say!—Tear, tear, ye pow'rs of art!
Sense, nature, memory, from my tortur'd heart:
And thou,—beneath the pole's black umbrage laid,
Oblivion! daughter of the midnight shade!
With all thy glooms, and all thy mists, remove
Each sweet idea of connubial love:
Hide the dear man whose virtues first imprest
Too fond an image on my virgin breast;
From all the softness of my soul efface
His every beauty, and his every grace;

And force that soul with patience to resign
All the dear ties that bound her fast to thine.
Alas! vain effort of misguided zeal!
What pow'r can force affliction not to feel?
What saint forbid this throbbing breast to glow,
This sigh to murmur, and this tear to flow?
Still honest nature lives her anguish o'er,
Still the fond woman bleeds at every pore.
Ah! when my soul, all panting to aspire,
Each sense enraptur'd, and each wish on fire,
On all the wings of heav'n-born virtue flies
To yon bright sunshine, yon unclouded skies;
Spite of the joys that Heav'n and bliss impart,
A softer image heaves within my heart;
Impassions nature in the springs of life,
And calls the seraph back into the wife.
Yet say, my Guilford, say, why wilt thou move
These idle visions of despairing love?
Why wilt thou still, with every grace and art,
Spread through my veins, and kindle in my heart?
O let my soul far other transports feel,
Wing'd with thy hopes, and warm'd with all thy zeal,
And thou, in yon imperial heav'n enshrin'd,
Eternal effluence of th' eternal mind,
O grace divine! on this frail bosom ray
One gleam of comfort from the source of day.—
She comes, and all my opening breast inspires
With holy ardours, and seraphic fires:
Rapt, and sublime, my kindling wishes roll,
A brighter sunshine breaks upon my soul;
Strong, and more strong the light celestial shines,
Each thought ennobles, and each sense refines:
Each human pang, each human bliss retires,
All earth-born wishes, and all low desires,
The pomps of empire, grandeur, wealth, decay,
And all the world's vain phantoms fade away.
Rise, ye sad scenes! ye black ideas, rise,
Rise, and dispute the empire of the skies:
Ye horrors! come, and o'er my senses throw
Terrific visions and a pomp of woe:
Call up the scaffold in its dread parade,
Bid the knell echo through the midnight shade;

Full in my sight the robe funereal wave,
Swell the loud dirge, and open all my grave;
Yet shall my soul, all-conscious of her God,
Resign'd and sainted for the blest abode,
The last sad horrors of her exit eye,
Without a tremor, and without a sigh.
Ah! no—while Heav'n shall leave one pulse of life
I still am woman, and am still a wife;
My hov'ring soul, though rais'd to Heav'n by pray'r,
Still bends to earth, and finds one sorrow there:
There, there, alas! the voice of nature calls,
A nation trembles, and a husband falls.
O! would to Heav'n I could like Zeno boast
A breast of marble, and a soul of frost,
Calm as old chaos, ere his waves begun
To know a zephyr, or to feel a sun.
Romantic wish! for O, ye pow'rs divine!
Was ever misery, was ever grief like mine?
For ever round me glares a tragic scene,
And now the woman bleeds, and now the queen:
Now back to Edward's recent grave convey'd,
Talk with fond phrenzy to his spotless shade;
Now wildly image all his sister's rage,
The baleful fury of the rising age;
Behold her sanguinary banners fly,
Loose to the breezes of a British sky;
See England's genius quit th' imperial dome
To Spain's proud tyrant, and the slaves of Rome;
See all the land the last sad horrors feel
Of cruel creeds, and visionary zeal.
Mad bigotry her every son inspires,
Breathes all her plagues, and blows up all her fires,
Points the keen faulchion, waves th' avenging rod,
And murders virtue in the name of God.
May He who first the light of Heav'n display'd,
The dear Redeemer of a world in shade,
He who to man the bliss of angels gave,
Who bled to triumph, and who died to save,
Beam all his gospel, sacred and divine,
On ev'ry bosom, and on ev'ry shrine;
Relieve th' expiring eye, and gasping breath,
And rescue nature from the arm of death.

And now resign'd, my bosom lighter grows,
And hope soft-beaming brightens all my woes,
Hark! or delusion charms, a seraph sings,
And choirs to waft us spread their silver wings:
Th' immortals call, Heav'n opens at the sound,
And glories blaze, and mercy streams around.
Away—ere nature wake her pangs anew,
Friend, father, lover, husband, saint, adieu!
Yet when thy spirit, taught from earth to fly,
Spreads her full plume, and gains upon the sky,
One moment pause, till these dead orbs resign
Their last faint beam, and speed my soul to thine:
Then, while the priest, in hallow'd robes array'd,
Pays the last honours to each parting shade;
While o'er our ashes weeps th' attending train,
And the sad requiem flows along the fane;
Our kindred souls shall wing th' ethereal way,
From earth and anguish to the source of day—
To all the bliss of all the skies aspire,
And add new raptures to th' angelic choir.

And, O! if aught we knew, or left behind,
Can wake one image in the sainted mind;
If yet a friend, a parent, child, can move
Departed spirits to a sense of love;
Still shall our souls a kind connection feel
With England's senate, and with England's weal;
And drive from all its shores, with watchful care,
The flame of discord, and the rage of war.

Perhaps, when these sad scenes of blood are o'er,
And Rome's proud tyrant awes the soul no more;
When anguish throws off all the veils of art,
Bares all her wounds, and opens all her heart;
Our hapless loves shall grace th' historic page,
And charm the nations of a future age;
Perhaps some bard, whose tears have learnt to flow
For injur'd nature, and to feel for woe,
Shall tell the tender, melancholy tale,
To the soft zephyrs of the western vale;
Fair truth shall bless him, virtue guard his cause,
And every widow'd matron weep applause.

CHURCHILL.

CHARLES CHURCHILL, the "British Juvenal," was born in the parish of St. John's, Westminster, in 1731; his father was curate and lecturer of the parish, and had also a living in the country. He received his early education at the school of his native city, where he evinced great precocity of talents, as well as eccentricity of conduct.

Before he was eighteen years of age, he entered into the marriage state; but what began in passion, ultimately terminated in disgust. Having obtained orders, he retired to Wales on a curacy of 30*l.* a year, and it is said was much beloved by his parishioners; but endeavouring to improve his income by trade, he engaged in the business of a dealer in cyder, and soon involved himself in difficulties, which occasioned his removal from that part of the country.

Returning to London, by the death of his father he succeeded to the curacy and lecturership of St. John's, worth about 100*l.* per annum; which being barely sufficient for his subsistence, by the advice or example of his friend Lloyd, who had already gained some reputation as a writer, he turned his thoughts to poetry, and soon produced "The Rosciad," the first and the best of his works, though from its temporary subject, little interesting to readers of the present period. This excited the public curiosity, and laid at once the foundation of his future fame.

His "Apology to the Critical Reviewers" soon followed, which was likewise read with avidity, but is now neglected.

Flattered by success, and emancipated, as he thought, from vulgar restraints, Churchill at once threw off his gown and his wife, and launching in the vortex of dissipation, became a man of pleasure. In order to palliate his conduct, which he knew admitted of no justification,

he composed his " Night, an Epistle to Robert Lloyd," which enforces, in elegant and vigorous poetry, the pernicious maxim, " that whatever may be our follies, we should take no pains to conceal them."

" The Ghost," in which he ridicules the superstition of Johnson, and the imposture that had been carried on for some time in Cock-lane, was his next performance. " The Prophecy of Famine" followed; and this, though the dullest of all his pieces, from its political allusions, was the most successful. " The Author," however, is an animated composition.

It would be tiresome to enumerate all the taxes which his ingenuity levied on public curiosity, by the sale of his hasty satirical and political productions. Suffice it to say, that his extravagance kept pace with the liberality of his admirers, and that his real friends had to lament his flagrant deviations from all the charities and all the candour of life.

After a short, but brilliant, literary career, Churchill crossed the Channel to visit Mr. Wilkes, who was in exile at Boulogne, and being there seized with a miliary fever, which baffled all medical skill, he paid the debt of nature on the 4th of Novermber, 1764, in the 33d year of his age. His body was brought to England, and buried at Dover; at which place, on a small stone, in the old church-yard, formerly belonging to the collegiate church of St. Martin, is the following inscription:

" Life to the last enjoy'd, here Churchill lies."

Mr. Davies, upon what he thinks good authority, has related, that Churchill's last words were, " What a fool have I been!" He might have cause for such a reflection; yet Mr. Wilkes, whose testimony must be decisive, has informed the world, that the goodness of Churchill's heart, and the firmness of his philosophy, were in full lustre during the time of his very severe illness; and that the amazing faculties of his mind were not in the least impaired till a few moments before his death. He left two sons; the youngest of whom was generously educated at the expence of the late Sir Richard Jebb, bart.

THE AUTHOR.

Accurs'd the man, whom fate ordains in spite,
And cruel parents teach, to read and write!
What need of letters? Wherefore should we spell?
Why write our names? A mark will do as well.
Much are the precious hours of youth misspent,
In climbing learning's rugged steep ascent;
When to the top the bold advent'rer's got,
He reigns, vain monarch, o'er a barren spot,
Whilst in the *vale of ignorance* below,
Folly and vice to rank luxuriance grow;
Honours and wealth pour in on every side,
And proud preferment rolls her golden tide.
O'er crabbed authors life's gay prime to waste,
To cramp wild genius in the chains of taste,
To bear the slavish drudgery of schools,
And tamely stoop to ev'ry pedant's rules,
For seven long years debarr'd of lib'ral ease,
To plod in college trammels to *degrees*,
Beneath the weight of solemn toys to groan,
Sleep over books, and leave mankind unknown;
To praise each senior blockhead's thread-bare tale,
And laugh till reason blush, and spirits fail,
Manhood with vile submission to disgrace,
And *cap* the fool, whose merit is his place;
Vice-chancellors, whose knowledge is but small,
And chancellors, who nothing know at all:
Ill-brook'd the gen'rous spirit in those days,
When learning was the certain road to praise,
When nobles, with a love of science bless'd,
Approv'd in others what themselves possess'd.
But *now*, when dullness rears aloft her throne,
When lordly vassals her wide empire own,
When wit, seduc'd by envy, starts aside,
And basely leagues with ignorance and pride,
What *now* should tempt us, by false hopes misled,
Learning's unfashionable paths to tread;
To bear those labours, which our fathers bore,
That crown with-held, which they in triumph wore?

When with much pains this boasted learning's got,
'Tis an affront to those who have it not.
In some it causes hate, in others fear,
Instructs our foes to rail, our friends to sneer.
With prudent haste the worldly-minded fool
Forgets the little which he learn'd at school:
The elder brother, to vast fortunes born,
Looks on all science with an eye of scorn;
Dependant brethren the same features wear,
And younger sons are stupid as the heir.
In senates, at the bar, in church and state,
Genius is vile, and learning out of date.
Is this—O death to think! is this the land
Where merit and reward went hand in hand,
Where heroes, parent-like, the poet view'd,
By whom they saw their glorious deeds renew'd;
Where poets, true to honour, tun'd their lays,
And by their patrons sanctify'd their praise?
Is this the land, where, on our Spenser's tongue,
Enamour'd of his voice, description hung;
Where Johnson rigid gravity beguil'd,
Whilst reason through her critic fences smil'd;
Where nature list'ning stood, while Shakspeare play'd,
And wonder'd at the work herself had made?
Is this the land, where, mindful of her charge,
And office high, fair freedom walk'd at large;
Where, finding in our laws a sure defence,
She mock'd at all restraints, but those of sense;
Where health and honour trooping by her side,
She spread her sacred empire far and wide;
Pointed the way affliction to beguile,
And bade the face of sorrow wear a smile;
Bade those, who dare obey the gen'rous call,
Enjoy her blessings, which God meant for all?
Is this the land, where in some tyrant's reign,
When a *weak, wicked, ministerial* train,
The tools of pow'r, the slaves of int'rest, plann'd
Their country's ruin, and with bribes unman'd
Those wretches, who, ordain'd in freedom's cause,
Gave up their liberties, and sold our laws;
When pow'r was taught by meanness where to go,
Nor dar'd to love the virtue of a foe;

When, like a lep'rous plague, from the foul head
To the foul heart her sores corruption spread,
Her iron arm when stern oppression rear'd,
And virtue, from her broad base shaken, fear'd
The scourge of vice; when, impotent and vain,
Poor freedom bow'd the neck to slavery's chain?
Is this the land, where in those worst of times,
The hardy poet rais'd his honest rhymes,
To dread rebuke, and bade controulment speak
In guilty blushes on the villain's cheek,
Bade pow'r turn pale, kept mighty rogues in awe,
And made them fear the muse, who fear'd not law?

How do I laugh, when men of narrow souls,
Whom folly guides, and prejudice controuls;
Who, one dull drowsy track of business trod,
Worship their mammon, and neglect their God;
Who, breathing by one musty set of rules,
Dote from the birth, and are by system fools;
Who, form'd to dullness from their very youth,
Lies of the day prefer to gospel-truth,
Pick up their little knowledge from Reviews,
And lay out all their stock of faith in news:
How do I laugh, when creatures, form'd like these,
Whom reason scorns, and I should blush to please,
Rail at all lib'ral arts, deem verse a crime,
And hold not truth as truth, if told in rhyme!

How do I laugh, when Publius, hoary groan
In zeal for Scotland's welfare, and his own,
By slow degrees, and course of office, drawn
In mood and figure at the helm to yawn,
Too mean, the worst of curses Heav'n can send,
To have a foe, too proud to have a friend,
Erring by form, which blockheads sacred hold,
Ne'er making new faults, and ne'er mending old,
Rebukes my spirit, bids the daring muse
Subjects more equal to her weakness choose;
Bids her frequent the haunts of humble swains,
Nor dare to traffic in ambitious strains;
Bids her, indulging the poetic whim,
In quaint-wrought ode, or sonnet pertly trim,
Along the church-way path complain with Gray,
Or dance with Mason on the first of May!

" All sacred is the name and pow'r of kings:
" All states and statesmen are those mighty things,
" Which, howsoe'er they out of course may roll,
" Were never made for poets to controul."
Peace, peace, thou dotard, nor thus vilely deem
Of sacred numbers, and their pow'r blaspheme:
I tell thee, wretch, search all creation round,
In earth, in heav'n, no subject can be found,
Our God alone except, above whose weight
The poet cannot rise, and hold his state.
The blessed saints above in numbers speak
The praise of God, though there all praise is weak;
In numbers here below the bard shall teach
Virtue to soar beyond the villain's reach;
Shall tear his lab'ring lungs, strain his hoarse throat,
And raise his voice beyond the trumpet's note,
Should an afflicted country, aw'd by men
Of slavish principles, demand his pen.
This is a great, a glorious point of view,
Fit for an English poet to pursue,
Undaunted to pursue, though, in return,
His writings by the common hangman burn.
How do I laugh, when men, by fortune plac'd
Above their betters, and by rank disgrac'd,
Who found their pride on titles which they stain,
And, mean themselves, are of their fathers vain;
Who would a bill of privilege prefer,
And treat a poet like a creditor,
The gen'rous ardour of the muse condemn,
And curse the storm they know must break on them.
" What, shall a reptile bard, a wretch unknown,
" Without one badge of merit but his own,
" Great nobles lash, and *lords*, like common men,
" Smart from the vengeance of a scribbler's pen!"
What's in this name of *lord*, that I should fear
To bring their vices to the public ear?
Flows not the honest blood of humble swains
Quick as the tide which swells a monarch's veins?
Monarchs, who wealth and titles can bestow,
Cannot make virtues in succession flow.
Wouldst thou, proud man, be safely plac'd above
The censure of the muse, deserve her love,

Act as thy birth demands, as nobles ought;
Look back, and by thy worthy father taught,
Who *earn'd* those honours thou wert *born* to wear,
Follow his steps, and be his virtues' heir.
But if, regardless of the road to fame,
You start aside, and tread the paths of shame;
If such thy life, that should thy sire arise,
The sight of such a son would blast his eyes,
Would make him curse the hour which gave thee birth,
Would drive him, shudd'ring, from the face of earth
Once more, with shame and sorrow, 'mongst the dead,
In endless night to hide his rev'rend head:
If such thy life, though kings had made thee more
Than ever king a scoundrel made before;
Nay, to allow thy pride a deeper spring,
Though God in vengeance had made thee a king;
Taking on virtue's wing her daring flight,
The muse should drag thee trembling to the light,
Probe thy foul wounds, and lay thy bosom bare
To the keen question of the searching air.

Gods! with what pride I see the titled slave,
Who smarts beneath the stroke which satire gave,
Aiming at ease, and with dishonest art,
Striving to hide the feelings of his heart?
How do I laugh, when with affected air,
Scarce able through despite to keep his chair,
Whilst on his trembling lip pale anger speaks,
And the chaf'd blood flies mounting to his cheeks,
He talks of conscience which good men secures
From all those evil moments guilt endures,
And seems to laugh at those who pay regard
To the wild ravings of a frantic bard!

" Satire, whilst envy and ill-humour sway
" The mind of man, must always make her way;
" Nor to a bosom, with discretion fraught,
" Is all her malice worth a single thought.
" The wise have not the will, nor fools the pow'r,
" To stop her headstrong course: within the hour
" Left to herself, she dies; opposing strife
" Gives her fresh vigour, and prolongs her life.
" All things her prey, and ev'ry man her aim,
" I can no patent for exemption claim;

" Nor would I wish to stop that harmless dart
" Which plays around, but cannot wound my heart;
" Though pointed at myself, be satire free!
" To her 'tis pleasure, and no pain to me."
Dissembling wretch! hence to the stoic school,
And there amongst thy brethren play the fool;
There, unrebuk'd, these wild, vain doctrines preach.
Lives there a man, whom satire cannot reach?
Lives there a man who calmly can stand by,
And see his conscience ripp'd, with steady eye?
When satire flies abroad on falsehood's wing,
Short is her life, and impotent her sting:
But when, to truth allied, the wound she gives
Sinks deep, and to remotest ages lives;
When in the tomb thy pamper'd flesh shall rot,
And ev'n by friends thy mem'ry be forgot,
Still shalt thou live, recorded for thy crimes,
Live in her page, and stink to after-times.
Hast thou no feeling yet? Come, throw off pride,
And own those passions which thou shalt not hide.
S——, who, from the moment of his birth,
Made human nature a reproach on earth;
Who never dar'd, nor wish'd, behind to stay,
When folly, vice, and meanness led the way;
Would blush, should he be told, by truth and wit,
Those actions which he blush'd not to commit.
Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt, yet start at shame.
But whither runs my zeal, whose rapid force,
Turning the brain, bears reason from her course,
Carries me back to times, when poets, bless'd
With courage, grac'd the science they profess'd;
When they, in honour rooted, firmly stood
The bad to punish, and reward the good;
When, to a flame by public virtue wrought,
The foes of freedom they to justice brought,
And dar'd expose those slaves who dar'd support
A tyrant plan, and call'd themselves a court?
Ah! what are poets now? As slavish those
Who deal in verse, as those who deal in prose.
Is there an author, search the kingdom round,
In whom true worth and real spirit's found?

The slaves of booksellers, or, doom'd by fate
To baser chains, vile pensioners of state;
Some, dead to shame, and of those shackles proud
Which honour scorns, for slav'ry roar aloud;
Others *half-palsied* only mutes become,
And what makes Smollett write makes Johnson dumb.
Why turns yon villain pale? why bends his eye
Inward, abash'd, when Murphy passes by?
Dost thou sage Murphy for a blockhead take,
Who wages war with vice for virtue's sake?
No, no—like other *wordlings*, you will find
He shifts his sails, and catches every wind.
His soul the shock of int'rest can't endure:
Give him a pension then, and sin secure.
With laurell'd wreaths the flatt'rer's brows adorn,
Bid virtue crouch, bid vice exalt her horn,
Bid cowards thrive, put honesty to flight,
Murphy shall prove, or try to prove, it right.
Try, thou state-juggler, ev'ry paltry art,
Ransack the inmost closet of my heart,
Swear thou'rt my friend; by that base oath make way
Into my breast, and flatter to betray:
Or, if those tricks are vain, if wholesome doubt
Detects the fraud, and points the villain out,
Bribe those who daily at my board are fed,
And make them take my life who eat my bread;
On authors for defence, for praise depend;
Pay him but well, and Murphy is thy friend.
He, he shall ready stand with venal rhymes,
To varnish guilt, and consecrate thy crimes;
To make corruption in false colours shine,
And damn his own good name, to rescue thine.
But if thy niggard hands their gifts withhold,
And vice no longer rains down show'rs of gold,
Expect no mercy; facts, well grounded, teach,
Murphy, if not rewarded, will impeach.
What though each man of nice and juster thought,
Shunning his steps, decrees, by honour taught,
He ne'er can be a friend, who stoops so low
To be the base betrayer of a foe;
What though, with thine together link'd, his name
Must be with thine transmitted down to shame?

To ev'ry manly feeling callous grown,
Rather than not blast thine, he'll blast his own.
To ope the fountain whence sedition springs,
To slander government, and libel kings,
With freedom's name to serve a present hour,
Though born and bred to arbitrary pow'r,
To talk of William with insidious art,
Whilst a vile Stuart's lurking in his heart,
And, whilst mean envy rears her loathsome head,
Flatt'ring the living, to abuse the dead,
Where is Shebbeare? O, let not foul reproach,
Travelling thither in a city coach,
The pill'ry dare to name; the whole intent
Of that parade was fame, not punishment:
And that old staunch whig Beardmore standing by
Can in full court give that report the lie.
With rude unnat'ral jargon to support,
Half *Scotch*, half *English*, a declining court;
To make most glaring contraries unite,
And prove, beyond dispute, that black is white;
To make firm honour tamely league with shame,
Make vice and virtue differ but in name;
To prove that chains and freedom are but one,
That to be sav'd must mean to be undone,
Is there not Guthrie? Who, like him, can call
All opposites to proof, and conquer all?
He calls forth living waters from the rock;
He calls forth children from the barren stock;
He, far beyond the springs of nature led,
Makes women bring forth after they are dead;
He, on a curious, new, and happy plan,
In *wedlock's* sacred bands joins man to man;
And, to complete the whole, most strange, but true,
By some rare magic, makes them fruitful too,
Whilst from their loins, in the due course of years,
Flows the rich blood of Guthrie's *English peers*.
Dost thou contrive some blacker deed of shame,
Something which nature shudders but to name,
Something which makes the soul of man retreat,
And the life-blood run backward to her seat?
Dost thou contrive for some base private end,
Some selfish view, to hang a trusting friend,

To lure him on, ev'n to a parting breath,
And promise life, to work him surer death?
Grown old in villainy, and dead to grace,
Hell in his heart, and Tyburn in his face;
Behold, a parson at thy elbow stands,
Louring damnation, and with open hands
Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward:
The atheist chaplain of an atheist lord.
Bred to the church, and for the gown decreed
Ere it was known that I should learn to read;
Though that was nothing, for my friends who knew
What mighty dullness of itself could do,
Never design'd me for a working priest,
But hop'd I should have been a dean at least;
Condemn'd, like many more, and worthier men,
To whom I pledge the service of my pen,
Condemn'd, whilst proud and pamper'd sons of lawn,
Cramm'd to the throat, in lazy plenty yawn,
In pomp of *rev'rend beggary* to appear,
To pray and starve on forty pounds a year;
My friends, who never felt the galling load,
Lament that I forsook the packhorse road,
Whilst virtue to my conduct witness bears,
In throwing off that gown which Francis wears.
What creature's that, so very pert and prim;
So very full of foppery, and whim;
So gentle, yet so brisk; so wond'rous sweet,
So fit to prattle at a lady's feet,
Who looks as he the Lord's rich vineyard trod,
And by his garb appears a man of God?
Trust not to looks, nor credit outward show;
The villain lurks beneath the *cassock'd* beau;
That's an informer; what avails the name?
Suffice it that the wretch from Sodom came.
His tongue is deadly—from his presence run,
Unless thy rage would wish to be undone.
No ties can hold him, no affection bind,
And fear alone restrains his coward mind;
Free him from that, no monster is so fell,
Nor is so sure a blood-hound found in hell.
His silken smiles, his hypocritic air,
His meek demeanour, plausible and fair,

Are only worn to pave fraud's easier way,
And make gull'd virtue fall a surer prey.
Attend his church,—his plan of doctrine view—
The preacher is a christian, dull, but true;
But when the hallow'd hour of preaching's o'er,
That plan of doctrine's never thought of more;
Christ is laid by neglected on the shelf,
And the vile priest is gospel to himself.
By Cleland tutor'd, and with Blacow bred,
Blacow, whom, by a brave resentment led,
Oxford, if Oxford had not sunk in fame,
Ere this, had damn'd to everlasting shame,
Their steps he follows, and their crimes partakes,
To virtue lost, to vice alone he wakes,
Most lusciously declaims 'gainst luscious themes,
And, whilst he rails at blasphemy, blasphemes.
Are these the arts which policy supplies?
Are these the steps by which grave churchmen rise?
Forbid it Heav'n; or, should it turn out so,
Let me and mine continue mean and low.
Such be their arts, whom interest controuls;
Kidgell and I have free and honest souls.
We scorn preferment which is gain'd by sin:
And will, though poor without, have peace within.

NIGHT:

AN EPISTLE TO ROBERT LLOYD.

When foes insult, and *prudent* friends dispense,
In pity's strains, the worst of insolence,
Oft with thee, Lloyd, I steal an hour from grief,
And in thy social converse find relief.
The mind, of solitude impatient grown,
Loves any sorrows rather than her own.
Let slaves to business, bodies without soul,
Important blanks in nature's mighty roll,
Solemnise nonsense in the day's broad glare:
We night prefer, which heals or hides our care,

Rogues justified, and by success made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs sanctified by gold,
Freely may bask in fortune's partial ray,
And spread their feathers op'ning to the day;
But *thread-bare* merit dares not show the head,
Till vain prosperity retires to bed.
Misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the light;
The sons of care are always sons of night.
The wretch bred up in method's drowsy school,
Whose only merit is to err by rule,
Who ne'er through heat of blood was tripping caught,
Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought,
Whose soul directed to no use is seen,
Unless to move the body's dull machine,
Which, clock-work like, with the same equal pace
Still travels on through life's insipid space,
Turns up his eyes to think that there should be
Among God's creatures two such things as *we:*
Then for his night-cap calls, and thanks the pow'rs
Which kindly gave him grace to keep *good hours.*
Good hours—Fine words!—But was it ever seen
That all men could agree in what they mean?
Florio, who many years a course hath run
In downright opposition to the sun,
Expatiates on *good hours,* their cause defends
With as much vigour as our *prudent* friends.
Th' uncertain term no settled notion brings,
But still in diff'rent mouths means diff'rent things.
Each takes the phrase in his own private view:
With prudence it is ten, with Florio two.
Go on, ye fools, who talk for talking's sake,
Without distinguishing, distinctions make,
Shine forth in native folly, native pride,
Make yourselves rules to all the world beside;
Reason, collected in herself, disdains
The slavish yoke of arbitrary chains;
Steady and true, each circumstance she weighs,
Nor to bare words inglorious tribute pays.
Men of sense live exempt from vulgar awe,
And reason to herself alone is law.
That freedom she enjoys with lib'ral mind,
Which she as freely grants to all mankind.

No idol titled name her rev'rence stirs,
No hour she blindly to the rest prefers;
All are alike, if they're alike employ'd,
And all are good, if *virtuously* enjoy'd.
Let the sage doctor, think him one we know,
With scraps of ancient learning overflow,
In all the dignity of *wig* declare
The fatal consequence of midnight air,
How damps and vapours, as it were by stealth,
Undermine life, and sap the walls of health.
For me let Galen moulder on the shelf,
I'll live, and be physician to myself.
While soul is join'd to body, whether fate
Allot a longer or a shorter date,
I'll make them live as brother should with brother,
And keep them in good humour with each other.
The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.
Hence to old women with your boasted rules,
Stale traps, and only sacred now to fools;
As well may sons of physic hope to find
One med'cine, as one hour, for all mankind.
If Rupert after ten is out of bed,
The fool next morning can't hold up his head.
What reason this which *me* to bed must call,
Whose head, thank Heaven! never aches at all?
In diff'rent courses diff'rent tempers run:
He hates the moon, I sicken at the sun.
Wound up at twelve at noon, *his* clock goes right;
Mine better goes, wound up at twelve at night.
Then in oblivion's grateful cup I drown
The galling sneer, the supercilious frown,
The strange reserve, the proud affected state
Of upstart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great.
No more that abject wretch disturbs my rest,
Who meanly overlooks a friend distrest.
Purblind to poverty the worldling goes,
And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his nose;
But from a crowd can single out his grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who strut in lace.

Whether those classic regions are survey'd
Where we in earliest youth together stray'd;
Where hand in hand we trod the flow'ry shore,
Though now thy happier genius runs before;
When we conspir'd a thankless wretch to raise,
And taught a *stump* to shoot with pilfer'd praise,
Who once for *rev'rend* merit famous grown,
Gratefully strove to kick his maker down;
Or if more gen'ral arguments engage
The court or camp, the pulpit, bar, or stage;
If half-bred surgeons, whom men doctors call,
And lawyers, who were never bred at all,
Those mighty letter'd monsters of the earth,
Our pity move, or exercise our mirth;
Or if in tittle-tattle, tooth-pick way,
Our rambling thoughts with easy freedom stray;
A gainer still thy friend himself must find,
His grief suspended, and improv'd his mind.

Whilst peaceful slumbers bless the homely bed,
Where virtue, self-approv'd, reclines her head;
Whilst vice beneath imagin'd horrors mourns,
And conscience plants the villain's couch with thorns;
Impatient of restraint, the active mind,
No more by servile prejudice confin'd,
Leaps from her seat, as waken'd from a trance,
And darts through nature at a single glance.
Then we our friends, our foes, ourselves, survey,
And see by night what fools we are by day.

Stript of her gaudy plumes and vain disguise,
See where ambition mean and loathsome lies;
Reflection with relentless hand pulls down
The tyrant's bloody wreath and ravish'd crown.
In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
Of nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone:
Triumphs like these but ill with manhood suit,
And sink the conqueror beneath the brute.
But if, in searching round the world, we find
Some gen'rous youth, the friend of all mankind,
Whose anger, like the bolt of Jove, is sped
In terrors only at the guilty head,
Whose mercies, like heav'n's dew, refreshing fall
In gen'ral love and charity to all,

Pleas'd we behold such worth on any throne,
And doubly pleas'd we find it on our own.
Through a false medium things are shown by day:
Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgment lead astray.
How many from appearance borrow state,
Whom night disdains to number with the great!
Must not we laugh to see you *lordling* proud,
Snuff up vile incense from a fawning crowd?
Whilst in his beam surrounding clients play,
Like insects in the sun's enliv'ning ray,
Whilst, Jehu-like, he drives at furious rate,
And seems the only charioteer of state,
Talking himself into a little god,
And ruling empires with a single nod;
Who would not think, to hear him law dispense,
That he had int'rest, and that they had sense?
Injurious thought! Beneath night's honest shade,
When pomp is buried, and false colours fade,
Plainly we see at that impartial hour
Them dupes to pride, and *him* the tool of pow'r.
God help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate
To court the seeming, or the real great.
Much sorrow shall he feel, and suffer more
Than any slave who labours at the oar.
By slavish methods must he learn to please,
By smooth-tongu'd flattery, that curst *court-disease*,
Supple to ev'ry wayward mood, strike sail,
And shift with shifting humour's peevish gale.
To nature dead, he must adopt vile art,
And wear a smile, with anguish in his heart.
A sense of honour would destroy his schemes,
And conscience ne'er must speak, unless in dreams.
When he hath tamely borne for many years
Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous sneers;
When he at last expects, good easy man,
To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
Some cringing lacquey, or rapacious whore,
To favours of the great the surest door;
Some catamite, or pimp, in credit grown,
Who tempts another's wife, or sells his own;
Steps cross his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
And for some minion's minion claims the prize.

Foe to restraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
Too resolute, from nature's active heat,
To brook affronts, and tamely pass them by,
Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie,
Too plain to please, too honest to be great;
Give me, kind Heav'n, a humbler, happier state:
Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
Where rascals promise, and where fools believe;
Far from the walk of folly, vice, and strife,
Calm, independent, let me steal through life,
Nor one vain wish my steady thoughts beguile
To fear his lordship's frowns, or court his smile.
Unfit for greatness, I her snares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye.
To others let the glitt'ring bawbles fall,
Content shall place us far above them all.

Spectators only on this bustling stage,
We see what vain designs mankind engage;
Vice after vice with ardour they pursue,
And one old folly brings forth twenty new.
Perplex'd with trifles through the vale of life,
Man strives 'gainst man, without a cause for strife;
Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed
For some vile spot, where fifty cannot feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend; and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire kings ambitious fight;
What odds!—To us 'tis all the self-same thing,
A nut, a world, a squirrel, and a king.

Britons, like Roman spirits fam'd of old,
Are cast by nature in a patriot mould;
No private joy, no private grief they know,
Their souls engross'd by public weal or woe.
Inglorious ease, like ours, they greatly scorn:
Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn.
Gladly they toil beneath the statesman's pains,
Give them but credit for a statesman's brains.
All would be deem'd, e'en from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics as well as wit.
The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
Start up, God bless us! statesmen all at once.

His mighty charge of souls the priest forgets,
The court-bred lord his promises and debts,

Soldiers their fame, misers forget their pelf,
The rake his mistress, and the fop himself;
Whilst thoughts of higher moment calm their care,
And their wise heads the weight of kingdoms bear.
Females themselves the glorious ardour feel,
And boast an equal, or a greater zeal;
From nymph to nymph the state-infection flies,
Swells in her breast, and sparkles in her eyes.
O'erwhelm'd by politics, lie, malice, pride,
Envy, and twenty other faults beside.
No more their little flutt'ring hearts confess
A passion for applause, or rage for dress;
No more they pant for public raree-shows,
Or lose one thought on monkeys or on beaux.
Coquettes no more pursue the jilting plan,
And lustful prudes forget to rail at man.
The darling theme Cecilia's self will choose,
Nor think of scandal whilst she talks of news.
The CIT, a common-council-man by place,
Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face,
By situation as by nature great,
With nice precision parcels out the state:
Proves and disproves, affirms, and then denies,
Objects himself, and to himself replies;
Wielding aloft the politician rod,
Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god;
Maintains, e'en to the very teeth of pow'r,
The same thing right and wrong in half an hour.
Now all is well, now he suspects a plot,
And plainly proves, WHATEVER IS, IS NOT.
Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread.
His useless scales are in a corner flung,
And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.
Pease to such triflers; be our happier plan
To pass through life as easy as we can.
Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity, nor spleen.
Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet-show;
Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
Unseen the hand which *guides* the master-wire.

What is't to us if taxes rise or fall?
Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
His grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow,
Free as the light and air—some years ago.
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours, and excise our brains.
Burdens like these vile earthly buildings bear,
No tribute's laid on *castles in the air.*
Let then the flames of war destructive reign,
And England's terrors awe *imperious* Spain;
Let ev'ry *venal clan* and *neutral* tribe
Learn to receive conditions, not prescribe;
Let each new year call loud for new supplies,
And tax on tax with double burden rise;
Exempt we sit, by no rude cares opprest,
And, having little, are with little blest.
All real ills in dark oblivion lie,
And joys, by fancy form'd, their place supply.
Night's laughing hours unheeded slip away,
Nor one dull thought foretels th' approach of day.
Thus have we liv'd, and whilst the fates afford
Plain plenty to supply the frugal board,
Whilst mirth, with decency his lovely bride,
And wine's gay god, with temp'rance by his side,
Their welcome visit pay; whilst health attends
The narrow circle of our chosen friends,
Whilst frank good-humour consecrates the treat,
And woman makes society complete;
Thus will we live, though in our teeth are hurl'd
Those *hackney strumpets*, prudence and the world.
Prudence of old, a sacred term, imply'd
Virtue, with godlike wisdom for her guide,
But now in general use is known to mean
The stalking-horse of vice, and folly's screen.
The sense perverted, we retain the name,
Hypocrisy and prudence are the same.
A tutor once, more read in men than books,
A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,

Demurely sly, with high preferment blest,
His fav'rite pupil in these words address'd:
Wouldst thou, my son, be wise and virtuous deem'd,
By all mankind a prodigy esteem'd,
Be this thy rule; be what men *prudent* call;
Prudence, almighty prudence, gives thee all.
Keep up appearances, there lies the test:
The world will give thee credit for the rest.
Outward be fair, however foul within;
Sin, if thou wilt, but then in secret sin.
This maxim's into common favour grown,
Vice is no longer vice, unless 'tis known.
Virtue indeed may barefac'd take the field;
But vice is virtue when 'tis well conceal'd.
Should raging passions drive thee to a whore,
Let prudence lead thee to a *postern* door;
Stay out all night, but take especial care
That prudence bring thee back to early prayer.
As one with watching and with study faint,
Reel in a drunkard, and reel out a saint.
With joy the youth this useful lesson heard,
And in his mem'ry stor'd each precious word,
Successfully pursu'd the plan, and *now*
"Room for my lord,—virtue stand by and bow."
And is this all—is this the worldling's art,
To mask, but not amend a vicious heart?
Shall lukewarm caution, and demeanour grave,
For wise and good stamp ev'ry supple knave?
Shall wretches, whom no real virtue warms,
Gild fair their names and states with empty forms,
Whilst virtue seeks in vain the wish'd-for prize,
Because, disdaining ill, she hates disguise;
Because she frankly pours forth all her store,
Seems what she *is*, and scorns to pass for more?
Well—be it so—let vile dissemblers hold
Unenvy'd pow'r, and boast their dear-bought gold;
Me neither pow'r shall tempt, nor thirst of pelf,
To flatter others or deny myself;
Might the whole world be plac'd within my span,
I would not be *that* thing, *that* prudent man.
What, cries Sir Pliant, would you then oppose
Yourself alone, against a host of foes?

Let not conceit, and peevish lust to rail,
Above all sense of interest prevail.
Throw off for shame this petulance of wit,
Be wise, be modest, and for *once* submit:
Too hard the task 'gainst multitudes to fight,
You must be wrong, the world is in the right.
What is the world? A term which men have got
To signify, not one in ten knows what;
A term, which with no more precision passes
To point out herds of *men* than herds of *asses*;
In common use no more it means, we find,
Than many fools in some opinion join'd.
Can numbers then change nature's stated laws?
Can numbers make the worse the better cause?
Vice must be vice, virtue be virtue still,
Though thousands rail at good and practise ill.
Wouldst thou defend the Gaul's destructive rage
Because vast nations on his part engage?
Though to support the rebel Cesar's cause
Tumultuous legions arm against the laws,
Though scandal would *our patriot's* name impeach,
And rails at virtues which she cannot reach,
What honest man but would with joy submit
To bleed with Cato, and retire with PITT?
Stedfast and true to virtue's sacred laws,
Unmov'd by vulgar censure or applause,
Let the world talk, my friend; that world we know
Which calls us guilty, cannot make us so.
Unaw'd by numbers, follow nature's plan,
Assert the rights, or quit the name of man.
Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong,
Resolve not quick, but once resolv'd, be strong.
In spite of dullness, and in spite of wit,
If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit,
Rather stand up assur'd with conscious pride
Alone, than err with millions on thy side.

LLOYD.

Robert Lloyd, born in 1733, was the son of the second master of Westminster school, at which seminary he received his education, and had for his school-fellows, Churchill, Thornton, Colman, and other names who afterwards arrived at distinction.

In 1751, he was elected to Trinity college, Cambridge, where he cultivated his talents for poetry, and seems to have made great proficiency in academic studies, but to have deserved little praise for decorous behaviour.

On quitting the university, he officiated for some time as usher to his father; but this employment was little suited to the vivacity of his mind, and he quitted it in disgust. He was wholly unfit to become

> The shoeing-horn to Lily's wit,
> The chandelier to Duns's feet.

Lloyd now became an author by profession, and experienced most of the vicissitudes of fortune to which men of that precarious profession are liable. Few of his literary undertakings, however, added to his reputation, except the "Actor," which was published in 1760, and justly entitled him to rank among men of genius.

Other poems, sometimes written on the spur of the occasion, followed in succession, all of which possessed ease and wit, but require no particular enumeration or comment. We have selected some of the most popular and unexceptionable of his pieces, which will convey an adequate idea of his powers.

In 1763, he projected a periodical work, under the title of the St. James's Magazine; but notwithstanding the talent with which it was conducted, it failed, for want of encouragement, and Lloyd, becoming involved in debt by his imprudence and disappointments, was committed to the Fleet.

In this situation, he was in a great measure supported by the benevolence of his friend Churchill; though the occasional exercise of his pen brought him frequent supplies of money, if not of fame, but far insufficient for the demands raised by his taste for dissipation.

While a prisoner here, he had the misfortune to lose his most faithful friend, Churchill; and this, with the sense of his own forlorn condition, preyed so strongly on his spirits, that he took to his bed, from whence he never rose again. He died on the 15th of December, 1764, aged 31, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Bride's parish.

As a poet, Lloyd is of the school of Swift, and in ease and graceful negligence of expression, bears a close resemblance to his prototype. In private life, he was beloved by his friends; but they were chiefly men who, like himself, had thrown off the restraints of prudence, and made haste to be undone!

Lloyd seems to have been of a disposition different from that of the *genus irritabile vatum*. In the general intercourse of life, he is said to have been generous and friendly: he had a grateful heart; and shewed, by his warm attachment to his friends, how sensible he was of their kindness. Though the rigid moralist might have reason to censure his irregularities, they were of such a nature as betrayed no malevolence of temper, reflecting on him the character so well known under the denomination of "no one's enemy but his own," rather than that of a friend only to himself and an enemy to others. He was an excellent scholar; but his peculiar merit in composition was the dressing up an old thought in a new, neat, and trim manner. He was content to scamper round the foot of Parnassus on his little Welsh poney, which seems never to have tired. He left the fury of the winged steed, and the daring flights of the sacred mountain, to the sublime genius of his friend Churchill.

THE CIT'S COUNTRY-BOX.

1757.

" Vos sapere et solos aio bene vivere, quorum
" Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis."

Hor.

The wealthy Cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair
Old *Dobbin*, or the founder'd mare;
While wedg'd in closely by his side,
Sits madam, his unwieldy bride,
With *Jacky* on a stool before 'em,
And out they jog in due decorum.
Scarce past the turnpike half a mile,
How all the country seems to smile!
And as they slowly jog together,
The Cit commends the road and weather;
While madam doats upon the trees,
And longs for ev'ry house she sees,
Admires its views, its situation,
And thus she opens her oration.

What signify the loads of wealth,
Without that richest jewel, health?
Excuse the fondness of a wife,
Who doats upon your precious life!
Such ceaseless toil, such constant care,
Is more than human strength can bear.
One may observe it in your face—
Indeed, my dear, you break apace:
And nothing can your health repair,
But exercise and country air.
Sir Traffic has a house, you know,
About a mile from Cheney-row;
He's a *good* man, indeed 'tis true,
But not so *warm*, my dear, as you:
And folks are always apt to sneer—
One would not be out-done, my dear!

Sir Traffic's name so well apply'd,
Awak'd his brother-merchant's pride;

And Thrifty, who had all his life
Paid utmost deference to his wife,
Confess'd her arguments had reason,
And by th' approaching summer season,
Draws a few hundreds from the stocks,
And purchases his country-box.

Some three or four miles out of town,
An hour's ride will bring you down,
He fixes on his choice abode,
Not half a furlong from the road:
And so convenient does it lay,
The stages pass it ev'ry day:
And then so snug, so mighty pretty,
To have a house so near the city!
Take but your places at the Boar
You're set down at the very door.

Well then, suppose them fix'd at last,
White-washing, painting, scrubbing past,
Hugging themselves in ease and clover,
With all the fuss of moving over;
Lo, a new heap of whims are bred,
And wanton in my lady's head!

Well to be sure, it must be own'd,
It is a charming spot of ground;
So sweet a distance for a ride,
And all about so *countrified!*
'Twould come but to a trifling price
To make it quite a paradise;
I cannot bear those nasty rails,
Those ugly broken mouldy pales:
Suppose, my dear, instead of these,
We build a railing all Chinese.
Although one hates to be expos'd,
'Tis dismal to be thus enclos'd;
One hardly any object sees—
I wish you'd fell those odious trees,
Objects continual passing by
Were something to amuse the eye.
But to be pent within the walls—
One might as well be at St. Paul's.
Our house beholders would adore,
Was there a level lawn before,

Nothing its view to incommode,
But quite laid open to the road;
While ev'ry trav'ler in amaze,
Should on our little mansion gaze,
And pointing to the choice retreat,
Cry, That's Sir Thrifty's country seat.
No doubt her arguments prevail,
For madam's TASTE can never fail.
Blest age! when all men may procure
The title of a connoisseur;
When noble and ignoble herd
Are govern'd by a single word;
Though, like the royal German dames,
It bears a hundred christian names;
As genius, fancy, judgment, goût,
Whim, caprice, je ne scai quoi, virtù;
Which appellations all describe
TASTE, and the modern *tasteful* tribe.
Now bricklayers, carpenters, and joiners,
With Chinese artists, and designers,
Produce their schemes of alteration,
To work this wond'rous reformation.
The useful dome, which secret stood,
Embosom'd in the yew-tree wood,
The trav'ler with amazement sees
A temple, Gothic or Chinese,
With many a bell and tawdry rag on,
And crested with a sprawling dragon;
A wooden arch is bent astride
A ditch of water, four foot wide,
With angles, curves, and zig-zag lines,
From Halfpenny's exact designs.
In front, a level lawn is seen,
Without a shrub upon the green,
Where taste would want its first great law,
But for the skulking, sly *ha-ha*,
By whose miraculous assistance,
You gain a prospect two fields' distance.
And now from Hyde-Park corner come
The gods of Athens and of Rome.
Here squabby Cupids take their places,
With Venus, and the clumsy Graces:

Apollo there, with aim so clever,
Stretches his leaden bow for ever;
And there, without the pow'r to fly,
Stands fix'd a tip-toe Mercury.
The villa thus completely grac'd,
All own that Thrifty has a taste;
And madam's female friends and cousins,
With common-council-men by dozens,
Flock every Sunday to the seat,
To stare about them, and to eat.

ODE.

I. 1.

DAUGHTER of chaos and old night,
Cimmerian muse, all hail!
That wrapt in never-twinkling gloom canst write,
And shadowest meaning with thy dusky veil!
What poet sings, and strikes the strings?
It was the mighty Theban spoke,
He from the ever-living lyre
With magic hand elicits fire.
Heard ye the din of modern rhymers bray?
It was cool M——n, or warm G—y,
Involv'd in tenfold smoke.

I. 2

The shallow fop in antic vest,
Tir'd of the beaten road,
Proud to be singly drest,
Changes, with every changing moon, the mode.
Say, shall not the heav'n-born muses too
Variety pursue?
Shall not applauding critics hail the vogue?
Whether the muse the style of Cambria's sons,
Or the rude gabble of the Huns,
Or the broader dialect
Of Caledonia she affect,
Or take, Hibernia, thy still ranker brogue?

I. 3.

On this terrestrial ball
The tyrant fashion governs all.
She, fickle goddess, whom, in days of yore,
The ideot Moria, on the banks of Seine,
Unto an antic fool, hight Andrew, bore:
Long she paid him with disdain,
And long his pangs in silence he conceal'd:
At length, in happy hour, his love-sick pain
On thy blest calends, April, he reveal'd.
From their embraces sprung,
Ever changing, ever ranging,
Fashion, goddess ever young.

II. 1.

Perch'd on the dubious height, she loves to ride
Upon a weather-cock astride.
Each blast that blows, around she goes,
While nodding o'er her crest,
Emblem of her magic pow'r,
The light cameleon stands confest,
Changing its hues a thousand times an hour.
And in a vest is she array'd,
Of many a dancing moon-beam made,
Nor zoneless is her waist:
But fair and beautiful I ween,
As the cestus-cinctur'd queen,
Is with the rainbow's shadowy girdle brac'd.

II. 2.

She bids pursue the fav'rite road
Of lofty cloud-capt ode.
Meantime each bard, with eager speed,
Vaults on the Pegasean steed:
Yet not that Pegasus of yore,
Which th' illustrious Pindar bore,
But one of nobler breed;
High blood and youth his lusty veins inspire:
From Tottipontimoy he came;
Who knows not, Tottipontimoy, thy name?
The bloody-shoulder'd Arab was his sire;

His White-nose.* He on fam'd Doncastria's plains
Resign'd his fatal breath:
In vain for life the struggling courser strains.
Ah! who can run the race with death?
The tyrant's speed, or man, or steed,
Strives all in vain to fly.
He leads the chase, he wins the race,
We stumble, fall, and die.

II. 3.

Third from White-nose springs
Pegasus with eagle-wings:
Light o'er the plain, as dancing cork,
With many a bound he beats the ground,
While all the turf with acclamation rings:
He won Northampton, Lincoln, Oxford, York:
He too Newmarket won:
There Granta's son
Seiz'd on the steed,
And thence him led, so fate decreed,
To where old Cam, renown'd in poet's song,
With his dark and inky waves,
Either bank in silence laves,
Winding slow his sluggish streams along,

III. 1.

What stripling neat, of visage sweet,
In trimmest guise array'd,
First the neighing steed essay'd?
His hand a taper switch adorns, his heel
Sparkles refulgent with elastic steel:
The while he wins his whiffling way,
Prancing, ambling, round and round,
By hill, and dale, and mead, and greensward gay:
Till sated with the pleasing ride,
From the lofty steed dismounting,
He lies along, enwrapt in conscious pride,
By gurging rill, or crystal fountain.

* The author is either mistaken in this place, or has else indulged himself in a very unwarrantable poetical licence. Whitenose was not the sire, but a son of the Godolphin Arabian. See my Calendar. HEBER.

III. 2.

Lo! next a bard, secure of praise,
His self-complacent countenance displays.
His broad mustachios, ting'd with golden dye,
Flame like a meteor to the troubled air:
Proud his demeanor, and his eagle eye,
O'erhung with lavish lid, yet shone with glorious glare.
The grizzle grace
Of bushy peruke shadow'd o'er his face.
In large wide boots, whose ponderous weight
Would sink each wight of modern date,
He rides well pleas'd: so large a pair
Not Garagantua's self might wear:
Nor he, of nature fierce and cruel,
Who, if we trust to ancient ballad,
Devour'd three pilgrims in a salad;
Nor he of fame germane, hight Pantagruel.

III. 3.

Accoutred thus, th' advent'rous youth
Seeks not the level lawn, or velvet mead,
Fast by whose side clear streams meand'ring creep;
But urges on amain the fiery steed
Up Snowdon's shaggy side, or Cambrian rock uncouth:
Where the venerable herd
Of goats, with long and sapient beard,
And wanton kidlings, their blithe revels keep.
Now up the mountain see him strain,
Now down the vale he's tost,
Now flashes on the sight again,
Now in the palpable obscure quite lost.

IV. 1.

Man's feeble race eternal dangers wait,
With high or low, all is woe,
Disease, mischance, pale fear, and dubious fate.
But o'er every peril bounding,
Ambition views not all the ills surrounding;
And tiptoe on the mountain's steep,
Reflects not on the yawning deep.

IV. 2.

See, see, he soars! With mighty wings outspread,
And long-resounding mane,
The courser quits the plain.
Aloft in air, see, see him bear
The bard, who shrouds
His lyric glory in the clouds.
Too fond to strike the stars with lofty head,
He topples headlong from the giddy height,
Deep in the Cambrian gulf immerg'd in endless night!

IV. 3.

O steed divine! what daring spirit
Rides thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor self-opinion,
Which elate the mighty pair,
Each of taste the fav'rite minion,
Prancing through the desert air;
By help mechanic of equestrian block,
Yet shall he mount, with classic housings grac'd;
And, all unheedful of the critic mock,
Drive his light courser o'er the bounds of taste.

THE PROGRESS OF ENVY.

Written in the Year 1751.

Ah me! unhappy state of mortal wight,
Sith Envy's sure attendant upon fame,
Ne doth she rest from rancorous despight,
Until she works him mickle woe and shame;
Unhappy he whom Envy thus doth spoil,
Ne doth she check her ever-restless hate:
Until she doth his reputation foil:
Ah! luckless imp is he, whose worth elate
Forces him pay this heavy tax for being great.

There stood an ancient mount, yclept Parnass,
The fair domain of sacred poesy;
Which, with fresh odours ever-blooming, was
Besprinkled with the dew of Castaly;
Which now in soothing murmurs whisp'ring glides,
Wat'ring with genial waves the fragrant soil,
Now rolls adown the mountain's steepy sides,
Teaching the vales full beauteously to smile,
Dame Nature's handywork, not form'd by lab'ring toil.

The Muses fair, these peaceful shades among,
With skilful fingers sweep the trembling strings;
The air in silence listens to the song,
And Time forgets to ply his lazy wings;
Pale-visag'd care, with foul unhallow'd feet,
Attempts the summit of the hill to gain,
Ne can the hag arrive the blissful seat;
Her unavailing strength is spent in vain,
Content sits on the top, and mocks her empty pain.

Oft Phœbus' self left his divine abode,
And here enshrouded in a shady bow'r,
Regardless of his state, laid by the god,
And own'd sweet music's more alluring pow'r.
On either side was plac'd a peerless wight,
Whose merit long had fill'd the trump of fame;
This, Fancy's darling child, was Spenser hight,
Who pip'd full pleasing on the banks of Thame;
That no less fam'd than he, and Milton was his name.

In these cool bow'rs they live supinely calm;
Now harmless talk, now emulously sing;
While Virtue, pouring round her sacred balm,
Makes happiness eternal as the spring.
Alternately they sung; now Spenser 'gan,
Of jousts and tournaments, and champions strong;
Now Milton sung of disobedient man,
And Eden lost: the bards around them throng,
Drawn by the wond'rous magic of their prince's song.

Not far from these, dan Chaucer, ancient wight,
A lofty seat on Mount Parnassus held,
Who long had been the muse's chief delight;
His reverend locks were silver'd o'er with eld;

Grave was his visage, and his habit plain;
And while he sung fair nature he display'd,
In verse albeit uncouth, and simple strain;
Ne mote he well be seen, so thick the shade,
Which elms and aged oaks had all around him made.

Next Shakspeare sat, irregularly great,
And in his hand a magic rod did hold,
Which visionary beings did create,
And turn the foulest dross to purest gold:
Whatever spirits rove in earth or air,
Or bad or good, obey his dread command;
To his behests these willingly repair,
Those aw'd by terrors of his magic wand,
The which not all their pow'rs united might withstand.

Beside the bard there stood a beauteous maid,
Whose glittering appearance dimm'd the eyen;
Her thin-wrought vesture various tints display'd,
Fancy her name, ysprong of race divine;
Her mantle wimpled low; her silken hair,
Which loose adown her well-turn'd shoulders stray'd,
'She made a net to catch the wanton air,'
Whose love-sick breezes all around her play'd,
And seem'd in whispers soft to court the heav'nly maid.

And ever and anon she wav'd in air
A sceptre, fraught with all-creative pow'r:
She wav'd it round: eftsoons there did appear
Spirits and witches, forms unknown before:
Again she lifts her wonder-working wand;
Eftsoons upon the flow'ry plain were seen
The gay inhabitants of Fairy-land,
And blithe attendants upon Mab their queen,
In mystic circles danc'd along th' enchanted green.

On th' other side stood Nature, goddess fair;
A matron seem'd she, and of manners staid;
Beauteous her form, majestic was her air,
In loose attire of purest white array'd:
A potent rod she bore, whose pow'r was such
As from her darling's works may well be shown;
That often with its soul-enchanting touch

She rais'd or joy, or caus'd the deep-felt groan,
And each man's passions made subservient to her own.

But lo! thick fogs from out the earth arise,
And murky mists the buxom air invade,
Which with contagion dire infect the skies,
And all around their baleful influence shed;
Th' infected sky, which whilom was so fair,
With thick Cimmerian darkness is o'erspread;
The sun, which whilom shone without compare,
Muffles in pitchy veil his radiant head,
And fore the time sore-grieving, seeks his wat'ry bed.

Envy, the daughter of fell Acheron,
The flood of deadly hate and gloomy night,
Had left precipitate her Stygian throne,
And through the frighted heavens wing'd her flight
With careful eye each realm she did explore,
Ne mote she ought of happiness observe:
For happiness, alas! was now no more,
Sith ev'ry one from virtue's paths did swerve,
And trample on religion, base designs to serve.

At length, on blest Parnassus seated high,
Their temple circled with a laurel crown,
Spenser and Milton met her scowling eye,
And turn'd her horrid grin into a frown.
Full fast unto her sister did she post,
There to unload the venom of her breast,
To tell how all her happiness was crost,
Sith others were of happiness possest:
Did never gloomy hell send forth like ugly pest.

Within the covert of a gloomy wood,
Where fun'ral cypress star-proof branches spread,
O'ergrown with tangling briers a cavern stood,
Fit place for melancholy dreary-head.
Here a deformed monster joy'd to won,
Which on fell rancour ever was ybent,
All from the rising to the setting sun.
Her heart pursued spite with black intent,
Ne could her iron mind at human woes relent.

In flowing sable stole she was yclad,
Which with her countenance did well accord;
Forth from her mouth, like one through grief gone mad,
A frothy sea of nauseous foam was pour'd;
A ghastly grin and eyes asquint display
The rancour which her hellish thoughts contain,
And how, when man is blest, she pines away,
Burning to turn his happiness to pain;
Malice the monster's name, a foe to God and man.

Along the floor black loathsome toads still crawl,
Their gullets swell'd with poison's mortal bane,
Which ever and anon they spit at all
Whom hapless fortune leads too near her den.
Around her waist, in place of silken zone,
A life-devouring viper rear'd his head,
Who no distinction made 'twixt friend and foen,
But death on ev'ry side fierce brandished,
Fly, reckless mortals, fly, in vain is hardy-head.

Impatient Envy, through th' etherial waste,
With inward venom fraught, and deadly spite,
Unto this cavern steer'd her panting haste,
Enshrouded in a darksome veil of night.
Her inmost heart burnt with impetuous ire,
And fell destruction sparkled in her look,
Her ferret eyes flash'd with revengeful fire,
Awhile contending passions utt'rance choke,
At length the fiend in furious tone her silence broke.

Sister, arise! see how our pow'r decays,
No more our empire thou and I can boast,
Sith mortal man now gains immortal praise,
Sith man is blest, and thou and I are lost:
See in what state Parnassus' hill appears;
See Phœbus' self two happy bards atween;
See how the God their song attentive hears;
This Spenser hight, that Milton, well I ween!
Who can behold unmov'd sike heart-tormenting scene?

Sister, arise! ne let our courage droop,
Perforce we will compel these mortals own

That mortal force unto our force shall stoop;
Envy and malice then shall reign alone:
Thou best hast known to file thy tongue with lies,
And to deceive mankind with specious bait:
Like Truth accoutred, spreadest forgeries,
The fountain of contention and of hate:
Arise, unite with me, and be as whilom great!

The fiend obey'd, and with impatient voice—
"Tremble, ye bards, within that blissful seat;
"Malice and Envy shall o'erthrow your joys,
"Nor Phœbus' self shall our designs defeat.
"Shall we, who under friendship's feigned veil,
"Prompted the bold archangel to rebel?
"Shall we, who under show of sacred zeal,
"Plung'd half the pow'rs of heav'n in lowest hell?
"Such vile disgrace of us no mortal man shall tell."

And now, more hideous rendered to the sight,
By reason of her raging cruelty,
She burnt to go, equipt in dreadful plight,
And find fit engine for her forgery.
Her eyes inflam'd did cast their rays askance,
While hellish imps prepare the monster's car,
In which she might cut through the wide expanse,
And find out nations that extended far,
When all was pitchy dark, ne twinkled one bright star

Black was her chariot, drawn by dragons dire,
And each fell serpent had a double tongue,
Which ever and anon spit flaming fire,
The regions of the tainted air among;
A lofty seat the sister-monsters bore,
In deadly machinations close combin'd,
Dull Folly drove with terrible uproar,
And cruel Discord follow'd fast behind;
God help the man 'gainst whom such caitiff foes a join'd.

Aloft in air the rattling chariot flies,
While thunder harshly grates upon its wheels;
Black pointed spires of smoke around them rise,
The air depress'd unusual burthen feels!

Detested sight! in terrible array,
They spur their fiery dragons on amain,
Ne mote their anger suffer cold delay,
Until the wish'd-for region they obtain,
And land their dingy car on Caledonian plain.

Here, eldest son of malice, long had dwelt
A wretch of all the joys of life forlorn;
His fame on double falsities was built:
Ah! worthless son of worthless parent born!
Under the show of semblance fair, he veil'd
The black intentions of his hellish breast;
And by these guileful means he more prevail'd
Than had he open enmity profest;
The wolf more safely wounds when in sheep's clothing drest.

Him then themselves atween they joyful place,
Sure sign of woe when such are pleas'd alas!
Then measure back the air with swifter pace,
Until they reach the foot of Mount Parnass.
Hither in evil hour the monsters came,
And with their new companion did alight,
Who long had lost all sense of virtuous shame,
Beholding worth with poisonous despight;
On his success depends their impious delight.

Long burnt he sore the summit to obtain,
And spread his venom o'er the blissful seat;
Long burnt he sore, but still he burnt in vain;
Mote none come there, who come with impious feet,
At length, at unawares, he out doth spit
That spite which else had to himself been bane;
The venom on the breast of Milton lit,
And spread benumbing death through every vein;
The bard, of life bereft, fell senseless on the plain.

As at the banquet of Thyestes old,
The sun is said t' have shut his radiant eye,
So did he now through grief his beams withhold,
And darkness to be felt o'erwhelm'd the sky;
Forth issued from their dismal dark abodes
The birds attendant upon hideous night,

Shriek-owls and ravens, whose fell croaking bodes
Approaching death to miserable wight:
Did never mind of man behold sike dreadful sight.

Apollo wails his darling done to die
By foul attempt of Envy's fatal bane;
The Muses sprinkle him with dew of Castaly,
And crown his death with many a living strain;
Hoary Parnassus beats his aged breast;
Aged, yet ne'er before did sorrow know;
The flowers drooping their despair attest,
Th' aggrieved rivers querulously flow;
All nature sudden groan'd with sympathetic woe.

But, lo! the sky a gayer livery wears,
The melting clouds begin to fade apace,
And now the cloak of darkness disappears,
May darkness ever thus to light give place!
Erst griev'd Apollo jocund looks resumes,
The Nine renew their whilom cheerful song,
No grief Parnassus' aged breast consumes,
For from the teeming earth new flowers sprong,
The plenteous rivers flow'd full peacefully along.

The stricken bard fresh vital heat renews,
Whose blood, erst stagnate, rushes through his veins;
Life through each pore her spirit doth infuse,
And Fame by Malice unextinguish'd reigns:
And see, a form breaks forth, all heav'nly bright,
Upheld by one of mortal progeny,
A female form, yclad in snowy white,
Ne half so fair at distance seen as nigh;
Douglas and Truth appear, Envy and Lauder die.

TO THE MOON.

All hail majestic queen of night,
Bright Cynthia! sweetest nymph, whose presence brings
The pensive pleasures, calm delight,
While contemplation smooths her ruffled wings,

Which folly's vain tumultuous joys,
Or business, care, and buzz of lusty day,
Have all to-ruffled.—Hence, away [noise.
Stale jest, and flippant mirth, and strife engend'ring
When evening dons her mantle gray,
I'll wind my solitary way,
And hie me to some lonely grove,
The haunt of fancy and of love,
Whose social branches, far outspread,
Possess the mind with pleasing dread.
While Cynthia quivers through the trees
That wanton with the summer breeze,
And the clear brook, or dimpled stream,
Reflects oblique her dancing beam,
How often, by thy silver light,
Her lovers' tongues beguil'd the night!
When forth the happy pair have stray'd,
The amorous swain and tender maid,
And as they walk'd the groves along,
Cheer'd the still eve with various song,
While every artful strain confest
The mutual passion in their breast.
The lovers' hours fly swift away,
And night reluctant yields to day.
Thrice happy nymph, thrice happy youth,
When beauty is the meed of truth!
Yet not the happy loves alone,
Has thy celestial presence known.
To thee complains the nymph forlorn,
Of broken faith, and vows forsworn;
And the dull swain, with folded arms,
Still musing on his false one's charms,
Frames many a sonnet to her name,
As lovers use to express their flame,
Or pining wan with thoughtful care,
In downcast silence feeds despair;
Or when the air dead stillness keeps,
And Cynthia on the water sleeps,
Charms the dull ear of sober night,
With love-born music's sweet delight.
Oft as thy orb performs its round,
Thou list'nest to the various sound

Of shepherds' hopes and maidens' fears,
Those conscious Cynthia silent hears;
While echo, which still loves to mock,
Bears them about from rock to rock.
But shift we now the pensive scene
Where Cynthia silvers o'er the green.
Mark yonder spot, whose equal rim
Forms the green circle quaint and trim;
Hither the fairies blithe advance,
And lightly trip in mazy dance;
Beating the pansie-paven ground
In frolic measures round and round;
These Cynthia's revels gaily keep,
While lazy mortals snore asleep;
Whom oft they visit in the night,
Not visible to human sight;
And as old prattling wives relate,
Though now the fashion's out of date,
Drop sixpence in the housewife's shoe,
And pinch the slattern black and blue.
They fill the mind with airy schemes,
And bring the ladies pleasant dreams.
Who knows not Mab, whose chariot glides,
And athwart men's noses rides?
While Oberon, blithe fairy, trips,
And hovers o'er the ladies' lips:
And when he steals ambrosial bliss,
And soft imprints the charming kiss,
In dreams the nymph her swain pursues,
Nor thinks 'tis Oberon that woos.
Yet sportive youth, and lovely fair,
From hence, my lesson read, beware,
While innocence and mirth preside,
We are not where the fairies glide;
And Oberon will never miss
To greet his fav'rites with a kiss;
Nor ever more ambrosia sips,
Than when he visits ——'s lips.
When all things else in silence sleep,
The blithesome elves their vigils keep;
And always hover round about,
To find our worth or frailties out,

Receive with joy these elfin sparks,
Their kisses leave no tell-tale marks,
But breathe fresh beauty o'er the face
Where all is virtue, all is grace.
Not only elfin fays delight
To hail the sober queen of night,
But that sweet bird, whose gurgling throat
Warbles the thick melodious note,
Duly as evening shades prevail,
Renews her soothing love-lorn tale.
And as the lover pensive goes,
Chaunts out her symphony of woes,
Which in boon nature's wilder tone,
Beggar all sounds which art has known.
But hist —— the melancholy bird
Among the groves no more is heard;
And Cynthia pales her silver ray
Before th' approach of golden day,
Which on yon mountain's misty height
Stands tiptoe with his gladsome light.
Now the shrill lark in ether floats,
And carols wild her liquid notes;
While Phœbus, in his lusty pride,
His flaring beams flings far and wide.
Cynthia, farewel——the pensive muse
No more her feeble flight pursues,
But all unwilling takes her way,
And mixes with the buz of day.

CUNNINGHAM.

THIS pastoral and popular poet was born in Dublin 1729, but both his parents were of Scottish extraction.

John Cunningham was early sent to the gramma school of Drogheda; but his father, who was a wine cooper, failing in business, he was recalled to Dublin and soon shewed a predilection for the stage.

Before he was seventeen years of age, he produced drama, under the title of "Love in a Mist," which wa several times acted at the theatre in his native city. Th introduced him to an acquaintance with performers; an his passion for the stage getting the better of his reaso he secretly withdrew from his friends, and engagin himself with an itinerant manager, continued in this pro fession, with little variation, until his death. As a actor, however, he never gained high reputation, eve on provincial boards; both his figure and his voice wer against him; and his chief merit lay in having a goo conception of his author's meaning.

At York, Newcastle, Sunderland, Alnwick, and othe places in the north of England, he experienced all th vicissitudes of the profession he had chosen; and thoug he soon saw his imprudence, his pride would not allo him to return to his friends.

In 1761, he engaged as a performer on the Edinburg stage; and while in that city, he wrote some of his mo admired poetical pieces. "An Elegy on a Pile of Ruins appeared in 1762; and the following year "The Co templatist," and other pleasing compositions.

Having acquired some celebrity as a poet, he was in vited by a bookseller in London to pursue the literar career, and accordingly he set out for the capital; but h intended patron having stopped payment before his ar rival, he made no efforts to obtain employment fro others, but hastened back to Edinburgh, and ever afte patiently acquiesced in his allotments, discharging th duties of an actor with assiduity, and the duties of a ma with universal applause.

Though the situation of an itinerant player is not very reputable, the talents and integrity of Cunningham overcame prejudice, and he was valued and countenanced by persons of worth and respectability wherever he resided.

In 1766 he collected his poems, which he published by subscription in one volume 8vo. under the title of "Poems, chiefly Pastoral," with a dedication to Garrick. His subscribers were numerous and respectable; and from this period to the time of his death, he lived chiefly among his friends in Northumberland, to whom he was most sincerely attached, and among whom he wished his dust to repose.

After lingering some time under a nervous disorder, he departed this life on the 18th of September, 1773, in the 44th year of his age, and was buried in St. John's church-yard, Newcastle, where a tombstone is erected by friendship to his memory, and charged with a suitable inscription.

Cunningham was an amiable and worthy man, and an ingenious and elegant, though not a first-rate, poet. His principal merit seems to lie in the easy and humble, yet pleasing walks of the pastoral muse. His compositions exhibit ample proofs of elegance, tenderness, and simplicity; but they are deficient in strength, animation, and enthusiasm. He had a lively imagination and a feeling heart; but his judgment was not equal to his fancy, and his most finished productions discover an incorrectness of taste. They are the native efforts of true genius; but the sentiments and images they exhibit, are not always attended with an elegant simplicity of expression.

"Cunningham," says Mr. Ritson, in his Historical View of the Progress of English Song, "though not equal to his countryman Goldsmith in native genius, and still less so in learned application, possesses a pleasing simplicity which cannot fail to recommend him to a reader of unadulterated taste. This simplicity may, perhaps, in some of his compositions, be thought too great; but when it is known that they were necessarily adapted to the intellects of a country theatre, little censure can be justly incurred by the poet."

DAY:

A PASTORAL.

"Carpe diem." Hor.

MORNING.

In the barn the tenant cock,
Close to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, the shepherd's clock,
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
And the peeping sun-beam now
Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chatt'ring swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale:
Kidlings, now, begin to crop
Daisies, in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
Restless till her task be done,
Now the busy bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling through the creviced rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, for the promis'd corn,
Ere the harvest hopes are ripe,
Anxious hears the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng,
On the white emblossom'd spray!
Nature's universal song
Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

Fervid on the glitt'ring flood,
Now the noon-tide radiance glows:
Dropping o'er its infant bud,
Not a dewdrop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines;
From the fierce meridian heat
Shelter'd, by the branching pines,
Pendent o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
Where, uncheck'd, the sun-beams fall;
Sure to find a pleasing shade
By the ivied abbey-wall.

Echo in her airy round,
O'er the river, rock and hill,
Cannot catch a single sound,
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
Where the streamlet wanders cool;
Or with languid silence stand
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs:
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
Scorch its soft, its silken wings.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd, serene and still.
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,
Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raises ev'ry fainting flower.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warbler's throat's in tune;
Blithsome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of noon.

EVENING.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays,
Free—the furrow'd task is done:
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky:
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the plowmen go,
To the smoking hamlet bound,
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads
Shelter for the lordly dome,
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

As the lark with varied tune
Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud.

Now the hermit owlet peeps
From the barn, or twisted brake:
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs;
To the banks a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckoo bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

THE CONTEMPLATIST:

A NIGHT-PIECE.

"Nox erat———
"Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres."

THE queen of contemplation, night,
Begins her balmy reign;
Advancing in their varied light
Her silver-vested train.

'Tis strange, the many marshall'd stars,
That ride yon sacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A silence so profound.

A kind, a philosophic calm,
The cool creation wears:
And what day drank of dewy balm,
The gentle night repairs.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
The feather'd race how still!
How quiet now the gamesome kid,
That gambol'd round the hill!

The sweets, that bending o'er their banks,
From sultry day declin'd,
Revive in little velvet ranks,
And scent the western wind.

The moon, preceded by the breeze,
That bade the clouds retire,
Appears amongst the tufted trees,
A phœnix-nest on fire.

But soft—the golden glow subsides,
Her chariot mounts on high,
And now, in silver'd pomp, she rides
Pale regent of the sky.

Where time, upon the wither'd tree,
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I sit, from busy passions free,
And breathe the placid air.

The wither'd tree was once in prime;
Its branches brav'd the sky:
Thus, at the touch of ruthless time,
Shall youth and vigour die.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse:
It glows serenely gay:
Come, science, by my side advance,
We'll search the milky way.

Let us descend—the daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind;
And science, in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires,
That o'er the moorland ran?
Vapours—how like the vague desires
That cheat the heart of man!

But there's a friendly guide,—a flame,
That lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladsome beam,
The hermit's osier shed.

Among the russet shades of night
It glances from afar,
And darts along the dusk; so bright,
It seems a silver star.

In coverts, where the few frequent,
If virtue deigns to dwell,
'Tis thus, the little lamp, content,
Gives lustre to her cell.

How smooth that rapid river slides
Progressive to the deep!
The poppies, pendent o'er its sides,
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons,
Ye indolent, ye gay,
Reflect—for, as the river runs,
Life wings its trackless way.

That branching grove of dusky green
Conceals the azure sky,
Save where a starry space between
Relieves the darken'd eye.

Old error thus with shades impure
Throws sacred truth behind:
Yet sometimes, through the deep obscure,
She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep and her sister silence reign,
They lock the shepherd's fold:
But hark—I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis lost upon the wold.

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
An unresisting prize;
For having trod a devious way,
The little rambler dies.

As luckless is the virgin's lot
Whom pleasure once misguides;
When hurried from the halcyon cot
Where innocence presides,

The passions, a relentless train,
To tear the victim run:
She seeks the paths of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd—and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze,
Where willows shade the way;
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the day.

'Tis thus the pigmy sons of pow'r
Advance their vain parade;
Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worms fade.

The soft serenity of night
Ungentle clouds deform:
The silver host that shone so bright
Is hid behind a storm.

The angry elements engage:
An oak, an ivied bow'r,
Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
And shields me from the shower.

The rancour thus of rushing fate
I've learnt to render vain:
For whilst integrity's her seat,
The soul will sit serene.

A raven, from some greedy vault,
Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought,
Reflect upon the tomb:

The tomb, the consecrated dome,
The temple rais'd to peace,
The port that to its friendly home
Compels the human race.

Yon village, to the moral mind,
A solemn aspect wears;
Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
And kill'd his daily cares:

'Tis but the church-yard of the night;
An emblematic bed,
That offers to the mental sight
The temporary dead.

From hence I'll penetrate in thought
The grave's unmeasur'd deep;
And tutor'd hence be timely taught
To meet my final sleep.

'Tis peace——the little chaos past,
The gracious moon restor'd,
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast
That through the forest roar'd.

The nightingale, a welcome guest,
Renews her gentle strains;
And hope, just wand'ring from my breast,
Her wonted seat regains.

Yes—when yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high,
My soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light, the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreshment find;
And moral rhapsodies like these
Give vigour to the mind.

MAY-EVE:

OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN.

The silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.

To beds of state go balmy sleep,
'Tis where you've seldom been,
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare,
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love;
And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green:
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see the rosy May draws nigh;
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

ON THE APPROACH OF MAY.

The virgin, when soften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vows;
The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs:

On Ida bright Venus may reign,
  Ador'd for her beauty above;
We shepherds that dwell on the plain,
  Hail May as the mother of love.

From the west as it wantonly blows,
  Fond zephyr caresses the vine;
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
  And willows and woodbines entwine.
The pinks by the rivulet side,
  That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downwards to kiss the soft tide:
  For May is the mother of love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing,
  He flutters in bridal array;
And if the wing'd foresters sing,
  Their music is taught them by May.
The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
  Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
And murmuring seems to repeat
  That May is the mother of love.

The goddess will visit you soon,
  Ye virgins be sportive and gay:
Get your pipes, oh ye shepherds, in tune,
  For music must welcome the May.
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
  And all his keen anguish remove,
Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find
  The May is the mother of love.

THE VIOLET.

Shelter'd from the blight ambition,
  Fatal to the pride of rank,
See me in my low condition,
  Laughing on the tufted bank.

On my robes, for emulation,
No variety's imprest;
Suited to an humble station,
Mine's an unembroider'd vest.

Modest though the maids declare me,
May in her fantastic train,
When Pastora deigns to wear me,
Has no flow'ret half so vain.

THE NARCISSUS.

As pendent o'er the limpid stream
I bow'd my snowy pride,
And languish'd in a fruitless flame,
For what the fates deny'd;
The fair Pastora chanc'd to pass,
With such an angel air,
I saw her in the wat'ry glass,
And lov'd the rival fair.

Ye fates, no longer let me pine,
A self-admiring sweet,
Permit me, by your grace divine,
To kiss the fair-one's feet:
That if by chance the gentle maid
My fragrance should admire,
I may,——upon her bosom laid,
In sister sweets expire.

CONTENT:

A PASTORAL.

O'er moorland and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
And leads me o'er lawns to her home:

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage had crown'd,
Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast,
Fresh fruits, and she cull'd me the best;
While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
Love slily stole into my breast.
I told my soft wishes; she sweetly reply'd,
Ye virgins, her voice was divine,
I've rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek,
So simple, yet sweet, were her charms,
I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.
Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
And if, by yon prattling stream,
Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o'er the slow-rising hills,
Delighted with pastoral views,
Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
And point out new themes for my muse.
To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
The damsel's of humble descent;
The cottager Peace is well-known for her sire,
And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

ELEGY ON A PILE OF RUINS.

"Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa!"
JANUS VITALIS.
"Omnia, tempus edax depascitur omnia carpit."
SENECA.

In the full prospect yonder hill commands,
O'er barren heaths, and cultivated plains;
The vestige of an ancient abbey stands,
Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains.

Half buried, there, lie many a broken bust,
And obelisk, and urn, o'erthrown by time;
And many a cherub, there, descends in dust
From the rent roof, and portico sublime.

The rivulets, oft frighted at the sound
Of fragments, tumbling from the tow'rs on high,
Plunge to their source in secret caves profound,
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

Where rev'rend shrines in Gothic grandeur stood,
The nettle or the noxious nightshade spreads;
And ashlings, wafted from the neighb'ring wood,
Through the worn turrets wave their trembling hea

There contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
Her attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet,
Sits musing on a monumental stone,
And points to the *memento* at her feet.

Soon as sage ev'ning check'd day's sunny pride,
I left the mantling shade in moral mood;
And seated by the maid's sequester'd side,
Sigh'd, as the mould'ring monuments I view'd.

Inexorably calm, with silent pace,
Here time has pass'd—what ruin marks his way!
This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd base,
Turn'd not his step, nor could his course delay.

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes
In vain; and melody her song sublime:
In vain philosophy, with maxims wise,
Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of time.

Yet the hoar tyrant, though not mov'd to spare,
Relented when he struck its finish'd pride;
And partly the rude ravage to repair,
The tott'ring tow'rs with twisted ivy tied.

How solemn is the cell o'ergrown with moss,
That terminates the view, yon cloister'd way!
In the crush'd wall, a time-corroded cross,
Religion-like, stands mould'ring in decay.

Where the mild sun, through saint encypher'd glass,
Illum'd with mellow light yon dusky aisle,
Many rapt hours might meditation pass,
Slow-moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile.

And piety, with mystic-meaning beads,
Bowing to saints on every side inurn'd,
Trod oft the solitary path that leads
Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturn'd.

Through the gray grove, between those with'ring trees,
'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears
A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
Half wasted, like a Niobe in tears:

Low-levell'd in the dust her darling's laid!
Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
Nor could maternal piety dissuade,
Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

The relics of a mitred saint may rest,
Where, mould'ring in the niche, his statue stands;
Now nameless as the crowd that kiss'd his vest,
And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie;
As trac'd among the fragments of his tomb,
The trophies of a broken Fame imply.

Ah! what avails, that o'er the vassal plain,
His rights and rich demesnes extended wide;
That honour and her knights compos'd his train,
And chivalry stood marshal'd by his side?

Though to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,
And frown'd defiance on the desperate foe;
Though deem'd invincible, the conqueror time
Levell'd the fabric, as the founder, low.

Where the light lyre gave many a soft'ning sound,
Ravens and rooks, the birds of discord, dwell;
And where society sat sweetly crown'd,
Eternal solitude has fix'd her cell.

The lizard, and the lazy lurking bat,
Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room,
Where the sage matron and her maidens sat,
Sweet singing at the silver-working loom.

The traveller's bewilder'd on a waste;
And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,
Where, in his groves with arching arbours grac'd,
Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
To pure canals, a crystal pool supply:
In the deep dust their barren beauties hide:
Time's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd them dry

Though his rich hours in revelry were spent,
With Comus, and the laughter-loving crew;
And the sweet brow of beauty still unbent,
Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew:

Fleet are the fleecy moments: fly they must;
Not to be stay'd by mask or midnight roar.
Nor shall a pulse among that mould'ring dust
Beat wanton at the smiles of beauty more.

Can the deep statesman, skill'd in great design,
Protract, but for a day, precarious breath?
Or the tun'd follower of the sacred nine
Sooth, with his melody, insatiate death?

No—though the palace bar her golden gate,
Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around;
Unerring, and unseen, the shaft of fate
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground.

What then avails ambition's wide-stretch'd wing,
The schoolman's page, or pride of beauty's bloom
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
Levell'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,
Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
"Philip, remember, thou'rt no more than man.

" Though glory spread thy name from pole to pole;
" Though thou art merciful, and brave, and just;
" Philip, reflect, thou'rt posting to the goal
" Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust."

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,
Egypt and Syria's wide domains subdu'd,
Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
Sigh'd, when the perishable pomp he view'd:

And as he rode high in his regal car,
In all the purple pride of conquest drest;
Conspicuous, o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
Plac'd, pendent on a spear, his burial-vest:

While thus the herald cry'd—" This son of pow'r,
" This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd,
" May, in the space of one revolving hour,
" Boast of no other spoil but yonder shroud."

Search where ambition rag'd, with rigour steel'd,
Where slaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran;
And say, while memory weeps the blood-stain'd field,
Where lies the chief, and where the common man?

Vain then are pyramids, and mottoed stones,
And monumental trophies rais'd on high;
For time confounds them with the crumbling bones,
That mix'd in hasty graves unnotic'd lie.

Rests not beneath the turf the peasant's head,
Soft as the lord's beneath the labour'd tomb?
Or sleeps one colder in his close clay-bed,
Than t'other in the wide vault's dreary womb?

Hither let luxury lead her loose-rob'd train;
Here flutter pride, on purple-painted wings:
And from the moral prospect learn how vain
The wish that sighs for sublunary things.

REPUTATION:

AN ALLEGORY.

To travel far as the wide world extends,
Seeking for objects that deserv'd their care,
Virtue set forth, with two selected friends,
Talent refin'd, and Reputation fair.

As they went on in their intended round,
Talent spoke first: " My gentle comrades, say,
" Where each of you may probably be found,
" Should accident divide us on the way.

" If torn (she added) from my lov'd allies,
" A friendly patronage I hope to find,
" Where the fine arts from cultivation rise,
" And the sweet muse hath harmonized manki

Says Virtue: " Did sincerity appear,
" Or meek-ey'd charity among the great,
" Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,
" 'Tis among these I'd seek for my retreat.

" Could I find patriots, for the public weal
" Assiduous, and without their selfish views;
" Could I find priests of undissembled zeal,
" 'Tis among those my residence I'd choose.

" In glitt'ring domes let luxury reside:
" I must be found in some sequester'd cell,
" Far from the paths of avarice and pride,
" Where home-bred happiness delights to dwell

" Ye may be trac'd, my gentle friends, 'tis true:
" But who (says Reputation) can explore
" My slipp'ry steps?——Keep, keep *me* in your vi
" *If I'm once lost, you'll never find me more.*"

THE ROSE AND BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE.

At day's early dawn a gay butterfly spied
A budding young rose, and he wish'd her his bride:
She blush'd when she heard him his passion declare,
And tenderly told him—he need not despair.
Their faith was soon plighted, as lovers will do,
He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true.
It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
The bloom of a rose passes quickly away,
And the pride of a butterfly dies in a day.
When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies,
From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies;
Nor did he revisit his bride, 'till the sun
Had less than one-fourth of his journey to run.
The rose thus reproach'd him—'Already so cold!
'How feign'd, O you false one, the passion you told!
'Tis an age since you left me:' she meant a few hours;
But such we'll suppose the fond language of flowers:
'I saw when you gave the base violet a kiss:
'How—how could you stoop to a meanness like this?
'Shall a low little wretch, whom we roses despise,
'Find favour, O love! in my butterfly's eyes?
'On a tulip, quite tawdry, I saw your fond rape,
'Nor yet could the pitiful primrose escape:
'Dull daffodils too, were with ardour address'd,
'And poppies, ill scented, you kindly caress'd.'
The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd with a sneer,
'That you're first to complain, I commend you, my dear!
'But know, from your conduct my maxims I drew,
'And if I'm inconstant, I copy from you.
'I saw the boy Zephyrus rifle your charms,
'I saw how you simper'd and smil'd in his arms;
'The honey-bee kiss'd you, you cannot disown,
'You favour'd besides—O dishonour—a drone:
'Yet worse—'tis a crime that you must not deny,
'Your sweets were made common, false rose, to a fly.'

MORAL.

This law, long ago, did love's providence make,
That ev'ry coquet should be curs'd with a rake.

THE BROKEN CHINA.

Soon as the sun began to peep,
And gild the morning skies,
Young Chloe from disorder'd sleep
Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

A guardian sylph, the wanton sprite
That waited on her still,
Had teaz'd her all the tedious night
With visionary ill.

Some shock of fate is surely nigh,
Exclaim'd the tim'rous maid:
What do these horrid dreams imply?
My Cupid can't be dead!

She call'd her Cupid by his name,
In dread of some mishap;
Wagging his tail, her Cupid came,
And jump'd into her lap.

And now the best of brittle ware,
Her sumptuous table grac'd;
The gentle emblems of the fair,
In beauteous order plac'd.

The kettle boil'd, and all prepar'd
To give the morning treat,
When Dick, the country beau, appear'd,
And bowing, took his seat.

Well—chatting on, of that and this,
The maid revers'd her cup;
And tempted by the forfeit kiss,
The bumkin turn'd it up.

With transport he demands the prize;
Right fairly it was won:
With many a frown the fair denies:
Fond baits to draw him on.

A man must prove himself polite,
In such a case as this:
So Richard strives with all his might
To force the forfeit kiss.

But as he strove—O dire to tell!
And yet with grief I must,
The table turn'd—the china fell,
A heap of painted dust.

O fatal purport of my dream!
The fair afflicted cried,
Occasion'd, I confess my shame,
By childishness and pride.

For in a kiss, or two, or three,
No mischief could be found:
Then had I been more frank and free,
My china had been sound.

VERSES BY THE AUTHOR,

Written about Three Weeks before his Death.

DEAR lad, as you run o'er my rhyme,
And see my long name at the end,
You'll cry—"And has Cunningham time
"To give so much verse to his friend?"

'Tis true, the reproof, though severe,
Is just from the letters I owe;
But blameless I still may appear,
For nonsense is all I bestow.

However, for better for worse,
As Damons their Chloes receive,
Ev'n take the dull lines I rehearse—
They're all a poor friend has to give.

The drama and I have shook hands:
We've parted, no more to engage;
Submissive I met her commands—
For nothing can cure me of age.

My sunshine of youth is no more:
My mornings of pleasure are fled:
'Tis painful my fate to endure—
A pension supplies me with bread!

Dependant at length on the man
Whose fortunes I struggled to raise!
I conquer my pride as I can—
His charity merits my praise!

His bounty proceeds from his heart;
'Tis principle prompts the supply—
His kindness exceeds my desert,
And often suppresses a sigh.

But like the old horse in the song,
I'm turn'd on the common to graze—
To fortune these changes belong,
And contented I yield to her ways.

She ne'er was my friend; through the day
Her smiles were the smiles of deceit;
At noon she'd her favours display,
And at night let me pine at her feet.

No longer her presence I court,
No longer I shrink at her frowns:
Her whimsies supply me with sport,
And her smiles I resign to the clowns.

Thus lost to each worldly desire,
And scorning all riches—all fame,
I quietly hope to retire
When time shall the summons proclaim.

I've nothing to weep for behind:
To part with my friends is the worst.
Their numbers, I grant, are confin'd;
But you are, still, one of the first.

GREEN.

Of the personal history of Matthew Green, who was born in 1696, very little authentic is known. He appears to have been descended from a respectable family of the dissenting persuasion, and he was educated in the same religious faith.

By the interest of some friend, whose name has not been transmitted to us, he obtained a place in the custom-house, and discharged the duties of his office with diligence and ability.

It is said, that he had some free notions in religious subjects, and that he grew disgusted with the formality and preciseness of the quakers, among whom he was brought up. We are told, that when a friend of his was once bathing in the river, a waterman saluted him with the usual compliment of the lower class of the people, "A quaker, a quaker quirl." On expressing his astonishment to Green, that he should be known for a quaker when naked, our poet immediately replied, "that it was easy to discover his persuasion from his swimming against the stream."

But though Green possessed wit and repartee, he was never known to give offence by his severity. His temper was mild, his manners gentle, and his constitution nervous and delicate. It was probably owing to his hypochondriac temperament, that he thought of choosing the "Spleen" for the subject of a poem; and certain it is he has handled it like a person who was perfectly master of the subject. Perhaps in the whole range of English literature, there is not a composition so replete with original thoughts. He is of the school of Butler and Prior, but he borrows from neither: his sentiments are wholly his own, and his diction is peculiar, but strongly expressive.

Green died in 1737, at the age of 41. It is said that he left some manuscripts in the hands of Glover, the

author of Leonidas, and who indeed was the editor of the few pieces which have been given to the public under his name. Whatever Green wrote must be valuable; but at this distant period we despair of seeing any more of his productions. It is generally believed, that Glover himself left many unpublished compositions; but we have pretty good authority for believing the contrary; and the report respecting Green's manuscripts, most likely rests on an equally slender foundation,

As a poet, Green was characterized by justness of sentiment, and novelty and variety of illustration: his diction is concise, nervous, and simple, and pleases by its perspicuity and freedom from ambitious ornament.

In describing his peculiar habits, opinions, and amusements, he appears to have proposed to himself no particular method, but to have written the casual dictates of the moment. The descriptions are unconnected, and the reflections are independent on one another; but whatever topic employs his mind, he shews himself qualified to expand and illustrate it with all the accessaries that wit, learning, and observation, can furnish. His verses are not tissues of common thoughts or light images, that may be traced in books. He displays on every subject, a wonderful compass of comprehension, and activity of fancy; and no poet, except Butler, has ever brought so many remote images so happily together. It is scarcely possible to peruse a single couplet without finding some association of ideas that was never met before.

THE SPLEEN.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. CUTHBERT JACKSON.

THIS motley piece to you I send,
Who always were a faithful friend;
Who, if disputes should happen hence,
Can best explain the author's sense;
And, anxious for the public weal,
Do, what I sing, so often feel.
The want of method pray excuse,
Allowing for a vapour'd muse;
Nor to a narrow path confin'd,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.
The child is genuine; you may trace
Throughout the sire's transmitted face,
Nothing is stol'n: my muse, though mean,
Draws from the spring she finds within;
Nor vainly buys what Gildon sells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.
School-helps I want, to climb on high,
Where all the ancient treasures lie,
And there unseen commit a theft
On wealth in Greek exchequers left.
Then where? from whom? what can I steal,
Who only with the moderns deal?
This were attempting to put on
Raiment from naked bodies won:
They safely sing before a thief,
They cannot give who want relief;
Some few excepted, names well known,
And justly laurell'd with renown,
Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
And theft detects, of theft aware;
From More so lash'd, example fit,
Shun petty larceny in wit.
First know, my friend, I do not mean
To write a treatise on the spleen;
Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse;
Nor mend the alarum watch, your pulse.

If I am right, your question lay,
What course I take to drive away
The day-mare spleen, by whose false pleas
Men prove mere suicides in ease;
And how I do myself demean,
In stormy world to live serene.
When by its magic lantern spleen
With frightful figures spread life's scene,
And threat'ning prospects urg'd my fears,
A stranger to the luck of heirs;
Reason, some quiet to restore,
Show'd part was substance, shadow more;
With spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,
In life's rough tide I sunk not down,
But swam, till fortune threw a rope,
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.
I always choose the plainest food
To mend viscidity of blood.
Hail! water-gruel, healing power,
Of easy access to the poor;
Thy help love's confessors implore,
And doctors secretly adore;
To thee I fly; by thee dilute,
Through veins my blood doth quicker shoot,
And by swift current throws off clean
Prolific particles of spleen.
I never sick by drinking grow,
Nor keep myself a cup too low,
And seldom Chloe's lodgings haunt,
Thrifty of spirits which I want.
Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood:
But after no field honours itch,
Achiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal-fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
And jovial cry, awake the morn.
These see her from the dusky plight,
Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,
With roral wash redeem her face,
And prove herself of Titan's race,

And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
Shed light and fragrance as she flies.
Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the hark-away,
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground,
From lungs robust field-notes resound.
Then, as St. George the dragon slew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view;
While all their spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and valleys ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some partic'lars let us laugh:
Witlings, brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence;
Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes:
Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A strict dissenter saying grace,
A lect'rer preaching for a place,
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense,
The popish dubbing of a priest,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,
Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,
Great Æsculapius on his stage,
A miser starving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
A jointur'd widow's ritual state,
Two Jews disputing tête-à-tête,
New almanacks compos'd by seers,
Experiments on felons' ears,
Disdainful prudes who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye,

A coquette's April-weather face,
A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military shew,
Are sov'reign for the case in view.
If spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
I clear my ev'ning with a play,
Or to some concert take my way.
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.
Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
To others' grief attention raise:
Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
We borrow joy by pitying woe;
There gaily comic scenes delight,
And hold true mirrors to our sight.
Virtue, in charming dress array'd,
Calling the passions to her aid,
When moral scenes just actions join,
Takes shape, and shows her face divine.
Music has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
When art does sound's high pow'r advance,
To music's pipe the passions dance;
Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have shewn,
Tarantulated by a tune.
Many have held the soul to be
Nearly allied to harmony.
Her have I known indulging grief,
And shunning company's relief,
Unveil her face, and looking round,
Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
The consanguinity of sound.
In rainy days keep double guard,
Or spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprise a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,

I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That mem'ry minds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hypp'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather:
Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,
And play at cards but for small sums;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh;
Or drink a joco-serious cup
With souls who've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it heav'n to be serene;
Pain, hell, and purgatory, spleen.

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think, nor speak, with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins;
Talk of unusual swell of waist
In maid of honour loosely lac'd,
And beauty borr'wing Spanish red,
And loving pair with sep'rate bed,
And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
And then redeem'd by loss of fame;
Of Kitty, aunt left in the lurch,
By grave pretence to go to church,
Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
Like Will and Mary on the coin:
And thus in modish manner we,
In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
May with its beauties grace my line,
While I bow down before its shrine,

And your throng'd altars with my lays
Perfume, and get by giving praise.
With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien,
You excommunicate the spleen,
Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring
You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing;
Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
We look, we listen, and approve.
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
Our nerves officious throng to kiss;
By Celia's pat, on their report,
The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,
Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,
And loves the floral game, to romp.
But who can view the pointed rays,
That from black eyes scintillant blaze?
Love on his throne of glory seems
Encompass'd with satellite beams.
But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
Diffuse benignly humid light,
We gaze, and see the smiling loves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves,
And raptur'd fix in such a face
Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace.
Shine but on age, you melt its snow;
Again fires long extinguish'd glow,
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
Blood long congealed liquefies:
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are ador'd while-on.
But oh, what pity 'tis to find
Such beauties both of form and mind,
By modern breeding much debas'd,
In half the female world at least!
Hence I with care such lott'ries shun,
Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone;
And han't, by vent'ring on a wife,
Yet run the greatest risk in life.
Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair;
Nor lay out so much cost and art,
But to deflow'r the virgin heart;

Of every folly-fost'ring bed,
By quick'ning heat of custom bred.
Rather than by your culture spoil'd,
Desist, and give us nature wild;
Delighted with a hoyden soul,
Which truth and innocence controul.
Coquettes, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts;
Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,
You shew so plain you strive to kill.
In love the artless catch the game,
And they scarce miss who never aim.
The world's great Author did create
The sex to fit the nuptial state,
And meant a blessing in a wife,
To solace the fatigues of life;
And old inspired times display,
How wives could love, and yet obey.
Then truth, and patience of controul,
And housewife arts, adorn'd the soul;
And charms, the gift of nature, shone;
And jealousy, a thing unknown:
Veils were the only masks they wore;
Novels, receipts to make a whore;
Nor ombre nor quadrille they knew,
Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.
Wise men did not, to be thought gay,
Then compliment their pow'r away:
But lest, by frail desires misled,
The girls forbidden paths should tread,
If ign'rance rais'd the safe high wall,
We sink ha-has, that shew them all.
Thus we at once solicit sense,
And charge them not to break the fence.
Now, if untir'd, consider, friend,
What I avoid to gain my end.
I never am at meeting seen,
Meeting, that region of the spleen;
The broken heart, the busy fiend,
The inward call, on spleen depend.
Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disease;

A gipsy diction scarce known well
By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell,
I shun; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the spleen:
Law, grown a forest, where perplex
The mazes, and the brambles vex;
Where its twelve verd'rers every day
Are changing still the public way:
Yet if we miss our path and err,
We grievous penalties incur;
And wand'rers tire, and tear their skin,
And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.
No compter-writs me agitate;
Who moralizing pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces folly, through the grate,
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclin'd,
Enters a caveat in the mind:
Experience join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

Passion, as frequently is seen,
Subsiding settles into spleen.
Hence, as the plague of happy life,
I run away from party-strife.
A prince's cause, a church's claim,
I've known to raise a mighty flame,
And priest, as stoker, very free
To throw in peace and charity.

That tribe, whose practicals decree
Small beer the deadliest heresy;
Who, fond of pedigree, derive
From the most noted whore alive;
Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
And love the mitre Bacchus made;
Forbid the faithful to depend
On half-pint drinkers for a friend,

And in whose gay red-letter'd face
We read good living more than grace:
Nor they so pure, and so precise,
Immac'late as their white of eyes,
Who for the spirit hug the spleen,
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,
Who their ill tasted home-brew'd pray'r
To the state's mellow forms prefer;
Who doctrines, as infections, fear,
Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
And samples of heart-chested grace
Expose in show-glass of the face:
Did never me as yet provoke
Either to honour band and cloak,
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.
I rail not with mock patriot grace
At folks, because they are in place;
Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen
Serve the ear-lechery of men;
But to avoid religious jars,
The laws are my expositors,
Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and state.
I go, pursuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the caravan;
And think it right in common sense,
Both for diversion and defence.
Reforming schemes are none of mine;
To mend the world's a vast design:
Like theirs who tug in little boat,
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While to defeat their labour'd end,
At once both wind and stream contend:
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to spleen.
Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,

And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.
By these reflections I repeal
Each hasty promise made in zeal.
When gospel-propagators say,
We're bound our great light to display,
And Indian darkness drive away,
Yet none but drunken watchmen send,
And scoundrel link-boys, for that end;
When they cry up this holy war,
Which every christian should be for,
Yet such as owe the law their ears
We find employed as engineers:
This view my forward zeal so shocks,
In vain they hold the money-box.
At such a conduct, which intends
By vicious means such virtuous ends,
I laugh off spleen, and keep my pence
From spoiling Indian innocence.
Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press, and equal laws.
The press restrain'd! nefarious thought!
In vain our sires have nobly fought:
While free from force the press remains,
Virtue and freedom cheer our plains,
And learning largesses bestows,
And keeps uncensur'd open house.
We to the nation's public mart
Our works of wit, and schemes of art,
And philosophic goods, this way,
Like water-carriage, cheap convey:
This tree, which knowledge so affords,
Inquisitors with flaming swords,
From lay approach with zeal defend,
Lest their own paradise should end.
The press from her fecundous womb
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;
Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,
Truth's banner way'd in open air;

The monster superstition fled,
And hid in shades its Gorgon head;
And lawless pow'r, the long-kept field,
By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence,
To chain, is treason against sense;
And, liberty, thy thousand tongues
None silence, who design no wrongs;
For those who use the gag's restraint,
First rob, before they stop complaint.
Since disappointment galls within,
And subjugates the soul to spleen,
Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools are cast away:
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted vessel runs aground;
Or in deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts;
Or helm-directors in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
Such was of late a corporation,*
The brazen serpent of the nation,
Which, when hard accidents distress'd,
The poor must look at to be blest,
And thence expect, with paper seal'd
By fraud and us'ry, to be heal'd.
I in no soul-consumption wait
Whole years at levees of the great,
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the spare diet of a smile.
There you may see the idol stand,
With mirror in his wanton hand:

* The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums upon pledges at legal interest. By the villainy of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In 1732, the conduct of the directors of this body became the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, and some of them, who were members of the House of Commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.

Above, below, now here, now there,
He throws about the sunny glare.
Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,
The gay delusion of their eyes.
When fancy tries her limning skill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raise and round the figure well,
And shew her talent to excel,
I guard my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties fancy drew,
And disappointed feel despair
At loss of things that never were.
When I lean politician's mark
Grazing on ether in the park;
Whoe'er on wing with open throats
Fly at debates, expresses, votes,
Just in the manner swallows use,
Catching their airy food of news;
Whose latrant stomachs oft molest
The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest:
Or see some poet pensive sit,
Fondly mistaking spleen for wit;
Who, though short-winded, still will aim
To sound the epic trump of fame;
Who still on Phœbus' smiles will doat,
Nor learn conviction from his coat:
I bless my stars, I never knew
Whimsies, which close pursu'd undo,
And have from old experience been
Both parent and the child of spleen.
These subjects of Apollo's state,
Who from false fire derive their fate,
With airy purchases undone,
Of lands, which none lend money on,
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
Nor lost one hour to gather bays.
Their fancies first delirious grew,
And scenes ideal took for true.
Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
And with false prospects cheats their eyes;
The fabled gods the poets sing,
A season of perpetual spring,

Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,
Affording sweets and similes,
Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,
And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,
Apollo's harp with airs divine,
The sacred music of the nine,
Views of the temple rais'd to fame,
And for a vacant niche, proud aim,
Ravish their souls, and plainly shew
What fancy's sketching power can do.
They will attempt the mountain steep,
Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,
The muses revelation shew,
That find men crack'd, or make them so.
You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
Avoid, elab'rate waste of time;
Nor are content to be undone,
To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the most uncertain gain;
And lott'ries never tempt the wise
With blanks so many to a prize.
I only transient visits pay,
Meeting the muses in my way;
Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
Nor skill'd to call them by their names.
Nor can their passports in these days
Your profit warrant, or your praise.
On poems by their dictates writ,
Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit;
And mere upholst'rers, in a trice,
On gems and paintings set a price.
These tayl'ring artists for our lays,
Invent cramp'd rules, and with strait stays
Striving free nature's shape to hit,
Emaciate sense, before they fit.
A common-place, and many friends,
Can serve the plagiary's ends;
Whose easy vamping talent lies,
First wit to pilfer, then disguise.
Thus some devoid of art and skill
To search the mine on Pindus' hill,

Proud to aspire and workmen grow,
By genius doom'd to stay below,
For their own digging shew the town!
Wit's treasure brought by others down.
Some wanting, if they find a mine,
An artist's judgment to refine,
On fame precipitately fix'd,
The ore with baser metals mix'd
Melt down, impatient of delay,
And call the vicious mass a play.
All these engage, to serve their ends,
A band select of trusty friends,
Who lesson'd right, extol the thing,
As Psapho taught his birds to sing;
Then to the ladies they submit,
Returning-officers on wit:
A crowded house their presence draws,
And on the beaux imposes laws;
A judgment in its favour ends,
When all the pannel are its friends:
Their natures, merciful and mild,
Have from mere pity sav'd the child:
In bulrush ark the bantling found
Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,
They have preserv'd by kind support,
And brought the baby-muse to court.
But there's a youth* that you can name,
Who needs no leading-strings to fame,
Whose quick maturity of brain
The birth of Pallas may explain;
Dreaming of whose depending fate,
I heard Melpomene debate,
" This, this is he, that was foretold
Should emulate our Greeks of old.
Inspir'd by me with sacred art,
He sings, and rules the varied heart.
If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
We hear the thunder in his verse;

* Mr. Glover, the excellent author of Leonidas, Boadicea, Medea, &c.

If he describes love turn'd to rage,
The furies riot in his page.
If he fair liberty and law
By ruffian pow'r expiring draw,
The keener passions then engage
Aright, and sanctify their rage;
If he attempt disastrous love,
We hear those plaints that wound the grove.
Within the kinder passions glow,
And tears distill'd from pity flow."
From the bright vision I descend,
And my deserted theme attend.
Me never did ambition seize,
Strange fever most inflam'd by ease!
The active lunacy of pride,
That courts jilt fortune for a bride,
This par'dise-tree so fair and high,
I view with no aspiring eye.
Like aspen shake the restless leaves,
And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives;
Whence frequent falls give no surprise,
But fits of spleen, call'd growing wise.
Greatness in glitt'ring forms display'd,
Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,
And by its falsely-envied scene
Gives self-debasing fits of spleen.
We should be pleas'd that things are so,
Who do for nothing see the shew,
And, middle-siz'd, can pass between
Life's hubbub safe, because unseen;
And 'midst the glare of greatness trace
A wat'ry sun-shine in the face;
And pleasures fled to, to redress
The sad fatigue of idleness.
Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire;

By happy alchymy of mind,
They turn to pleasure all they find;
They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solemn garb of spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress;
Unmov'd, when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose;
And cover'd by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts that round them fly;
Nor, meddling with the gods' affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.
Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
The blithsome goddess sooths my care:
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire.
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made;
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive while t'other holds the plough;
A chief, of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece;
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.
May Heav'n, 'tis all I wish for, send
One genial room to treat a friend;
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state!
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;

Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen-ground,
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale;
Where the half-cirque which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds;
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day!
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade,
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate;
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach;
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind.
Here dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measur'd motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair;
And silver streams through meadows stray,
Naïads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs on side of hills
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.
Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea;
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind, so much as to themselves;

Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs!
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing virtue's liv'ry smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive,
With income not in fortune's pow'r,
And skill to make a busy hour;
With trips to town, life to amuse,
To purchase books and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down;
Unhurt by sickness, blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe;
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.
But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.
Th' enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reason foil'd.
His springy soul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And, hush'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep;
Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own;
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endless space,
Borne up on metaphysic wings,
Chases light forms and shadowy things;
And in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.
The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence, esteems;
Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless spleen,

And fancy's telescope supplies
With tinctur'd glass to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light;
For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,
Dare sunbeam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common sense
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?
That superstition mayn't create,
And clubs its ills with those of fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor mask.
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find;
Since optic reason shews me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain;
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders shew
Who boast themselves by spurious roll
Lords of the manor of the soul:
Preferring sense from chin that's bare,
To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.
To thee, Creator uncreate,
O *entium Ens*, divinely great!—
Hold, muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly;
Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw:
Through fields unknown nor madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands, forbear to paint.
Who features veil'd by light can hit?
Where can what has no outline fit?
My soul, the vain attempt forego:
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,

Nor runs, with wisdom's syrens caught,
On quicksands swall'wing shipwreck'd thought;
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.
In One, no object of our sight,
Immutable and infinite,
Who can't be cruel or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;
To Him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home;
Transported here by angry fate,
The convicts of a prior state.
Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know;
Through life's foul way like vagrant pass'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last;
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution, soon to come,
Like spunge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of pow'r bereave,
An endless series to receive;
Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
We balance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.
He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery;
Or be supposed to create,
Curious to try what 'tis to hate;
And do an act which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.
Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale;
At helm I make my reason sit,
My crew of passions all submit.
If dark and blust'ring prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights;

Experience holds the cautious glass,
To shun the breakers as I pass;
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid;
And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge to careen.
Though pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way;
With store sufficient for relief,
And wisely still prepar'd to reef,
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the soul,
I make (may Heav'n propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end!
Neither becalm'd nor overblown)
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

COOPER.

JOHN GILBERT COOPER, who has been styled "the English Anacreon," was born in 1733, of an opulent and genteel family, seated at Thurgarton Priory in Nottinghamshire, which estate he inherited.

After receiving a classical education at Westminster school, in 1743 he became a member of Trinity college, Cambridge, and on quitting the university, married the grand-daughter of lord-keeper Wright.

In 1745, he published, without a name, "The Power of Harmony," a poem in two books; and in the following years produced several essays and poems under the signature of Philalethes. In 1749 he published the Life of Socrates, a work by which he is chiefly known, and which attests his learning and industry, though it is not exempt from the faults incident to a young and enthusiastic writer. This performance exposed him to the severity of Warburton, and he gave the retort courteous to that great master in the art of abuse.

The "Letters on Taste" appeared in 1754, and considerably increased his reputation. In 1758 he published his "Epistles to the Great," written in imitation of some French authors; and next year he translated Gresset's Ver Vert, which was much read at the time, but has long been consigned to oblivion, except by a few.

Having served the office of high sheriff for his native county, and distinguished himself as an active magistrate, in 1764 he committed to the press "Poems on several Subjects," of which the "Hymn to Health," "A Father's Advice," the "Tomb of Shakspeare," and some others, possess considerable merit, and entitle him to rank with the British poets of the second class at least.

A long and excruciating illness, arising from the stone, terminated in death, April 14, 1769, when he was only in the 46th year of his age, and might have been expected to produce many other valuable fruits of genius.

Cooper was a man of agreeable appearance, and accomplished manners. He was assiduous in all his undertakings; and whether acting in the capacity of a country justice, or as a writer, he was anxious to display useful talents. In his philosophical sentiments, he adhered too much to Shaftesbury, and he adopted the sentimental, but noble, reveries of Akenside, for whose writings he evinced the strongest predilection. His Letters on Taste have gone through several editions, and may still be read with advantage by the lovers of polite literature.

As a poet, his compositions are characterised by ease, elegance, and sprightliness. He is not destitute of enthusiasm and of fancy; but his fancy is not always under proper regulation; and he sometimes fails in the precision of his ideas. His sentiments, though seldom new, are generally liberal and just; his diction, with some exceptions, proper and easy; and his versification sweetly modulated and harmonious.

His Vision of Shakspeare is perhaps his performance of most excellence; the scene of the Vision is supposed on the banks of the Avon where Shakspeare is interred. Fancy, who is employed in decking his grave with flowers, while she laments his death, raises up the imaginary beings introduced by Shakspeare in his dramas; as Ariel, Prospero, Caliban, the fairies, witches, and ghosts: after which, the sun banishing Morpheus and his dreams, he concludes the poem with an address, apparently improper, to the "Dear Enchantress of the brain," to give wealth, honour, and renown, to others, but to give him content, with such innocence as is attainable by man, and to teach him self-knowledge.

It is written in alternate rhyme, like the "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," which probably excited his emulation, and tinged his fancy a little, though the particular quality of the subject has prevented any remarkable imitation of it. The introductory stanzas are beautifully descriptive, the expression is apt and elegant, and the versification throughout flows with an agreeable lulling melody.

HYMN TO HEALTH.

Written in Sickness.

Sweet as the fragrant breath of genial May,
Come, fair Hygeia, goddess heav'nly-born,
More lovely than the sun's returning ray,
To northern regions, at the half-year's morn.

Where shall I seek thee? in the wholesome grot,
Where temperance her scanty meal enjoys?
Or peace, contented with her humble lot,
Beneath her thatch th' inclement blast defies?

Swept from each flow'r that sips the morning dew,
Thy wing besprinkles all the scenes around;
Where'er thou fly'st the blossoms blush anew,
And purple vi'lets paint the hallow'd ground.

Thy presence renovated nature shows,
By thee each shrub with varied hue is dy'd,
Each tulip with redoubled lustre glows,
And all creation smiles with flow'ry pride.

But in thy absence joy is felt no more,
The landscape wither'd e'en in spring appears,
The morn low'rs ominous o'er the dusky shore,
And evening suns set half extinct in tears.

Ruthless disease ascends, when thou art gone,
From the dark regions of th' abyss below,
With pestilence, the guardian of her throne,
Breathing contagion from the realms of woe.

In vain her citron groves Italia boasts,
Or Po the balsam of his weeping trees;
In vain Arabia's aromatic coasts
Tincture the pinions of the passing breeze.

No wholesome scents impregn the western gale,
But noxious stench exhal'd by scorching heat,
Where gasping swains the pois'nous air inhale,
That once diffus'd a medicinal sweet.

Me, abject me, with pale disease oppress'd,
Heal with the balm of thy prolific breath,
Rekindle life within my clay-cold breast,
And shield my youth from canker-worms of death.

Then on the verdant turf, thy fav'rite shrine,
Restor'd to thee a votary I'll come,
Grateful to offer to thy pow'r divine
Each herb that grows round Æsculapius' tomb.

SONG TO WINIFREDA.

Away! let nought to love displeasing,
My Winifreda, move thy fear,
Let nought delay the heavenly blessing,
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy care.

What though no grants of royal donors,
With pompous titles, grace our blood?
We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble, we'll be good.

What though from fortune's lavish bounty,
No mighty treasures we possess?
We'll find within our pittance plenty,
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season,
Sufficient for our wishes give;
For we will live a life of reason,
And that's the only life to live.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,
Shall sweetly sound where'er 'tis spoke;
And all the great ones much shall wonder,
How they admire such little folk.

Through youth and age in love excelling,
We'll hand in hand together tread,
Sweet smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,
And babes, sweet smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,
Whilst round my knees they fondly clung,
To see them look their mother's features,
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue!

And when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You'll in your girls again be courted,
And I go wooing in my boys.

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

AN ELEGY,

In Imitation of the old Song to Winifreda.

Written in the Year 1758.

——— "Aspice, vultus
"Ecce meos! utinamque oculos in pectore posses
"Inserere, et patrias intus dependere curas."
OVID. MET.

DEEP in a grove by cypress shaded,
Where mid-day sun had seldom shone,
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
Save some afflicted muse's moan;

A swain tow'rds full-aged manhoood wending,
Sate sorrowing at the close of day,
At whose fond side a boy attending,
Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wrested,
But on the smiling prattler hung,
Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,
These accents trembled from his tongue.

"My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure,
"My prattling innocent, attend,
"Nor fear rebuke, or sour displeasure,
"A father's loveliest name is friend.

" Some truths, from long experience flowing,
" Worth more than royal grants, receive;
" For truths are wealth of Heav'n's bestowing,
" Which kings have seldom power to give.

" Since from an ancient race descended,
" You boast an unattainted blood,
" By yours be their fair fame attended,
" And claim by birth-right to be good.

" In love for ev'ry fellow-creature,
" Superior rise above the crowd,
" What most ennobles human nature
" Was ne'er the portion of the proud,

" Be thine the gen'rous heart that borrows
" From others' joys a friendly glow,
" And for each hapless neighbour's sorrows
" Throbs with a sympathetic woe.

" This is the temper most endearing;
" Though wide proud pomp her banners spreads,
" A heav'nlier pow'r good-nature bearing,
" Each heart in willing thraldom leads.

" Taste not from fame's uncertain fountain,
" The peace-destroying streams that flow,
" Nor from ambition's dang'rous mountain
" Look down upon the world below.

" The princely pine on hills exalted,
" Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
" By winds, long brav'd, at last assaulted,
" Is headlong whirl'd in dust to lie;

" Whilst the mild rose more safely growing,
" Low in its unaspiring vale,
" Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,
" Exchanges sweets with ev'ry gale.

" Wish not for beauty's darling features,
" Moulded by nature's fondling pow'r;
" For fairest forms 'mong human creatures,
" Shine but the pageants of an hour.

" I saw the pride of all the meadow,
" At noon, a gay narcissus blow
" Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
" Bloom'd in the silver waves below :

" By noon-tide's heat its youth was wasted,
" The waters, as they pass'd, complain'd ;
" At eve its glories all were blasted,
" And not one former tint remain'd.

" Nor let vain wit's deceitful glory
" Lead you from wisdom's path astray;
" What genius lives renown'd in story,
" To happiness who found the way ?

" In yonder mead behold that vapour,
" Whose vivid beams illusive play :
" Far off it seems a friendly taper
" To guide the traveller on his way ;

" But should some hapless wretch pursuing,
" Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
" He'll find, too late, his rashness rueing,
" That fatal quicksands lurk below.

" In life such bubbles nought admiring,
" Gilt with false light and fill'd with air,
" Do you, from pageant crowds retiring,
" To peace in virtue's cot repair ;

" There seek the never-wasted treasure,
" Which mutual love and friendship give,
" Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,
" And bless'd and blessing you will live.

" If Heav'n with children crowns your dwelling,
" As mine its bounty does with you,
" In fondness fatherly excelling,
" Th' example you have felt pursue."

He paus'd—for tenderly caressing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expressing
Thoughts language never could impart.

Now night her mournful mantle spreading,
Had rob'd with black the horizon round,
And dank dews from her tresses shedding,
With genial moisture bath'd the ground:

When back to city follies flying,
'Midst custom's slaves he liv'd resign'd,
His face array'd in smiles, denying
The true complexion of his mind:

For seriously around surveying
Each character in youth and age,
Of fools betray'd, and knaves betraying,
That play'd upon the human stage;

Peaceful himself and undesigning,
He loath'd the scenes of guilt and strife,
And felt each secret wish inclining
To leave the fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate'er above was fated,
Obediently he bow'd his soul;
For, what all-bounteous Heav'n created,
He thought Heav'n only should controul.

THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE.

A VISION.

WHAT time the jocund rosy-bosom'd hours
Led forth the train of Phœbus and the spring,
And zephyr mild profusely scatter'd flowers
On earth's green mantle from his musky wing,

The morn unbarr'd th' ambrosial gates of light,
Westward the raven-pinion'd darkness flew,
The landscape smil'd in vernal beauty bright,
And to their graves the sullen ghosts withdrew.

The nightingale no longer swell'd her throat,
With love-lorn plainings tremulous and slow,
And on the wings of silence ceas'd to float
The gurgling notes of her melodious woe.

The god of sleep mysterious visions led
In gay procession 'fore the mental eye;
And my freed soul awhile her mansion fled,
To try her plumes for immortality.

Through fields of air methought I took my flight,
Through ev'ry clime o'er ev'ry region pass'd,
No paradise or ruin 'scap'd my sight,
Hesperian garden, or Cimmerian waste.

On Avon's banks I lit, whose streams appear
To wind with eddies fond round Shakspeare's tomb,
The year's first feath'ry songsters warble near,
And vi'lets breathe, and earliest roses bloom.

Here Fancy sat, her dewy fingers cold
Decking with flow'rets fresh th' unsullied sod;
And bath'd with tears the sad sepulchral mould,
Her fav'rite offspring's long and last abode.

"Ah! what avails," she cried, "a poet's name?
Ah! what avails th' immortalizing breath,
To snatch from dumb oblivion other's fame?
My darling child here lies a prey to death.

"Let gentle Otway, white-rob'd pity's priest,
From grief domestic teach the tears to flow,
Or Scutherne captivate th' impassion'd breast
With heart-felt sighs and sympathy of woe.

"For not to these his genius was confin'd:
Nature and I each tuneful pow'r had given,
Poetic transports of the madding mind,
And the wing'd words that waft the soul to Heaven;

"The fiery glance of th' intellectual eye,
Piercing all objects of creation's store
Which on this world's extended surface lie,
And plastic thought that still created more."

"O! grant," with eager rapture I reply'd,
"Grant me, great goddess of the changeful eye,
To view each being in poetic pride,
To whom thy son gave immortality."

Sweet Fancy smil'd, and wav'd her mystic rod,
When straight the vision felt her pow'rful arm,
And one by one succeeded at her nod,
As vassal sprites obey the wizard's charm.

First a celestial form,* of azure hue,
Whose mantle, bound with brede ethereal, flow'd
To each soft breeze its balmy breath that drew,
Swift down the sun-beams of the noon-tide rode.

Obedient to the necromantic sway
Of an old sage to solitude resign'd,
With fenny vapours he obscur'd the day,
Launch'd the long lightning, and let loose the wind.

He whirl'd the tempest through the howling air,
Rattled the dreadful thunderclap on high,
And rais'd a roaring elemental war
Betwixt the sea-green waves and azure sky.

Then like Heav'n's mild ambassador of love
To man repentant, bade the tumult cease,
Smooth'd the blue bosom of the realms above,
And hush'd the rebel elements to peace.

Unlike to this in spirit or in mien,
Another form† succeeded to my view;
A two-legg'd brute, which nature made in spleen,
Or from the loathing womb unfinish'd drew.

Scarce could he syllable the curse he thought,
Prone were his eyes to earth, his mind to evil,
A carnal fiend to imperfection wrought,
The mongrel offspring of a witch and devil.

Next bloom'd, upon an ancient forest's bound,
The flow'ry margin‡ of a silent stream,
O'er-arch'd by oaks with ivy mantled round,
And gilt by silver Cynthia's maiden beam.

---

* Ariel in the Tempest.
† Caliban in the Tempest.
‡ Fairy-land, from the Midsummer-Night's Dream.

On the green carpet of th' unbended grass,
A dapper train of female fairies play'd,
And ey'd their gambols in the wat'ry glass,
That smoothly stole along the shad'wy glade.

Through these the queen Titania pass'd ador'd,
Mounted aloft in her imperial car,
Journeying to see great Oberon, her lord,
Wage the mock battles of a sportive war.

Arm'd cap-a-pee forth march'd the fairy king,
A stouter warrior never took the field,
His threat'ning lance a hornet's horrid sting,
The sharded beetle's scale his sable shield.

Around their chief the elfin host appear'd,
Each little helmet sparkling like a star,
And their sharp spears a pierceless phalanx rear'd,
A grove of thistles glittering in the air.

The scene then chang'd from this romantic land
To a bleak waste by bound'ry unconfin'd,
Where three swart sisters* of the weird band
Were mutt'ring curses to the troublous wind.

Pale want had wither'd every furrow'd face,
Bow'd was each carcase with the weight of years,
And each sunk eye-ball from its hollow case
Distill'd cold rheum's involuntary tears.

Hors'd on three staves they posted to the bourn
Of a drear island, where the pendant brow
Of a rough rock, shagg'd horribly with thorn,
Frown'd on the boist'rous waves which raged below.

Deep in a gloomy grot, remote from day,
Where smiling comfort never show'd her face,
Where light ne'er enter'd, save one rueful ray
Discov'ring all the terrors of the place,

They held damn'd myst'ries with infernal state,
Whilst ghastly goblins glided slowly by;
The screech-owl scream'd the dying call of fate,
And ravens croak'd their horrid augury.

* The witches in Macbeth.

No human footstep cheer'd the dread abode,
Nor sign of living creature could be seen,
Save where the reptile snake, or sullen toad,
The murky floor had soil'd with venom green.

Sudden I heard the whirlwind's hollow sound:
Each weïrd sister vanish'd into smoke,
Now a dire yell of spirits* under ground,
Through troubled earth's wide-yawning surface broke;

When, lo! each injur'd apparition rose:
Aghast the murd'rer started from his bed;
Guilt's trembling breath his heart's red current froze,
And horror's dew-drops bath'd his frantic head.

More had I seen, but now the god of day
O'er earth's broad breast his flood of light had spread,
When Morpheus call'd his fickle train away,
And on their wings each bright illusion fled.

Yet still the dear enchantress of the brain
My wakeful eyes with wishful wand'rings sought,
Whose magic will controuls th' ideal train,
The ever-restless progeny of thought.

"Sweet pow'r," said I, "for others gild the ray
Of wealth, or honour's folly-feather'd crown,
Or lead the madding multitude astray
To grasp at air-blown bubbles of renown.

"Me, humbler lot! let blameless bliss engage,
Free from the noble mob's ambitious strife,
Free from the muckworm miser's lucrous rage,
In calm contentment's cottaged vale of life.

"If frailties there, for who from them is free?
Through error's maze my devious footsteps lead,
Let them be frailties of humanity,
And my heart plead the pardon of my head.

"Let not my reason impiously require
What Heav'n has plac'd beyond its narrow span;
But teach me to subdue each fierce desire
Which wars within this little empire, man.

* Ghosts in Macbeth, Richard III. &c.

" Teach me what all believe, but few possess,
That life's best science is ourselves to know,
The first of human blessings is to bless,
And happiest he who feels another's woe.

" Thus cheaply wise, and innocently great,
While time's smooth sand shall regularly pass,
Each destin'd atom's quiet course I'll wait,
Nor rashly break nor wish to stop the glass.

" And when in death my peaceful ashes lie,
If e'er some tongue congenial speaks my name,
Friendship shall never blush to breathe a sigh,
And great ones envy such an honest fame."

GOLDSMITH.

To descant on the character of Oliver Goldsmith would be the delight of virtue: to particularize the merits of his various compositions would afford scope and exercise to the most exalted genius. As a poet, in which light only we have to consider him on the present occasion, for sweetness of numbers, feeling and delicacy of sentiment, and purity of language, he has hitherto remained without a rival; and in an age when the refinements of poetry have been carried to the highest pitch, in the grand fascinations of his art he stands distinguished and alone.

He was the third son of the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, and was born at Elphin, or as others say at Pallas, in Ireland, in the year 1729. After being duly prepared in classical learning, he was entered of Trinity college, Dublin, in 1744, but gave no indications there of the splendid talents which he afterwards displayed. Being intended for the profession of physic, he left Dublin, after taking a bachelor's degree, and proceeded to Edinburgh, where he remained till 1754. Being imprudently bound, however, for a friend, he was obliged to make a precipitate retreat, but was overtaken by the emissaries of the law at Sunderland, and arrested. The kindness of two fellow-students, whom he found there, produced his enlargement, and he immediately embarked for Rotterdam; and after making the tour of great part of the continent on foot, he obtained the degree of bachelor in physic at Louvain. For some short time, he was employed as a travelling tutor; but this engagement ceasing, he bent his course towards England, and landing at Dover, arrived in London, destitute and friendless.

It was with difficulty he could procure the humblest situation in the line of his profession; but discovering his countryman, and once fellow-student, Dr. Sleigh, he received some pecuniary assistance, which was of essential service at the moment.

After spending some time as the assistant in a respectable school at Peckham, he was introduced to some

bookseller, who, sensible of his talents, gave him some literary employment; and having produced the Vicar of Wakefield, he sold it for 60*l.* but the bookseller did not think proper to publish it till the "Traveller" had appeared, which obtained the highest eulogium from Johnson, and completely established his reputation.

He now appeared in a professional style, but never practised as a physician. Indeed literature absorbed all his attention; and exclusive of various compositions in history, and natural history, he wrote several plays, which were extremely well received, and with economy might have secured him comfort and independance. But Goldsmith was a stranger to the art of living: he seldom knew what it was to be out of debt.

His "Deserted Village," which appeared in 1770, had a rapid and extensive sale; and though it is written with little knowledge of politics, the sentiments irresistibly find their way to the heart, and it will ever remain an honour to English poetry.

But flattered and admired as Goldsmith deservedly was, both for his genius and his goodness, his affairs became so much deranged, as to bring on a kind of habitual despondency, and great indifference for life. He died of a nervous fever, April 4, 1774, in the 45th year of his age, and was buried in the Temple church. A monument has since been erected to his memory in Westminster abbey; but when that crumbles into dust, he will be immortal in his "Traveller" and "Deserted Village."

He was so humane in his disposition, that his last guinea was the general boundary of his munificence. He had two or three poor authors always as pensioners, besides several widows and poor housekeepers; and when he had no money to give the latter, he always sent them away with shirts or old clothes, and sometimes with the whole contents of his breakfast-table, saying, with a smile of satisfaction, after they were gone, "Now let me suppose I have eat a heartier breakfast than usual, and am nothing out of pocket." He was always very ready to do service to his friends; and as he lived latterly much in the great world, and was much respected, he very often succeeded in his efforts, and felt his best reward in the gratification of doing good.

THE HERMIT.

" Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
" And guide my lonely way,
" To where yon taper cheers the vale
" With hospitable ray.

" For here forlorn and lost I tread,
" With fainting steps and slow ;
" Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
" Seem length'ning as I go."

" Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
" To tempt the dangerous gloom :
" For yonder faithless phantom flies
" To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here to the houseless child of want
" My door is open still ;
" And though my portion is but scant,
" I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely share
" Whate'er my cell bestows;
" My rushy couch and frugal fare,
" My blessing and repose.

" No flocks that range the valley free,
" To slaughter I condemn :
" Taught by that Power who pities me,
" I learn to pity them.

" But from the mountain's grassy side
" A guiltless feast I bring;
" A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
" And water from the spring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
" All earth-born cares are wrong :
" Man wants but little here below,
" Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from Heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch,
Requir'd a master's care;
The wicket op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smil'd;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries;
The cricket chirrups in the hearth;
The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To sooth the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppress'd:
And "Whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
"Reluctant dost thou rove;
"Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?

" Alas! the joys that fortune brings
" Are trifling, and decay;
" And those who prize the paltry things,
" More trifling still than they.

" And what is friendship but a name,
" A charm that lulls to sleep;
" A shade that follows wealth or fame,
" But leaves the wretch to weep?

" And love is still an emptier sound,
" The haughty fair-one's jest:
" On earth unseen, or only found
" To warm the turtle's nest.

" For shame, fond youth! thy sorrows hush,
" And spurn the sex," he said:
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest,
A maid in all her charms.

And, " Ah! forgive a stranger rude,
" A wretch forlorn," she cried;
" Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude,
" Where Heaven and you reside.

" But let a maid thy pity share,
" Whom love has taught to stray;
" Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
" Companion of her way.

" My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
" A wealthy lord was he;
" And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
" He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms
" Unnumber'd suitors came;
" Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
" And felt or feign'd a flame.

" Each morn a mercenary crowd
" With richest proffers strove:
" Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
" But never talk'd of love.

" In humble, simplest habit clad,
" No wealth or power had he;
" Wisdom and worth were all he had,
" But these were all to me.

" The blossom opening to the day,
" The dews of Heaven refin'd,
" Could nought of purity display,
" To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
" With charms inconstant shine;
" Their charms were his, but, woe to me!
" Their constancy was mine.

" For still I tried each fickle art,
" Importunate and vain;
" And while his passion touch'd my heart,
" I triumph'd in his pain:

" Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
" He left me to my pride;
" And sought a solitude forlorn
" In secret, where he died.

" But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
" And well my life shall pay;
" I'll seek the solitude he sought,
" And stretch me where he lay.

" And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
" I'll lay me down and die;
" 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
" And so for him will I."

" Forbid it, Heaven!" the hermit cried,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair-one turn'd to chide,—
'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

" Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
" My charmer, turn to see
" Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
" Restor'd to love and thee.

" Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
" And ev'ry care resign:
" And shall we never, never part,
" My life—my all that's mine?

" No, never from this hour to part,
" We'll live and love so true,
" The sigh that rends thy constant heart
" Shall break thy Edwin's too."

THE TRAVELLER;*

OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

To the Reverend Henry Goldsmith.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a dedication; and, perhaps, it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man who, de-

* In this poem several alterations were made, and some new verses added, as it passed through different editions. We have printed from the ninth, which was the last edition published in the life-time of the author.

spising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, painting and music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shown to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, choruses, anapests, and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes ever after the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name

of poet; his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to show that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own, that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this poem. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding I the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire!
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair!
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around,
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care;

Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, plac'd on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear:
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man:
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies:
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own,

Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease.
The naked negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.
Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails:
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.
Far to the right where Appennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;

While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
Could nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear:
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain:
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And even in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state;
At her command the palace learnt to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond ev'n nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.
Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind,
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;

Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all thy cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child;
Each nobler aim, repress by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind;
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;

Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His childrens' looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.
Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And even those ills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.
Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer,
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.
But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow:
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low,
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart,
Fall blunted from each indurated heart,
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;

But all the gentler morals, such as play
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the way,
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire?
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch fault'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power.
And dance forgetful of the noon-tide hour.
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days,
Have led their children through the mirthful maze,
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought.
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robe of frieze with copper lace;

Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore.
While the pent ocean rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,
The willow tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil,
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold!
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;

Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide,
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right above controul,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest indeed, were such without alloy;
But foster'd even by freedom ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent-lordling stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore,
Till over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour, fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to thee alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire;
And thou, fair freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own:
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers bright'ning as they waste;
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,

And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

First printed in 1769.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectation in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire; but I know you will object, and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion, that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege, and that my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry whether the country be depopulating or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advan-

tages, and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states, by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your sincere friend,
and ardent admirer,
OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out, to tire each other down;

The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, chok'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.

Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine,
How blest is he, who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;

And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!
Sweet was the sound, when, oft at ev'ning's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;

The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,

There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he:
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could guage:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,
For even though vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where gray-beard mirth, and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendour! could not all,
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway:
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain:
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name,
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride,
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;

The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure, all
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes:
But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade.
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;

Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles ere annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts—ah, turn thine eyes,
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.
Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!
Ah, no. To distant climes a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
And kist her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And claspt them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O, luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldly woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand,
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;

And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

GRAINGER.

JAMES GRAINGER was born at Dunse, in Berwickshire, in 1724, but was descended from a respectable family in Cumberland. His father dying while he was very young, the care of his education was kindly undertaken by his elder brother, by a former marriage, who placed him at the school of North Berwick.

After the usual course of education at a grammar school, he was apprenticed to a surgeon in Edinburgh, and at the same time attended the medical classes in that university. He afterwards became a surgeon in the army, and served in Great Britain, and likewise on the continent. The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, left him without active employment, and quitting the army, he took the degree of doctor in physic, and settled in London, where his taste for polite literature soon procured him the friendship of the most distinguished authors of that period.

His first publication was the charming "Ode to Solitude," which at once established his poetic reputation. This appeared in 1755; and had he written nothing else, his fame would have stood on a solid base. In 1759, Dr. Grainger gave to the world his translation of the Elegies of Tibullus, which he had finished some years before, during the leisure that the campaigns in which he was engaged, afforded him. This task he has executed so well, as almost to supersede the necessity of future attempts of the kind.

Having accepted the office of tutor to a young West Indian gentleman of large fortune, in company with his pupil, Dr. Grainger visited the isle of St. Christopher, where he married a daughter of the governor, and practised physic with much reputation and success.

In this situation, so favourable for his views, he began and finished his poem on the Culture of the Sugar Cane, which is divided into four books, and was first published

in 1764. Before the appearance of this elegant but neglected performance, Dr. Grainger revisited England; but returning to Basseterre, St. Christopher's, he died, honoured and lamented, in 1767, in the 43d year of his age. By his wife he left two daughters, one of whom is since known to be dead.

Grainger, while in London, lived in habits of intimacy with Drs. Johnson and Percy, and other celebrated names, who took a warm interest in his welfare. It seems he was an agreeable and good hearted man; and, independent of the admiration excited by his genius, deserved to be distinguished and beloved for his virtues.

According to Mr. Boswell, "Dr. Johnson said that Grainger was a man that would do any good in his power. His Translation of Tibullus he thought was very well done; but the Sugar Cane did not please him; for he said, what could he make of a sugar cane; one might as well write the "Parsley Bed," a poem, or the "Cabbage Garden," a poem." Yet notwithstanding this air of ridicule, the Sugar Cane entitles him, as a poet, to rank with Philips, Dyer, and other distinguished writers of didactic poetry in our language. In this useful and entertaining poem, the most languid reader will find his passions excited, and the imagination indulged to the highest pitch of luxury. A new creation is offered, of which an European has scarce any conception; the hurricane, the burning winds, a ripe cane piece on fire at midnight, an Indian prospect after a finished crop, and nature in all the extremes of tropic exuberance, are delineated with classical regularity, and the happiest effect.

SOLITUDE:

AN ODE.

O SOLITUDE, romantic maid,
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desart's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb,
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide,
Or starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep,
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmore's marble wastes survey,
You, recluse, again I woo,
And again your steps pursue.
Plum'd conceit himself surveying,
Folly with her shadow playing,
Purse-proud, elbowing insolence,
Bloated empiric, puff'd pretence,
Noise that through a trumpet speaks,
Laughter in loud peals that breaks,
Intrusion with a fopling's face,
Ignorant of time and place,
Sparks of fire dissention blowing,
Ductile, court-bred flattery, bowing,
Restraint's stiff neck, grimace's leer,
Squint-ey'd censure's artful sneer,
Ambition's buskins, steep'd in blood,
Fly thy presence, solitude.
Sage reflection bent with years,
Conscious virtue void of fears,
Muffled silence, wood-nymph shy,
Meditation's piercing eye,
Halcyon peace on moss reclin'd,
Retrospect that scans the mind,
Rapt earth-gazing resvery,
Blushing artless modesty,
Health that snuffs the morning air
Full-ey'd truth with bosom bare,

Inspiration, nature's child,
Seek the solitary wild.
You with the tragic muse* retir'd,
The wise Euripides inspir'd,
You taught the sadly-pleasing air,
That Athens† sav'd from ruins bare.
You gave the Cean's tears to flow,
And ‡ unlock'd the springs of woe:
You penn'd what exil'd Naso thought,
And pour'd the melancholy note.
With Petrarch o'er Valcluse you stray'd,
When death snatch'd his § long lov'd maid;
You taught the rocks her loss to mourn,
Ye strew'd with flowers her virgin urn.
And late in || Hagley you were seen,
With bloodshed eyes, and sombre mien,
Hymen his yellow vestment tore,
And Dirge a wreath of cypress wore.
But chief your own the solemn lay,
That wept Narcissa young and gay:
Darkness clapt her sable wing,
While you touch'd the mournful string,
Anguish left the pathless wild,
Grim-fac'd melancholy smil'd,
Drowsy midnight ceas'd to yawn,
The starry host put back the dawn,
Aside their harps ev'n seraphs flung,
To hear thy sweet complaint, O Young.
When all nature's hush'd asleep,
Nor love nor guilt their vigils keep,
Soft you leave your cavern'd den,
And wander o'er the works of men,
But when Phosphor brings the dawn,
By her dappled courser drawn,
Again you to the wild retreat,
And the early huntsman meet,

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* In the Island Salamis.
† See Plutarch in the life of Lysander.
‡ Simonides.
§ Laura, twenty years, and ten after her death.
|| Monody on the death of Mrs. Lyttleton.

Where as you pensive pace along,
You catch the distant shepherd's song,
Or brush from herbs the pearly dew,
Or the rising primrose view.
Devotion lends her heaven-plum'd wings,
You mount, and nature with you sings.
But when mid-day fervors glow,
To upland airy shades you go,
Where never sunburnt woodman came,
Nor sportsman chas'd the timid game;
And there beneath an oak reclin'd,
With drowsy waterfalls behind,
You sink to rest.
'Till the tuneful bird of night,
From the neighb'ring poplar's height,
Wake you with her solemn strain,
And teach pleas'd echo to complain.
With you roses brighter bloom,
Sweeter every sweet perfume,
Purer every fountain flows,
Stronger every wilding grows.
Let those toil for gold who please,
Or for fame renounce their ease.
What is fame? an empty bubble;
Gold? a transient shining trouble.
Let them for their country bleed,
What was Sidney's, Raleigh's meed?
Man's not worth a moment's pain,
Base, ungrateful, fickle, vain.
Then let me, sequester'd fair,
To your sibyl grot repair,
On yon hanging cliff it stands,
Scoop'd by nature's savage hands,
Bosom'd in the gloomy shade
Of cypress not with age decay'd.
Where the owl still hooting sits,
Where the bat incessant flits,
There in loftier strains I'll sing,
Whence the changing seasons spring,
Tell how storms deform the skies,
Whence the waves subside and rise,

Trace the comet's blazing tail,
Weigh the planets in a scale;
Bend, great God, before thy shrine,
The bournless macrocosm's thine.
Save me! what's yon shrouded shade?
That wanders in the dark-brown glade.
It beckons me!—vain fears adieu,
Mysterious ghost, I follow you.
Ah me! too well that gait I know,
My youth's first friend, my manhood's woe!
Its breast it bares! what! stain'd with blood?
Quick let me stanch the vital flood.
Oh spirit, whither art thou flown?
Why left me comfortless alone?
O solitude, on me bestow
The heart-felt harmony of woe,
Such, such, as on th' Ausonian shore,
Sweet * Dorian Moschus trill'd of yore:
No time should cancel thy desert,
More, more, than † Bion was, thou wert.
O goddess of the tearful eye,
The never-ceasing stream supply.
Let us with retirement go
To charnels, and the house of woe,
O'er friendship's herse low-drooping mourn,
Where the sickly tapers burn,
Where death and nun-clad sorrow dwell,
And nightly ring the solemn knell.
The gloom dispels, the charnel smiles,
Light flashes through the vaulted isles,
Blow silky soft, thou western gale,
O goddess of the desert, hail!
She bursts from yon cliff-riven cave,
Insulted by the wintry wave;
Her brow an ivy garland binds,
Her tresses wanton with the winds,
A lion's spoils, without a zone,
Around her limbs are careless thrown;

* See Idyll.
† Alluding to the death of a friend.

Her right hand wields a knotted mace,
Her eyes roll wild, a stride her pace;
Her left a magic mirror holds,
In which she oft herself beholds.
O goddess of the desert, hail!
And softer blow, thou western gale!
Since in each scheme of life I've fail'd,
And disappointment seems entail'd;
Since all on earth I valued most,
My guide, my stay, my friend, is lost;
You, only you, can make me blest,
And hush the tempest in my breast.
Then gently deign to guide my feet
To your hermit-trodden seat,
Where I may live at last my own,
Where I at last may die unknown.
I spoke, she turn'd her magic ray,
And thus she said, or seem'd to say:
Youth, you're mistaken, if you think to find
In shades a medicine for a troubled mind;
Wan grief will haunt you wheresoe'er you go,
Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlet flow,
There pale inaction pines his life away,
And, satiate, curses the return of day:
There naked frenzy laughing wild with pain,
Or bares the blade, or plunges in the main:
There superstition broods o'er all her fears,
And yells of demons in the zephyr hears.
But if a hermit you're resolv'd to dwell,
And bid to social life a last farewell;
'Tis impious.——
God never made an independent man,
'Twould jar the concord of his general plan;
See every part of that stupendous whole,
"Whose body nature is, and God the soul;"
To one great end, the general good conspire,
From matter, brute, to man, to seraph, fire.
Should man through nature solitary roam,
His will his sovereign, every where his home,
What force would guard him from the lion's jaw!
What swiftness wing him from the panther's paw?

Or should fate lead him to some safer shore,
Where panthers never prowl nor lions roar,
Where liberal nature all her charms bestows,
Suns shine, birds sing, flowers bloom, and water flows,
Fool, dost thou think he'd revel on the store,
Absolve the care of Heaven, nor ask for more?
Though waters flow'd, flow'rs bloom'd, and Phœbus shone,
He'd sigh, he'd murmur that he was alone.
For know, the Maker on the human breast
A sense of kindred, country, man, imprest;
And social life to better, aid, adorn,
With proper faculties each mortal's born.
Though nature's works the ruling mind declare,
And well deserve inquiry's serious care,
The God, whate'er misanthropy may say,
Shines, beams in man with most unclouded ray.
What boots it thee to fly from pole to pole?
Hang o'er the sun, and with the planets roll?
What boots through space's furthest bourns to roam?
If thou, O man, a stranger art at home.
Then know thyself, the human mind survey,
The use, the pleasure will the toil repay.
Hence inspiration plans his manner'd lays,
Hence Homer's crown, and Shakspeare hence thy bays.
Hence he, the pride of Athens and the shame,
The best and wisest of mankind became.
Nor study only, practise what you know,
Your life, your knowledge, to mankind you owe.
With Plato's olive wreath the bays entwine:
Those who in study, should in practice shine.
Say does the learned lord of Hagley's shade,
Charm man so much by mossy fountains laid,
As when arous'd, he stems corruption's course,
And shakes the senate with a Tully's force?
When freedom gasp'd beneath a Cæsar's feet,
Then public virtue might to shades retreat;
But where she breathes, the least may useful be,
And freedom, Britain, still belong to thee.
Though man's ungrateful, or though fortune frown;
Is the reward of worth a song or crown?
Nor yet unrecompens'd are virtue's pains.
Good Allen lives, and bounteous Brunswick reigns,

On each condition disappointments wait,
Enter the hut, and force the guarded gate.
Nor dare repine, though early friendship bleed,
From love, the world, and all its cares, he's freed.
But know, adversity's the child of God;
Whom Heaven approves of most, most feel her rod.
When smooth old Ocean and each storm's asleep,
Then ignorance may plough the watery deep;
But when the demons of the tempest rave,
Skill must conduct the vessel through the wave.
Sidney, what good man envies not thy blow?
Who would not wish Anytus* for a foe?
Intrepid virtue triumphs over fate,
The good can never be unfortunate.
And be this maxim graven in thy mind,
The height of virtue is to serve mankind.
But when old age has silver'd o'er thy head,
When memory fails, and all thy vigour's fled,
Then may'st thou seek the stillness of retreat,
Then hear aloof the human tempest beat,
Then will I greet thee to my woodland cave,
Allay the pangs of age, and smooth thy grave.

BRYAN AND PEREENE:

A WEST INDIA BALLAD.

The north-east wind did briskly blow,
The ship was safely moor'd,
Young Bryan thought the boat's crew slow,
And so leapt over board.

Pereene, the pride of Indian dames,
His heart did long enthral,
And whoso his impatience blames,
I wot ne'er lov'd at all.

* One of the accusers of Socrates.

A long, long year, one month and day,
He dwelt on English land,
Nor once in thought would ever stray,
Though ladies sought his hand.

For Bryan he was tall and strong,
Right blithsome roll'd his een,
Sweet was his voice whene'er he sung,
He scant had twenty seen.

But who the countless charms can draw,
That grac'd his mistress true;
Such charms the old world never saw,
Nor oft I ween the new.

Her raven hair plays round her neck,
Like tendrils of the vine;
Her cheeks red dewy rose buds deck,
Her eyes like diamonds shine.

Soon as his well-known ship she spied,
She cast her weeds away,
And to the palmy shore she hied,
All in her best array.

In sea-green silk so neatly clad,
She there impatient stood;
The crew with wonder saw the lad,
Repel the foaming flood.

Her hands a handkerchief display'd,
Which he at parting gave;
Well pleas'd the token he survey'd,
And manlier beat the wave.

Her fair companions, one and all,
Rejoicing crowd the strand;
For now her lover swam in call,
And almost touch'd the land.

Then through the white surf did she haste,
To clasp her lovely swain;
When, ah! a shark bit through his waist:
His heart's blood dy'd the main!

He shriek'd! his half sprung from the wave,
Streaming with purple gore,
And soon it found a living grave,
And, ah! was seen no more.

Now haste, now haste, ye maids, I pray,
Fetch water from the spring;
She falls she falls, she dies away,
And soon her knell they ring.

Now each May morning round her tomb,
Ye fair, fresh flow'rets strew,
So may your lovers 'scape his doom,
Her hapless fate 'scape you.

SMOLLET.

THIS truly ingenious and original writer was the youngest son of Sir James Smollet of Benhill, and was born at Dalquharn, on the banks of the Leven, in Dumbartonshire, in 1720.

After an ordinary course of education, Tobias Smollet was put apprentice to a surgeon in Glasgow, and afterwards attended the medical classes in Edinburgh. He then proceeded to London, and engaging as a surgeon's mate in the navy, was present at the siege of Carthagena, of which ill-conducted enterprise he gives an account in his Roderick Random. It was in this situation that he acquired his knowledge of sea characters, which he has drawn in his novels in so masterly a manner, and with such technical nicety.

It is probable, that he early sacrificed to the muses; but his first known publication is "The advice and Reproof," two satires, printed in 1746 and 1747. "The Tears of Scotland" likewise appeared about the same time; and "The Regicide," a tragedy, founded on the assassination of James I. of Scotland, which was offered, but not accepted, for the stage. This seems to have excited his indignation against Garrick, which the warmth of his temper induced him to carry to an improper length, and for which he was afterwards sorry and ashamed.

In 1748, "Roderick Random" came out, and it completely established his fame. About this time too, he took the degree of doctor in physic, and settling at Bath, produced an essay on the waters of that place; but meeting with little success, and being easily discouraged, he relinquished the profession of physic, and fixed his residence at Chelsea, where he devoted the whole of his time to literature, and produced a number of excellent works, some of which will be immortal. It is probable, however, that with all his exertions, he could never reach

that independence whose spirit he possessed in a high degree, and which he courted in a beautiful ode, which, with some other pieces of this author, we have inserted among the gems of British poetry.

In 1750 he commenced the Critical Review, a work which was long conducted with credit and ability; but which of late years has worn so many different liveries, that it is impossible to tell what master it serves.

The complete History of England was published in 1758, and yielded Smollet a considerable sum; but on his novels rather than his other works, his fame must rest. During Lord Bute's administration, he became a political writer; but it is said he experienced ingratitude and neglect, and this preying on his mind, impaired his health, which he tried to recover by a two years residence on the continent.

He returned, however, in the same declining state, and visited his native country, Scotland, which gave rise to that incomparable romance, "The Expedition of Humphry Clinker." He was again induced to return to the warm climate of Italy, but died at Leghorn, October 21, 1771, in the 51st year of his age, admired as a man of genius, and loved as a man of exquisite sensibility and moral worth.

Of the domestic life of Smollet, the little that is known does not exhibit a picture of happiness. He married a lady from Jamaica, by whom he had a daughter, whom he tenderly loved, and whose death, a short time before he went abroad in 1763, made an impression on his mind which he never perfectly recovered.

As a traveller, he was petulant and illiberal; but some excuse is to be made for a frame convulsed by the pangs of disease, and a mind soured by disappointment and calamity. Under such impressions, perhaps he ought not to have written; but where is the man who, having once found solace in a pursuit, will not naturally seek for comfort and consolation in the same path? Yet testy and discontented as he is, he writes with perspicuity, his observations are always sensible, and even his oddities are entertaining.

ODE TO MIRTH.

PARENT of joy! heart easing mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born;
Yet goddess sure of heavenly birth,
Visit benign a son of grief forlorn:
Thy glittering colours gay,
Around him mirth display:
And o'er his raptur'd sense
Diffuse thy living influence:
So shall each hill in purer green array'd,
And flower adorn'd in new-born beauty glow.
The grove shall smooth the horrors of the shade,
And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
Shine, goddess shine, with unremitted ray,
And gild, a second sun, with brighter beam our day.
Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged poverty can smile with thee,
If thou be nigh, grief's hate is vain,
And weak th' uplifted arm of tyranny.
The morning opes on high
His universal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden shower,
Lo! darkness trembling 'fore the hostile ray
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
The brood obscene, that own her gloomy sway,
Troop in her rear and fly th' approach of morn.
Pale shivering ghosts, that dread th' all-cheering light,
Quick, as the lightning's flash, glide to sepulchral night.
But whence the gladdening beam
That pours his purple stream
O'er the long prospect wide?
'Tis Mirth. I see her sit
In majesty of light,
With laughter at her side.
Bright-ey'd fancy hovering near,
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.

Fear not now affliction's power,
Fear not now wild passion's rage,
Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,
Save the tardy hand of age.
Now mirth hath heard the suppliant poet's pray'r,
No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the troubled air.

ODE TO LEVEN-WATER.

On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love;
I envied not the happiest swain,
That ever trod the Arcadian plain.
Pure stream in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source;
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal-flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel, and motled par.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bowers of birch, and groves of pine,
And edges-flower'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen,
And lasses chaunting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And ancient faith that knows no guile,
And industry embrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

ODE TO INDEPENDENCE.

STROPHE.

THY spirit, Independence, let me share,
Lord of the lion-heart and eagle eye,
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north,
A goddess violated brought thee forth,
Immortal liberty, whose looks sublime,
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.
What time the iron-hearted Gaul,
With frantic superstition for his guide,
Arm'd with the dagger and the pall,
The sons of Woden to the field defy'd:
The ruthless hag, by Weser's flood,
In Heaven's name urg'd the infernal blow;
And red the stream began to flow:
The vanquish'd were baptiz'd with blood!

ANTISTROPHE.

The Saxon prince in horror fled,
From altars stain'd with human gore;
And liberty his routed legions led
In safety to the bleak Norwegian shore.
There in a cave asleep she lay,
Lulled by the hoarse-resounding main;
When a bold savage past the way,
Impell'd by destiny, his name Disdain.
Of ample front the portly chief appear'd:
The hunted bear supply'd a shaggy vest;
The drifted snow hung on his yellow beard;
And his broad shoulders brav'd the furious blast.
He stopt: he gaz'd; his bosom glow'd,
And deeply felt the impression of her charms:
He seiz'd the advantage fate allow'd;
And straight compressed her in his vigorous arms.

STROPHE.

The curlieu scream'd, the tritons blew
Their shells, to celebrate the ravish'd rite;
Old time exulted as he flew;
And independence saw the light.

The light he saw in Albion's happy plains,
Where under cover of a flowering thorn,
While philomel renewed her warbled strains,
The auspicious fruit of stol'n embrace was born—
The mountain dryads seiz'd with joy
The smiling infant to their charge consign'd;
The Doric muse caress'd the favourite boy;
The hermit wisdom stor'd his opening mind.
As rolling years matur'd his age,
He flourish'd bold and sinewy as his sire;
While the mild passions in his breast assuage
The fiercer flames of his maternal sire.

ANTISTROPHE.

Accomplished thus, he winged his way,
And zealous rov'd from pole to pole,
The rolls of right eternal to display,
And warm with patriot thoughts the aspiring soul:
On desert isles 'twas he that rais'd
Those spires that gild the Adriatic wave,
Where tyranny beheld amaz'd
Fair freedom's temple, where he mark'd her grave.
He steeled the blunt Batavian's arms,
To burst the Iberian's double chain;
And cities rear'd, and planted farms,
Won from the skirts of Neptune's wide domain.
He, with the generous rustics, sate
On Uri's rocks in close divan;
And winged that arrow sure as fate,
Which ascertain'd the sacred rights of man.

STROPHE.

Arabia's scorching sands he cross'd,
Where blasted nature pants supine,
Conductor of her tribes adust,
To freedom's adamantine shrine;
And many a Tartar hord forlorn, aghast!
He snatch'd from under fell oppression's wing;
And taught amidst the dreary waste
The all-cheering hymns of liberty to sing.
He virtue finds, like precious ore,
Diffus'd through every baser mould,
Even now he stands on Calvi's rocky shore,

And turns the dross of Corsica to gold;
He, guardian genius, taught my youth
Pomp's tinsel livery to despise:
My lips by him chastised to truth,
Ne'er payed that homage which my heart denies.

ANTISTROPHE.

Those sculptur'd halls my feet shall never tread,
Where varnish'd vice and vanity combin'd,
To dazzle and seduce, there banners spread;
And forge vile shackles for the free-born mind.
While insolence his wrinkled front uprears,
And all the flowers of spurious fancy blow;
And title his ill-woven chaplet wears,
Full often wreathed around the miscreant's brow;
Where ever-dimpling falsehood, pert and vain,
Presents her cup of stale profession's froth;
And pale disease, with all his bloated train,
Torments the sons of gluttony and sloth.

STROPHE.

In fortune's car behold that minion ride,
With either India's glittering spoils opprest,
So moves the sumpter-mule, in harness'd pride,
That bears the treasure which he cannot taste.
For him let venal bards disgrace the bay,
And hireling minstrels wake the tinkling string;
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure lay;
And jingling bells fantastic folly ring:
Disquiet, doubt, and dread, shall intervene;
And nature, still to all her feelings just,
In vengeance hang a damp on every scene,
Shook from the baleful pinions of disgust.

ANTISTROPHE.

Nature I'll court in her sequestered haunts,
By mountain, meadow, streamlet, grove or cell.
Where the poised lark his evening ditty chaunts,
And health, and peace, and contemplation dwell.
There study shall with solitude recline;
And friendship pledge me to his fellow-swains;
And toil and temperance sedately twine
The slender cord that fluttering life sustains:

And fearless poverty shall guard the door;
And taste unspoiled the frugal table spread;
And industry supply the humble store:
And sleep unbribed his dews refreshing shed:
White-mantled innocence, ethereal sprite,
Shall chase far off the goblins of the night:
And independence o'er the day preside,
Propitious power! my patron and my pride.

SONG.

From the man whom I love though my heart I disguise,
I will freely describe the wretch I despise;
And if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

A wit without sense, without fancy a beau,
Like a parrot he chatters, and struts like a crow;
A peacock in pride, in grimace a baboon,
In courage a hind, in conceit a Gascoon.

As a vulture rapacious, in falsehood a fox,
Inconstant as waves, and unfeeling as rocks!
As a tyger ferocious, perverse as a hog,
In mischief an ape, and in fawning a dog.

In a word, to sum up all his talents together,
His heart is of lead, and his brain is of feather.
Yet, if he has sense but to balance a straw,
He will sure take the hint from the picture I draw.

SONG.

Let the nymph still avoid and be deaf to the swain,
Who in transports of passion affects to complain;
For his rage, not his love, in that frenzy is shown;
And the blast that blows loudest is soon overblown.

But the shepherd whom Cupid has pierc'd to the heart,
Will submissive adore, and rejoice in the smart;
Or in plaintive soft murmurs, his bosom-felt wo,
Like the smooth gliding current of rivers will flow.

Though silent his tongue, he will plead with his eyes,
And his heart own your sway in a tribute of sighs;
But when he accosts you in meadow or grove,
His tale is all tenderness, rapture, and love.

ARMSTRONG.

Dr. John Armstrong, both a poet and physician, was born at Castleton, in Roxburghshire, where his father was minister, about 1709. After the usual course of school education, he studied physic at Colmburgh, and took his degree at that university, with uncommon reputation, in 1732.

Soon after his graduation he went to London, and commenced physician; but never obtained any considerable share of practice. As an author, he was more successful; and in 1735 he published, anonymously, an Essay for Abridging the Study of Physic, inscribed to the then popular quacks, which would do no discredit to Lucian, in whose spirit it is written.

Passing over some professional works, we have to notice his "Oeconomy of Love," a poem evincing genius, but of the most licentious tendency. "The Art of Preserving Health," however, which appeared in 1744, atones for the former misdirection of his muse, and ranks him among the first didactic poets of this nation. Whether we attend to the precepts of the physician, or the magic charms of harmony and diction, we must allow that the fame of Dr. Armstrong is placed on an unperishable base, by this grand work.

Two years after, he was appointed a physician to the hospital for sick and lame soldiers; and at intervals produced some exquisite pieces of poetry and prose, though far inferior to his Art of Preserving Health. His Sketches, under the assumed title of Launcelot Temple, Esq. possess great merit, and are still read with pleasure.

Being appointed physician to the army in 1760, he attended it in Germany, where he wrote a poem called "Day," addressed to John Wilkes, Esq. In this he hazarded a reflection on Churchill, which drew on him the vengeance of that sturdy satirist, and interrupted the connection that had long subsisted between him and the pseudo patriot of his time.

After the peace of Paris 1763, Dr. Armstrong returned to London, and divided his time between the duties of his profession and the amusements of literature. In 1770 he published an agreeable collection of Miscellanies; and three years after his Medical Essays, towards the conclusion of which, he accounts for his limited practice as a physician, which he ascribes to a "ticklish state of spirits, and a distempered excess of sensibility."

He died in 1779, in comfortable circumstances, a proof of his temperate and frugal habits, for his income was always limited.

The character of Armstrong appears to have been amiable and respectable. He was the intimate friend of Thomson, and was well acquainted with many of the most distinguished literary and scientific persons of his time. As a poet, his compositions are unequal, some being polished to the highest degree, and exhibiting all the marks of genius, while others sink even below mediocrity, and scarcely appear the productions of the same muse.

Many of his poems are lost, and many he destroyed. To the latter, it is probable a much better reception would have been given by the majority of readers, than ever attended what he published. But he never courted the public: he wrote chiefly for his own amusement; and because he found it an agreeable and innocent way of sometimes spending an idle hour. He always most heartily despised the opinion of the *mobility*, from the lowest to the highest; and if it is true what he has sometimes been told, that the best judges are on his side, he desires no more in the article of fame and renown as a writer. If the best judges of this age honour him with their approbation, all the worst too of the next will favour him with theirs. In most of his writings he discovers a sound understanding and a good taste, and in some displays strong genius, and a vivid fancy.

THE ART OF PRESERVING HEALTH.

1774.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

BOOK I.

AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of every joy,
Hygeia; whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th' immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth; auspicious, O descend!
Thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffusest life and vigour through the tracts
Of air, through earth, and ocean's deep domain.
When through the blue serenity of Heaven
Thy power approaches, all the wasteful host
Of pain and sickness, squalid and deform'd,
Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
Where in deep Erebus involv'd the fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm through the shudd'ring air: whatever plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
Rise from the putrid watery element,
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,
Or the vile carnage of th' inhuman field:
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south;
Whatever ills th' extremes or sudden change
Of cold and hot, or moist and dry, produce;
They fly thy pure effulgence: they and all
The secret poisons of avenging Heaven,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of vice and heedless pleasure; or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill-combin'd,

Portend disastrous to the vital world;
Thy salutary power averts their rage,
Averts the general bane: and but for thee
Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.
Without thy cheerful active energy
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight.
Come then with me, O goddess, heavenly gay!
Begin the song; and let it sweetly flow,
And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws:
"How best the fickle fabric to support
"Of mortal man; in healthful body how
"A healthful mind the longest to maintain."
'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to choose
The best, and those of most extensive use;
Harder in clear and animated song
Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
Yet with thy aid the secret wilds I trace
Of nature, and with daring steps proceed
Through paths the muses never trod before.
Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
Had I the lights of that sagacious mind,
Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou long the fav'rite of the healing powers,
Indulge, O Mead! a well-design'd essay,
Howe'er imperfect; and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country share,
Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
And with new graces dignify the theme.
Ye who amid this feverish world would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind;
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead.
The dying, sick'ning, and the living world
Exhal'd, to sully heaven's transparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not air
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine;
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw

Of nature; when from shape and texture she
Relapses into fighting elements:
It is not air, but floats a nauseous mass
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
Much moisture hurts; but here a sordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
The solid frame than simple moisture can.
Besides, immur'd in many a sullen bay
That never felt the freshness of the breeze.
This slumb'ring deep remains, and ranker grows
With sickly rest: and, though the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyss,
Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from so many thund'ring chimneys, tame
The putrid streams that overswarm the sky;
This caustic venom would perhaps corrode
Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin
Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
And rouse the heart to every fever's rage.
While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
That fans the ever undulating sky;
A kindly sky! whose fost'ring power regales
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign.
Find then some woodland scene where nature smiles
Benign, where all her honest children thrive,
To us there wants not many a happy seat!
Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice,
See where enthron'd in adamantine state,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits;
There choose thy seat, in some aspiring grove,
Fast by the slowly winding Thames; or where
Broader she laves fair Richmond's green retreats,
Richmond, that sees an hundred villas rise,
Rural or gay. O, from the summer's rage,
O, wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham!—But if the busy town

Attract thee still to toil for power or gold,
Sweetly thou mayst thy vacant hours possess
In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding floods;
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds
Of Dulwich, yet by barbarous arts unspoil'd.
Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air;
But on the marshy plains that Lincoln spreads
Build not, nor rest too long thy wand'ring feet.
For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
Quartana there presides; a meagre fiend,
Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
Compress'd the slothful naiad of the fens.
From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest,
With fev'rish blasts subdues the sickening hand:
Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
That sting the burden'd brows, fatigue the loins,
And rack the joints and every torpid limb;
Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
O'erflow: a short relief from former ills.
Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine;
The vigour sinks, the habit melts away;
The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom,
Dies from the face, with squalid atrophy
Devour'd, in sallow melancholy clad.
And oft the sorceress, in her sacred wrath,
Resigns them to the furies of her train;
The bloated hydrops, and the yellow fiend,
Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain
Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake;
Where many lazy muddy rivers flow:
Nor for the wealth that all the Indies roll,
Fix near the marshy margin of the main,
For from the humid soil and wat'ry reign
Eternal vapours rise; the spungy air
For ever weeps: or, turgid with the weight
Of waters, pours a sounding deluge down.
Skies such as these let every mortal shun
Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,

Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh:
Or any other injury that grows,
From raw-spun fibres idle and unstrung,
Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood
In languid eddies loitering into phlegm.
Yet not alone from humid skies we pine;
For air may be too dry. The subtle heaven,
That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
Bare and extended wide without a stream,
Too fast imbibes th' attenuated lymph,
Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.
The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay
Their flexible vibrations; or, inflam'd,
Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.
Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide
That slow as Lethe wanders through the veins:
Unactive in the services of life,
Unfit to lead its pitchy current through
The secret mazy channels of the brain.
The melancholic fiend, that worst despair
Of physic, hence the rust-complexion'd man
Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
Too stretch'd a tone: and hence in climes adust
So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
And burning fevers glow with double rage.
Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
Of air: the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.
But as the power of choosing is deny'd
To half mankind, a further task ensues;
How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
How breathe, unhurt, the withering element,
Or hazy atmosphere: though custom moulds
To ev'ry clime the soft Promethean clay;
And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd,
So kind is native air, may in the fens
Of Essex from inveterate ills revive,
At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught.
But if the raw and oozy heaven offend,
Correct the soil, and dry the sources up
Of watery exhalation: wide and deep
Conduct your trenches through the quaking bog;

Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
Betray th' unwilling lake into the stream;
And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
To break the toils where strangled vapours lie;
Or through the thickets send the crackling flames.
Meantime, at home, with cheerful fires dispel
The humid air: and let your table smoke
With solid roast or bak'd; or what the herds
Of tamer breeds supply; or what the wilds
Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase.
Generous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years;
But frugal be your cups: the languid frame,
Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
Shrinks from the cold embrace of watery heavens.
But neither these, nor all Apollo's arts,
Disarm the dangers of the drooping sky,
Unless with exercise and manly toil
You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging blood.
The fatt'ning clime let all the sons of ease
Avoid; if indolence would wish to live,
Go, yawn and loiter out the long slow year
In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch
The skin and lungs, and bake the thickening blood;
Deep in the waving forest choose your seat,
Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air;
And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.
Here spread your gardens wide: and let the cool,
The moist relaxing vegetable store,
Prevail in each repast: your food supplied
By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
By soft decoction, and a mellowing heat,
To liquid balm; or, if the solid mass
You choose, tormented in the boiling wave;
That through the thirsty channels of the blood
A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow.
The fragrant dairy, from its cool recess,
Its nectar acid, or benign will pour,
To drown your thirst; or let the mantling bowl
Of keen sherbet the fickle taste relieve.
For with the vicious blood the simple stream
Will hardly mingle; and fermented cups
Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.

Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
His horrors o'er the world, thou mayst indulge
In feasts more genial, and impatient broach
The mellow cask. Then, too, the scourging air
Provokes to keener toils than sultry draughts
Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
Bedew'd, our seasons droop; incumbent still
A ponderous heaven o'erwhelms the sinking soul.
Lab'ring with storms, in heapy mountains rise
Th' imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
Till black with thunder all the south descends.
Scarce in a showerless day the heavens indulge
Our melting clime; except the baleful east
Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
Good heaven! for what unexpiated crimes
This dismal change! The brooding elements
Do they, your powerful ministers of wrath,
Prepare some fierce exterminating plague?
Or is it fix'd in the decrees above,
That lofty Albion melt into the main!
Indulgent nature, O dissolve this gloom!
Bind in eternal adamant the winds
That drown or wither: give the genial west
To breathe, and, in its turn, the sprightly north:
And may once more the circling seasons rule
The year; nor mix in every monstrous day.

Meantime, the moist malignity to shun
Of burden'd skies; mark where the dry champaign
Swells into cheerful hills; where marjoram
And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air;
And where the cynorrhodon with the rose
For fragrance vies; for in the thirsty soil
Most fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
There bid thy roofs, high on the basking steep,
Ascend, there light thy hospitable fires.
And let them see the winter morn arise,
The summer evening blushing in the west;
While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind

O'erhung, defends you from the blust'ring north,
And bleak affliction of the peevish east.
O! when the growling winds contend, and all
The sounding forest fluctuates in the storm;
To sink in warm repose, and hear the din
Howl o'er the steady battlements, delights
Above the luxury of vulgar sleep.
The murmuring rivulet, and the hoarser strain
Of waters rushing o'er the slippery rocks,
Will nightly lull you to ambrosial rest.
To please the fancy is no trifling good,
Where health is studied; for whatever moves
The mind with calm delight, promotes the just
And natural movements of the harmonious frame.
Besides, the sportive brook for ever shakes
The trembling air; that floats from hill to hill,
From vale to mountain, with incessant change
Of purest element, refreshing still
Your airy seat, and uninfected gods.
Chiefly for this I praise the man who builds
High on the breezy ridge, whose lofty sides
Th' ethereal deep with endless billows chafes.
His purer mansion nor contagious years
Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.
But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
Involve my hill! And whereso'er you build;
Whether on sun-burnt Epsom, or the plains
Wash'd by the silent Lee; in Chelsea low,
Or high Blackheath, with wint'ry winds assail'd;
Dry be your house: but airy more than warm.
Else every breath of ruder wind will strike
Your tender body through with rapid pains;
Fierce coughs will teaze you, hoarseness bind your voice,
Or moist Gravedo load your aching brows.
These to defy, and all the fates that dwell
In cloister'd air, tainted with streaming life,
Let lofty ceilings grace your ample rooms;
And still at azure noontide may your dome
At every window drink the liquid sky.
Need we the sunny situation here,
And theatres open to the south commend?
Here, where the morning's misty breath infests

More than the torrid noon: how sickly grow,
How pale the plants in those ill-fated vales,
That, circled round with the gigantic heap
Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
To feel the genial vigour of the sun!
While on the neighbouring hill the rose inflames
The verdant spring; in virgin beauty blows
The tender lily, languishingly sweet;
O'er every hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
And autumn ripens in the summer's ray.
Nor less the warmer living tribes demand
The fost'ring sun; whose energy divine
Dwells not in mortal fire; whose gen'rous heat
Glows through the mass of grosser elements,
And kindles into life the pond'rous spheres.
Cheer'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
We court thy beams, great majesty of day!
If not the soul, the regent of this world,
First-born of Heaven, and only less than God!

BOOK II.

DIET.

Enough of air. A desart subject now,
Rougher and wilder, rises to my sight.
A barren waste, where not a garland grows
To bind the muse's brow; not even a proud
Stupendous solitude frowns o'er the heath,
To rouse a noble horror in the soul:
But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
Through endless labyrinths the devious feet.
Farewell, ethereal fields! the humbler arts
Of life; the table, and the homely gods,
Demand my song, Elysian gales adieu!
The blood, the fountain whence the spirits flow,
The generous stream that waters every part,
And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
To every particle that moves or lives;
This vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes
Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
Refunded; scourg'd for ever round and round;
Enrag'd with heat and toil, at last forgets

Its balmy nature, virulent and thin
It grows; and now, but that a thousand gates
Are open to its flight, it would destroy
The parts it cherish'd and repair'd before.
Besides, the flexible and tender tubes
Melt in the mildest most nectarious tide
That ripening nature rolls; as in the stream
Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force
Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
That very force those plastic particles
Rebuild: so mutable the state of man.
For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
Daily with fresh materials to repair
This unavoidable expence of life,
This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
Hence the concoctive powers, with various art,
Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle:
The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide
To liquors, which through finer arteries
To different parts their winding course pursue;
To try new changes, and new forms put on,
Or for the public, or some private use.
Nothing so foreign, but th' athletic hind
Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;
By violent powers too easily subdu'd,
Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws,
To friendly chyle, the most rebellious mass
That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;
Nor does his gorge the luscious bacon rue,
Nor that which Cestria sends, tenacious paste
Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,
Infirm and delicate! and ye, who waste
With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day!
Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
The full repast: and let sagacious age
Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.
Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
Readiest obeys th' assimilating pow'rs;
And soon the tender vegetable mass
Relents; and soon the young of those that tread
The stedfast eath, or cleave the green abyss,

Or pathless sky. And if the steer must fall,
In youth and sanguine vigour let him die;
Nor stay till rigid age, or heavy ails,
Absolve him ill requited from the yoke.
Some with high forage, and luxuriant ease,
Indulge the veteran ox; but wiser thou,
From the bald mountain or the barren downs,
Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;
A race of purer blood, with exercise
Refin'd, and scanty fare: for, old or young,
The stall'd are never healthy; nor the cramm'd.
Not all the culinary arts can tame
To wholesome food the abominable growth
Of rest and gluttony; the prudent taste
Rejects like bane such lothesome lusciousness.
The languid stomach curses even the pure
Delicious fat, and all the race of oil:
For more the oily aliments relax
Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph,
Fond to incorporate with all it meets,
Coyly they mix, and shun with slippery wiles
The woo'd embrace. Th' irresoluble oil,
So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
Of rancid bile o'erflows: what tumults hence,
What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
Choose leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes:
Choose sober meal; and rouse to active life
Your cumbrous clay; nor on th' enfeebling down,
Irresolute, protract the morning hours.
But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,
With cheerful ease and succulent repast,
Improve his habit if he can; for each
Extreme departs from perfect sanity.

I could relate what table this demands,
Or that complexion; what the various powers
Of various foods: but fifty years would roll,
And fifty more, before the tale were done.
Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,
Peculiar thing; nor on the skin display'd,
Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen;
Which finds a poison in the food that most

The temp'rature affects. There are, whose blood
Impetuous rages through the turgid veins,
Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
Than the moist melon, or pale cucumber.
Of chilly nature others fly the board
Supply'd with slaughter, and the vernal powers
For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.
Some even the generous nutriment detest,
Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears.
Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
Of Pales; soft, delicious, and benign:
The balmy quintessence of every flower,
And every grateful herb that decks the spring;
The fost'ring dew of tender sprouting life;
The best refection of declining age;
The kind restorative of those who lie
Half dead and panting, from the doubtful strife
Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
There is not such a salutary food
As suits with every stomach. But, except,
Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which
You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all;
Taught by experience, soon you may discern
What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
That lull'd the sicken'd appetite too long;
Or heave with fev'rish flushings all the face,
Burn in the palms, and parch the roughning tongue:
Or much diminish, or too much increase
Th' expence which nature's wise economy,
Without or waste or avarice, maintains.
Such cates abjur'd, let prowling hunger loose,
And bid the curious palate roam at will;
They scarce can err amid the various stores
That burst the teeming entrails of the world.
Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives;
The tyger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
Would at the manger starve: of milder seeds
The generous horse to herbage and to grain
Confines his wish; though fabling Greece resound

The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.
Prompted by instinct's never-erring power,
Each creature knows its proper aliment;
But man, th' inhabitant of every clime,
With all the commoners of nature feeds.
Directed, bounded, by this power within,
Their cravings are well-aim'd: voluptuous man
Is by superior faculties misled;
Misled from pleasure, even in quest of joy.
Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
With dishes tortur'd from their native taste,
And mad variety, to spur beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite!
Is this for pleasure? Learn a juster taste;
And know that temperance is true luxury.
Or is it pride? Pursue some nobler aim,
Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire;
And earn the fair esteem of honest men,
Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as yours,
The sick, the needy shiver at your gates.
Even modest want may bless your hand unseen,
Though hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
Is there no virgin, grac'd with every charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow?
No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom,
Unfoster'd, sickens in the barren shade?
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too generous and humane,
Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own?
There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.
But other ills th' ambiguous feast pursue,
Besides provoking the lascivious taste.
Such various foods, though harmless each alone,
Each other violate; and oft we see
What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
From combinations of innoxious things.
Th' unbounded taste I mean not to confine
To hermit's diet needlessly severe.
But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,

Or husband pleasure, at one impious meal
Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
Of every realm. It matters not, meanwhile,
How much to-morrow differ from to-day;
So far indulge: 'tis fit, besides, that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
But stay the curious appetite, and taste
With caution fruits you never tried before.
For want of use, the kindest aliment
Sometimes offends; while custom tames the rage
Of poison to mild amity with life.
So Heav'n has form'd us to the general taste
Of all its gifts; so custom has improv'd
This bent of nature; that few simple foods,
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean, yield,
But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
Of light refection, at the genial board
Indulge not often; nor protract the feast
To dull satiety; till soft and slow
A drowsy death creeps on, th' expansive soul
Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.
The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
The softest food: unfinish'd and deprav'd,
The chyle, in all its future wanderings, owns
Its turbid fountain; not by purer streams
So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain;
To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
Th' unripen'd grape? Or what mechanic skill,
From the crude ore, can spin the ductile gold?
Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues: but more immedicable ills
Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows
How to disburden the too tumid veins,
Even how to ripen the half-labour'd blood:
But to unlock the elemental tubes,
Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,
And with balsamic nutriment repair
The dried and worn-out habit, were to bid
Old age grow green, and wear a second spring;
Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,
Through wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.

When hunger calls, obey; nor often wait
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain:
For the keen appetite will feast beyond
What nature well can bear; and one extreme
Ne'er without danger meets its own reverse.
Too greedily th' exhausted veins absorb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled powers
Oft to th' extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities, by the firm-set sage
And famine humbled, may this verse be borne;
And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds,
Long toss'd and famish'd on the wint'ry main;
The war shook off, or hospitable shore
Attain'd, with temperance bear the shock of joy?
Nor crown with festive rites th' auspicious day:
Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on;
But prudently foment the wandering spark
With what the soonest feeds its kindred touch:
Be frugal ev'n of that: a little give
At first; that kindled, add a little more;
Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame
Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.
But though the two, the full and the jejune,
Extremes have each their vice: it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that: so nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues
The cruder clods by sloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lours;
Then is a time to shun the tempting board,
Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
Perhaps a fast so seasonable starves
The latent seeds of woe, which, rooted once,
Might cost you labour. But the day return'd
Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
Most in the tender vegetable breed:
Then chiefly, when the summer beams inflame

The brazen heavens; or angry Sirius sheds
A feverish taint through the still gulf of air.
The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup,
From the fresh dairy-virgin's liberal hand
Will save your head from harm, though round the world
The dreaded causos * roll his wasted fires.
Pale humid winter loves the generous board,
The meal more copious, and a warmer fare;
And longs, with old wood and old wine, to cheer
His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
Th' empires of heat and cold, by neither claim'd,
Influenc'd by both, a middle regimen
Impose. Through autumn's languishing domain
Descending, nature by degrees invites
To glowing luxury. But from the depth
Of winter, when th' invigorated year
Emerges; when Favonius flush'd with love,
Toyful and young, in every breeze descends
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks;
And learn, with wise humanity, to check
The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to th' indulgent sky;
Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand
The prone creation; yields what once suffic'd
Their dainty sovereign, when the world was young;
Ere yet the barbarous thirst of blood had seiz'd
The human breast. Each rolling month matures
The food that suits it most; so does each clime.
Far in the horrid realms of winter, where
Th' establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole;
There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
Relentless earth, their cruel stepmother
Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
Untam'd, untractable, no harvests wave:
Pomona hates them, and the clownish god
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
Is earn'd with ease; for here the fruitful spawn

* The burning fever.

Of ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
With generous fare and luxury profuse.
These are their bread, the only bread they know;
These, and their willing slave the deer, that crops
The shrubby herbage on their meagre hills.
Girt by the burning zone, not thus the south
Her swarthy sons in either Ind, maintains:
Or thirsty Libya; from whose fervid loins
The lion bursts, and every fiend that roams
Th' affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,
Adust and dry, no sweet repast affords:
Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals
Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood
Brews feverish frays; where scarce the tubes sustain
Its tumid fervour and tempestuous course;
Kind nature tempts not to such gifts as these.
But here in livid ripeness melts the grape:
Here, finish'd by invigorating suns,
Through the green shade the golden orange glows;
Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
A generous pulp: the coco swells on high
With milky riches; and in horrid mail
The crisp ananas wraps its poignant sweets.
Earth's vaunted progeny: in ruder air
Too coy to flourish, even too proud to live;
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
To vapid life. Here with a mother's smile
Glad Amalthea pours her copious horn.
Here buxom Ceres reigns: th' autumnal sea
In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
What suits the climate best, what suits the men,
Nature profuses most, and most the taste
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.
The breeze eternal breathing round their limbs,
Supports in else intolerable air:
While the cool palm, the plaintain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.
Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander through your gelid reign.

I burn to view th' enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks
Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient song.
Here from the desert down the rumbling steep
First springs the Nile; here bursts the sounding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the east;
And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What solemn twilight! what stupendous shades
Enwrap these infant floods! Through every nerve
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame The forest deepens round;
And more gigantic still th' impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are these the confines of some fairy world?
A land of genii? Say, beyond these wilds
What unknown nations? If indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
Your gifts, so Pæon, so the powers of health
Command, to praise your crystal element;
The chief ingredient in heaven's various works;
Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
And life, to all that vegetate or live.
O comfortable streams! With eager lips
And trembling hands the languid thirsty quaff
New life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins,
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
None warmer sought the sires of human kind.
Happy in temperate peace! Their equal days
Felt not the alternate fits of feverish mirth,
And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd
They knew no pains but what the tender soul
With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.

Blest with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods
Return to visit their degenerate sons,
How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
Too happy they! but wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on sloth begot disease.

Learn temperance, friends; and hear without disdain
The choice of water. Thus the Coan* sage
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of every school.
What least of foreign principles partakes
Is best: The lightest then; what bears the touch
Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air;
The most insipid; the most void of smell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides
Pours down; such waters in the sandy vale
For ever boil alike of winter frosts
And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream,
Through rocks resounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholesome, pure,
And mellow draughts; except when winter thaws,
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Though thirst were e'er so resolute, avoid
The sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's slow canals;
With rest corrupt, with vegetation green;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monsters, till the power of fire
Has from profane embraces disengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin stream
In boiling wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.
But where the stomach indolent and cold
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th' insipid stream: though golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught;
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all

* Hippocrates.

The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss
Of fermentation spring; with spirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire;
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd
Th' embodied mass. You see what countless years,
Embalm'd in fiery quintessence of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the slim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.
We curse not wine: the vile excess we blame;
More fruitful than th' accumulated board,
Of pain and misery. For the subtle draught
Faster and surer swells the vital tide;
And with more active poison than the floods
Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.
Ah! sly deceiver! Branded o'er and o'er,
Yet still believ'd! Exulting o'er the wreck
Of sober vows!—But the Parnassian maids
* Another time perhaps shall sing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes of wine;
Perhaps its various tribes, and various powers.
Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl,
Nor every trespass shun. The feverish strife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expells
The loitering crudities that burden life;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th' obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
Is full of chances, which by habit's power
To learn to bear is easier than to shun.
Ah! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages;
Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd:
Then learn to revel; but by slow degrees:
By slow degrees the liberal arts are won;
And Hercules grew strong. But when you smooth

* See Book iv.

The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
In cups by well-inform'd experience found
The least your bane: and only with your friends.
There are sweet follies; frailties to be seen
By friends alone, and men of generous minds.
Oh! seldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep! I would not daily taste,
Except when life declines, even sober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow with balm,
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys:
And is it wise when youth with pleasure flows,
To squander the reliefs of age and pain!
What dextrous thousands just within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly course!
Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions shock the head.
But ah! what woes remain! Life rolls apace,
And that incurable disease old age,
In youthful bodies more severely felt,
More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime:
Except kind nature by some hasty blow
Prevent their lingering fates. For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The sanguine tide; whether the frequent bowl,
High-season'd fare, or exercise to toil
Protracted; spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
And sows the temples with untimely snow.
When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increasing force; and, day by day,
The growth advances: till the larger tubes,
Acquiring, from their elemental veins,
Condens'd to solid chords, a firmer tone,
Sustain, and just sustain, th' impetuous blood.
Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
And pressure, still the great destroy the small;
Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
Life glows mean time, amid the grinding force
Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes;
Its various functions vigorously are plied

By strong machinery; and in solid health
The man confirm'd long triumphs o'er disease.
But the full ocean ebbs: there is a point,
By nature fix'd, whence life must downward tend.
For still the beating tide consolidates
The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still
To the weak throbs of th' ill-supported heart.
This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees
To hard unyielding unelastic bone,
Through tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;
It loiters still: and now it stirs no more.
This is the period few attain; the death
Of nature; thus, so Heav'n ordains it, life
Destroys itself; and could these laws have chang'd,
Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate;
And Homer live immortal as his song.
What does not fade? The tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base.
And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,
Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tottering empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
And all those worlds that roll around the sun,
The sun himself shall die; and ancient night
Again involve the desolate abyss:
Till the great Father through the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For though the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
Being, in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhorr'd decay:
It ever did; perhaps and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deep;
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

BOOK III.

EXERCISE.

Through various toils th' adventurous muse has past;
But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rule is her theme, and hardly fit for song;
Plain, and of little ornament; and I
But little practis'd in th' Aonian arts.
Yet not in vain such labours have we tried,
If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.
To you, ye delicate, I write; for you
I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
And grow still paler by the midnight lamps.
Not to debilitate with timorous rules
A hardy frame; nor needlessly to brave
Inglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength;
Is all the lesson that in wholesome years
Concerns the strong. His care were ill bestow'd
Who would with warm effeminacy nurse
The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blasts that sweep the wint'ry heav'n.
Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies;
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
He knows no laws by Esculapius given;
He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly
When rapid Sirius fires th' autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd
To every casualty of varied life;
Serene he bears the peevish eastern blast,
And uninfected breathes the mortal south.
Such the reward of rude and sober life;
Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil
Is well repaid; if exercise were pain
Indeed, and temperance pain. By arts like these
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons;
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,
Unhurt, through every toil in every clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;
The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,
Mellow'd, and subtiliz'd; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year: come, let us stray
Where chance or fancy leads our roving walk:
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heavens, enwrap the limbs in balm,
And shed a charming langour o'er the soul.
Nor when bright winter sows with prickly frost
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home; nor even when Eurus blasts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My liberal walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no season should confine
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain; from th' ethereal source
Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th' exulting steed.
Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport
Intent with emulous impatience, try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chase the desperate deer;
And through its deepest solitudes awake
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.
But if the breathless chase o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry. Such, through the bounds
Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains; such
The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the stream
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays,
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song: though not a purer stream,
Through meads more flowery or more romantic groves,

Rolls toward the western main. Hail, sacred flood!
May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows, and the golden grain:
Oft with thy blooming sons, when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I liv'd:
Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks,
With the well-imitated fly to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.
Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
There are who think these pastimes scarce humane.
Yet in my mind, and not relentless I,
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.
But if through genuine tenderness of heart,
Or secret want of relish for the game,
You shun the glories of the chase, nor care
To haunt the peopled stream; the garden yields
A soft amusement, an humane delight.
To raise th' insipid nature of the ground;
Or tame its savage genius to the grace
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
The amiable result of happy chance,
Is to create; and gives a godlike joy,
Which every year improves. Nor thou disdain
To check the lawless riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he! whom, when his years decline,
His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd, and equal to his moderate mind;
His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
Even envied by the vain, the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus, from this stormy world,
Receive to rest; of all ungrateful cares
Absolv'd, and sacred from the selfish crowd.
Happiest of men! if the same soil invites

A chosen few, companions of his youth,
Once fellow-rakes, perhaps, now rural friends;
With whom in easy commerce to pursue
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame:
A fair ambition; void of strife or guile,
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.
Who plans th' enchanted garden, who directs
The visto best, and best conducts the stream;
Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;
Whom first the welcome spring salutes; who shows
The earliest bloom, the sweetest proudest charms
Of Flora: who best gives Pomona's juice
To match the sprightly genius of champaign.
Thrice happy days! in rural business past:
Blest winter nights! when as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile.
And pleasing talk that starts no timorous fame,
With witless wantonness to hunt it down:
Or through the fairy hand of tale or song
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity;
Till lost in fable, they the stealing hour
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,
His neighbours lift the latch, and bless unbid
His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast,
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;
And, through the maze of conversation, trace
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve, for I delight to taste
The native zest and flavour of the fruit,
Where sense grows wild and takes of no manure,
The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman
Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;
And at my table find himself at home.
Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
The tennis some; and some the graceful dance.
Others more hardy, range the purple heath,
Or naked stubble; where from field to field
The sounding coveys urge their labouring flight;
Eager amid the rising cloud to pour

The gun's unerring thunder: and there are
Whom still the meed of the green archer charms.
He chooses best, whose labour entertains
His vacant fancy most: the toil you hate
Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.
As beauty still has blemish; and the mind
The most accomplish'd its imperfect side;
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But some one part is weaker than the rest:
The legs, perhaps, or arms, refuse their load,
Or the chest labours. These assiduously,
But gently, in their proper arts employ'd,
Acquire a vigour and springy activity
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.
Begin with gentle toils; and, as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.
The prudent, even in every moderate walk,
At first but saunter; and by slow degrees
Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
Well knows the master of the flying steed.
First from the goal the manag'd coursers play
On bended reins: as yet the skilful youth
Repress their foamy pride; but every breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells;
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once from indolence to toil
You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
Compress'd, can pour the lubricating balm.
Besides, collected in the passive veins,
The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls
O'erpowers the heart, and deluges the lungs
With dangerous inundation: oft the source
Of fatal woes; a cough that foams with blood,
Asthma and feller peripneumony,
Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.
Th' athletic fool, to whom what heav'n deny'd
Of soul, is well compensated in limbs,
Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels
His vegetation and brute force decay.

The men of better clay and finer mould
Know nature, feel the human dignity;
And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Pursu'd prolixly, even the gentlest toil
Is waste of health: repose by small fatigue
Is earn'd; and, where your habit is not prone
To thaw, by the first moisture of the brows.
The fine and subtle spirits cost too much
To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm.
But when the hard varieties of life
You toil to learn; or try the dusty chase,
Or the warm deeds of some important day:
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
In wish'd repose; nor court the fanning gale,
Nor taste the spring. O, by the sacred tears
Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, sires,
Forbear! No other pestilence has driven
Such myriads o'er th' irremeable deep.
Why this so fatal, the sagacious muse
Through nature's cunning labyrinth's could trace.
But there are secrets which who knows not now,
Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy alps
Of science; and devote seven years to toil.
Besides, I would not stun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurks the shelves, and where the whirlpools boil,
What signs portend the storm: to subtler minds
He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave;
Whence those impetuous currents in the main
Which neither oar nor sail can stem; and why
The roughening deep expects the storm, as sure
As red Orion mounts the shrouded heaven.
In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vied
For polish'd luxury and useful arts,
All hot and reeking from th' Olympic strife,
And warm Pelestra, in the tepid bath
Th' athletic youth relax'd their weary limbs.
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of nard and cassia fraught, to sooth and heal
The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous clime

Not much invites us to such arts as these,
'Tis not for those, whom gelid skies embrace,
And chilling fogs; whose perspiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the north;
'Tis not for those to cultivate a skin
Too soft: or teach the recremental fume
Too fast to crowd through such precarious ways,
For through the small arterial mouths, that pierce
In endless millions the close-woven skin,
The baser fluids in a constant stream
Escape, and, viewless, melt into the winds.
While this eternal, this most copious waste
Of blood, degénerate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted measure, all the powers
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With ease and pleasure move: but this restrain'd
Or more or less, so more or less you feel
The functions labour: from this fatal source,
What woes descend is never to be sung.
To take their numbers were to count the sands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Libyan air;
Or waves that, when the blustering north embroils
The Baltic, thunder on the German shore.
Subject not then, by soft emollient arts,
This grand expence, on which your fates depend,
To every caprice of the sky: nor thwart
The genius of your clime: for from the blood
Least fickle rise the recremental steams,
And least obnoxious to the styptic air,
Which breathe through straiter and more callous pores,
The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads
His boundless snows, nor rues th' inclement heaven;
And hence our painted ancestors defied
The east; nor curs'd, like us, their fickle sky.
The body moulded by the clime, endures
Th' equator heats, or hyperborean frost:
Except by habits foreign to its turn,
Unwise you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
By long acquaintance: study then your sky,
Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
And learn to suffer what you cannot shun;

Against the rigours of a damp cold heav'n,
To fortify their bodies, some frequent
The gelid cistern; and, where nought forbids,
I praise their dauntless heart: a frame so steel'd
Dreads not the cough, nor those ungenial blasts
That breathe the tertian or fell rheumatism;
The nerves so temper'd, never quit their tone;
No chronic langours haunt such hardy breasts.
But all things have their bounds; and he who makes
By daily use the kindest regimen
Essential to his health, should never mix
With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
He not the safe vicissitudes of life
Without some shock endures; ill fitted he
To want the known, or bear unusual things.
Besides, the powerful remedies of pain,
Since pain in spite of all our care will come,
Should never with your prosperous days of health
Grow too familiar: for, by frequent use,
The strongest medicines lose their healing power,
And even the surest poisons theirs to kill.
Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania, or the sultry West,
Or the wide flood that laves rich Indostan,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
Untwist their stubborn pores; that full and free
Th' evaporation through the soften'd skin
May bear proportion to the swelling blood.
So may they 'scape the fever's rapid flames;
So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.
With us, the man of no complaint demands
The warm ablution just enough to clear
The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
The body sacred from indecent soil.
Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce,
As much it does, to health, were greatly worth
Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;
The want of this is poverty's worst woe;
With this external virtue age maintains
A decent grace; without it youth and charms
Are loathsome. This the venal graces know;
So doubtless do your wives; for married sires,

As well as lovers, still pretend to taste;
Nor is it less, all prudent wives can tell
To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.
But now the hours and seasons when to toil,
From foreign themes recal my wandering song.
Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed,
To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.
Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame
'Tis wisely done: for while the thirsty veins,
Impatient of lean penury, devour
The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
Now while the stomach from the full repast
Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil:
And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress.
But from the recent meal no labours please,
Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial powers
Claim all the wandering spirits to a work
Of strong and subtle toil, and great event:
A work of time: and you may rue the day
You hurried, with untimely exercise,
A half-connected chyle into the blood.
The body overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm
Much toil demands: the lean elastic less.
While winter chills the blood and binds the veins,
No labours are too hard: by those you 'scape
The slow diseases of the torpid year;
Endless to name: to one of which alone,
To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
Is pleasure. Oh! from such inhuman pains
May all be free who merit not the wheel!
But from the burning lion when the sun
Pours down his sultry wrath; now while the blood
Too much already maddens in the veins,
And all the finer fluids through the skin
Explore their flight; me, near the cool cascade
Reclin'd, or saunt'ring in the lofty grove.
No needless slight occasion should engage
To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
Now the fresh morn alone, and mellow eve,

To shady walks and active rural sports
Invite. But, while the chilling dews descend,
May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
Of humid skies; though 'tis no vulgar joy
To trace the horrors of the solemn wood,
While the soft evening saddens into night,
Though the sweet poet of the vernal groves
Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.
The shades descend, and midnight o'er the world
Expands her sable wings. Great nature droops
Through all her works. Now happy he whose toil
Has o'er his languid powerless limbs diffus'd
A pleasing lassitude: he not in vain
Invokes the gentle deity of dreams.
His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
In soft repose: on him the balmy dews
Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
In deep oblivion; or on fancy's wings
Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
And waken cheerful as the lively morn;
Oppress not nature sinking down to rest,
With feasts too late, too solid, or too full:
But be the first concoction half matur'd,
Ere you to mighty indolence resign
Your passive faculties. He, from the toils
And troubles of the day, to heavier toil
Retires; whom trembling from the tower that rocks
Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
The busy demons hurl; or in the main
O'erwhelm; or bury, struggling under ground.
Not all a monarch's luxury, the woes
Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
Of wild Orestes; whose delirious brain,
Stung by the furies, works with poison'd thought:
While pale and monstrous painting shocks the soul,
And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
For ever torn, and chaos floating round.
What dreams presage, what dangers these or those
Portend to sanity, though prudent seers
Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,

We would not to the superstitious mind
Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear.
'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
To banish omens and all restless woes.
In study some protract the silent hours,
Which others consecrate to mirth and wine;
And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
But surely this redeems not from the shades
One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
Of th' ever-varying circle of the day;
Or whether, through the tedious winter gloom,
You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,
Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils
Of wakeful day, exhausted and unstrung,
Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.
The grand discharge, th' effusion of the skin,
Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
Creep on, and through the sick'ning functions steal;
As, when the chilling east invades the spring,
The delicate narcissus pines away
In hectic languor; and a slow disease
Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd
To cruel heav'ns. But why, already prone
To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?
O shame! O pity! nipt with pale quadrille,
And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!
By toil subdu'd, the warrior and the hind
Sleep fast and deep: their active functions soon
With generous streams the subtle tubes supply;
And soon the tonic irritable nerves
Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.
The sons of indolence with long repose
Grow torpid; and, with slowest Lethe drunk,
Feebly and ling'ringly return to life,
Blunt every sense, and powerless every limb.
Ye, prone to sleep, whom sleeping most annoys,
On the hard matrass, or elastic couch,
Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from sloth;
Nor grudge the lean projector of dry brain
And springy nerves, the blandishments of down;

Nor envy while the buried bacchanal
Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams.
He without riot, in the balmy feast
Of life, the wants of nature has supplied
Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.
But pliant nature more or less demands,
As custom forms her; and all sudden change
She hates of habit, even from bad to good.
If faults in life, or new emergencies,
From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage;
Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves,
Slow as the stealing progress of the year.
Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd
Her seasons change! Behold, by slow degrees,
Stern winter tam'd into a ruder spring!
The ripen'd spring a milder summer glows;
Departing summer sheds Pomona's store;
And aged autumn brews the winter storm.
Slow as they come, these changes come not void
Of mortal shocks: the cold and torrid reigns,
The two great periods of th' important year,
Are in their first approaches seldom safe:
Funereal autumn all the sickly dread,
And the black fates deform the lovely spring.
He well advis'd, who taught our wiser sires
Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;
And late resign them, though the wanton spring
Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays.
For while the effluence of the skin maintains
Its native measure, the pleuritic spring
Glides harmless by; and autumn, sick to death
With sallow quartans, no contagion breathes.
I in prophetic numbers could unfold
The omens of the year: what seasons teem
With what diseases; what the humid south
Prepares, and what the demon of the east:
But you, perhaps, refuse the tedious song.
Besides, whatever plagues in heat, or cold,
Or drought, or moisture dwell, they hurt not you,
Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky,

And taught already how to each extreme
To bend your life. But should the public bane
Infect you; or some trespass of your own,
Or flaw of nature, hint mortality;
Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides
Along the spine, through all your torpid limbs;
When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
A sickly load, a weary pain the loins;
Be Celsus call'd: the fates come rushing on;
The rapid fates admit of no delay.
While wilful you, and fatally secure,
Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,
The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
O'erpowers your life. For want of timely care,
Millions have died of medicable wounds.
Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
What slight neglects, what trivial faults, destroy
The hardiest frame! of indolence, of toil,
We die; of want, of superfluity:
The all-surrounding heaven, the vital air,
Is big with death. And though the putrid south
Be shut; though no convulsive agony
Shake, from the deep foundations of the world,
Th' imprisoned plagues; a secret venom oft
Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!
Even Albion, girt with less malignant skies,
Albion the poison of the gods has drank,
And felt the sting of monsters all her own.
Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
Their ancient rage, at Bosworth's purple field;
While, for which tyrant England should receive,
Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,
And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd:
Another plague of more gigantic arm
Arose, a monster never known before,
Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head;
This rapid fury not, like other pests,
Pursu'd a gradual course, but in a day

Rush'd as a storm o'er half th' astonish'd isle,
And strew'd with sudden carcases the land.
First through the shoulders, or whatever part
Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.
With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
Shot to the heart, and kindled all within;
And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
Through all the yielding pores, the melted blood
Gush'd out in smoky sweats; but nought assuag'd
The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
They toss'd from side to side. In vain the stream
Ran full and clear, they burnt, and thirsted still.
The restless arteries with rapid blood
Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings heav'd.
At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head,
A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
Harass'd with toil on toil, the sinking powers
Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a ponderous sleep
Wrapt all the senses up: they slept, and died.
In some a gentle horror crept at first
O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
Withheld their moisture, till by art provok'd
The sweats o'erflow'd; but in a clammy tide:
Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow;
Of tinctures various, as the temperature
Had mix'd the blood; and rank with fetid streams:
As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes, though little hope remain'd;
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
For, who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.
Of many thousands, few untainted 'scap'd;
Of those infected, fewer 'scap'd alive;
Of those who liv'd, some felt a second blow;

And whom the second spar'd, a third destroy'd.
Frantic by fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th' infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,
Th' infected country rush'd into the town.
Some sad at home, and in the desert some,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind;
In vain: where'er they fled the fates pursu'd.
Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the main,
To seek protection in far distant skies;
But none they found. It seem'd the general air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the east,
Was then at enmity with English blood.
For, but the race of England, all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contain'd.
Where should they fly? The circumambient heaven
Involv'd them still; and every breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute, and startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To heaven with suppliant rites they sent their prayers;
Heaven heard them not. Of every hope depriv'd;
Fatigued with vain resources; and subdued
With woes resistless, and enfeebling fear;
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds was heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the business then
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they say,
The sickening, dying, and the dead contained.
Ye guardian gods, on whom the fates depend
Of tottering Albion! ye eternal fires, [powers,
That lead through Heaven the wandering year! ye
That o'er th' encircling elements preside!
May nothing worse than what this age has seen
Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home,
Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heaven
Has thinn'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs

That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wint'ry reign;
While in the west, beyond th' Atlantic foam,
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have died
The death of cowards and of common men:
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.
But from these views the weeping muses turn,
And other themes invite my wandering song.

BOOK IV.

THE PASSIONS.

The choice of aliment, the choice of air,
The use of toil, and all external things,
Already sung; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil, from ourselves proceeds:
And how the subtle principle within
Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay,
The passive body. Ye poetic shades,
Who know the secrets of the world unseen,
Assist my song! For in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander through mysterious ways.
There is, they say, and I believe there is,
A spark within us of th' immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;
And, when the body sinks, escapes to heaven,
Its native seat, and mixes with the gods.
Meanwhile this heavenly particle pervades
The mortal elements; in every nerve
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain.
And, in its secret conclave, as its feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling power
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.
By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.
Nor lets the labours of the mind corrode
The solid fabric: for by subtle parts,
And viewless atoms, secret nature moves
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
By subtle fluids pour'd through subtle tubes,
The natural, vital, functions are perform'd.
By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd;

The toiling heart distributes life and strength;
These the still crumbling frame rebuild; and these
Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.
But 'tis not thought, for still the soul's employ'd,
'Tis painful thinking, that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye, without fatigue,
Strays o'er the heaven and earth; but, long intent
On microscopic arts, its vigour fails.
Just so the mind, with various thought amus'd,
Nor aches itself, nor gives the body pain.
But anxious study, discontent, and care,
Love without honour, hate without revenge,
And fear, and jealousy, fatigue the soul,
Engross the subtle ministers of life,
And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.
Hence the lean gloom that melancholy wears;
The lover's paleness, and the sallow hue
Of envy, jealousy; the meagre stare
Of sore revenge: the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind.
The strong-built pedant; who, both night and day,
Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall;
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm, lies in a dropsy drown'd,
Or sinks in lethargy before his time.
With useful studies you, and arts that please,
Employ your mind; amuse, but not fatigue.
Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage,
And ever may all heavy systems rest!
Yet some there are, even of elastic parts,
Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
Through all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to relish what their generous taste
Would else refuse. But may not thirst of fame,
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
With constant drudgery the liberal soul!
Toy with your books: and, as the various fits
Of humour seize you, from philosophy
To fable shift; from serious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.
While reading pleases, but no longer, read;
And read aloud resounding Homer's strain,

And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.
The chest, so exercis'd, improves its strength;
And quick vibrations through the bowels drive
The restless blood, which in unactive days
Would loiter else through unelastic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What posture suits: to stand and sit by turns,
As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.
'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The restless mind. For ever on pursuit
Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser powers:
Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose
It turns its fatal edge, and sharper pangs
Than what the body knows embitter life.
Chiefly where solitude, sad nurse of care,
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind,
There madness enters; and the dim-ey'd fiend,
Sour melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale;
A mournful visionary light o'erspreads
The cheerful face of nature: earth becomes
A dreary desert, and heaven frowns above.
Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise:
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating fear
Forms out of nothing; and with monsters teems
Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves;
And all the horrors that the murderer feels,
With anxious flutterings wake the guiltless breast.
Such phantoms pride in solitary scenes,
Or fear, or delicate self-love, creates.
From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon.
It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
For while yourself you anxiously explore,
Timorous self-love, with sickning fancy's aid,
Presents the danger that you dread the most,
And ever galls you in your tender part.
Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
For grim religion some, and some for pride,

Have lost their reason: some for fear of want,
Want all their lives; and others every day,
For fear of dying, suffer worse than death.
Ah! from your bosom banish, if you can,
Those fatal guests: and first the demon fear,
That trembles at impossible events;
Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,
And heaven's eternal battlements rush down.
Is there an evil worse than fear itself?
And what avails it, that indulgent Heaven
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the present; nor with needless cares,
Of what may spring from blind misfortune's womb,
Appal the surest hour that life bestows.
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
For what may come; and leave the rest to Heaven
Oft from the body, by long ails mistun'd,
These evils sprung, the most important health,
That of the mind, destroy; and when the mind
They first invade, the conscious body soon
In sympathetic languishment declines.
These chronic passions, while from real woes
They rise, and yet without the body's fault
Infest the soul, admit one only cure;
Diversion, hurry, and a restless life.
Vain are the consolations of the wise;
In vain your friends would reason down your pain.
O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd
To soft distress, of friends untimely fall'n,
Court not the luxury of tender thought;
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd.
Lay schemes for wealth, or power, or fame, the wish
Of nobler minds, and push them night and day,
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,

Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
Or more advent'rous, rush into the field
Where war grows hot; and, raging through the sky,
The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul:
And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
Forget all softer and less manly cares.
But most too passive, when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
And bravely by resisting conquer fate,
Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
Of poison'd nectar, sweet oblivion swill.
Struck by the powerful charm, the gloom dissolves
In empty air; Elysium opens round,
A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars.
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your heaven is gone; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head: and, as the thund'ring stream,
Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook;
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man;
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
For prodigal of life, in one rash night
You lavish'd more than might support three days.
A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endur'd; so may the throbbing head:
But such a dim delirium, such a dream,
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt,
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns and double Thebes ascend.
You curse the sluggish Port; you curse the wretch,
The felon, with unnatural mixture first
Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine.
Or on the fugitive Champaign you pour
A thousand curses; for to heav'n it rapt
Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.

Perhaps you rue even that divinest gift,
The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine:
And wish that heaven from mortals had withheld
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.
Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
What follies in your loose unguarded hour
Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend.
Or, in the rage of wine, your hasty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to the grave.
Add that your means, your health, your parts, decay;
Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd
They hardly know you; or if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in Heaven.
Despis'd, unwept you fall; who might have left
A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name;
A name still to be utter'd with a sigh.
Your last ungrateful scene has quite effac'd
All sense and memory of your former worth.
How to live happiest; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts, of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Though old, he still retain'd
His manly sense, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the dissolute admir'd, for he
A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.
Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man: and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
Our aim is happiness: 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,

Who through the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring joy
Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless fate
Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam: and were the fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon grow stale.
Were these exhaustless, nature would grow sick,
And cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all is vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature rest: be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy even in vain
Rather than tease her sated appetites.
Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let nature rest: and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.
'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.
But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts,
And virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and sense are one: and, trust me, still
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
Virtue, for mere good-nature is a fool,
Is sense and spirit, with humanity:
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days,
The peace and shelter of adversity:
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of envy and all-sapping time.
The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of heaven: a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth your care: for nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied.
This noble end is, to produce the soul;
To show the virtues in their fairest light;
To make humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast
That generous luxury the gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And, strange to tell, he practis'd what he preach'd.
Skill'd in the passions, how to check their sway
He knew, as far as reason can controul
The lawless powers. But other cares are mine:
Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate
What passions hurt the body, what improve:
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel
Is hope, the balm and life-blood of the soul.
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent Heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, through the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on;
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
Is hope: the last of all our evils, fear.

But there are passions grateful to the breast,
And yet no friends to life: perhaps they please
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul;
Or while they please, torment. The stubborn clown,
The ill-tam'd ruffian, and pale usurer,
If love's omnipotence such hearts can mould,

May safely mellow into love; and grow
Refin'd, humane, and generous, if they can:
Love in such bosoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleases. But, ye finer souls,
Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
That beauty gives; with caution and reserve
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose,
Nor court too much the queen of charming cares.
For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast
Ferments and maddens; sick with jealousy,
Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,
The wholesome appetites and powers of life
Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths
The genial board: your cheerful days are gone;
The generous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is fled.
To sighs devoted and to tender pains,
Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,
And waste your youth in musing. Musing first
Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart:
It found a liking there, a sportful sire,
And that fomented into serious love;
Which musing daily strengthens and improves
Through all the heights of fondness and romance:
And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
If once you doubt whether you love or no.
The body wastes away; th' infected mind,
Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet heaven from such intoxicating charms
Defend all worthy breasts! Not that I deem
Love always dangerous, always to be shunn'd.
Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
Adds bloom to health; o'er every virtue sheds
A gay, humane, a sweet, and generous grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man.
But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd
With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,
Too serious, or too languishingly fond,
Unnerves the body and unmans the soul.
And some have died for love, and some run mad;
And some with desperate hands themselves have slain.

Some to extinguish, others to prevent,
A mad devotion to one dangerous fair,
Court all they meet; in hopes to dissipate
The cares of love amongst a hundred brides.
Th' event is doubtful: for there are who find
A cure in this; there are who find it not.
'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls
The wound, to those who are sincerely sick.
For while from feverish and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid, and the soul subsides,
The tender fancy smarts with every sting,
And what was love before is madness now.
Is health your care, or luxury your aim,
Be temperate still: when nature bids, obey;
Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb.
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or loose imagination, spurs you on
To deeds above your strength, impute it not
To nature: nature all compulsion hates.
Ah! let not luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might sleep without;
To make what should be rapture a fatigue,
A tedious task; nor in the wanton arms
Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down.
For from the colliquation of soft joys
How chang'd you rise; the ghost of what you were!
Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan;
Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.
Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood
Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves,
To each slight impulse tremblingly awake,
A subtle fiend that mimics all the plagues
Rapid and restless springs from part to part.
The blooming honours of your youth are fallen;
Your vigour pines; your vital powers decay;
Diseases haunt you; and untimely age
Creeps on; unsocial, impotent, and lewd.
Infatuate, impious, epicure! to waste
The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health!
Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
And coy perdition every hour pursue.
Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames
Consumes, is with his own consent undone:

He chooses to be wretched, to be mad;
And warn'd proceeds and wilful to his fate.
But there's a passion, whose tempestuous sway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,
And shakes to ruins proud philosophy.
For pale and trembling anger rushes in,
With falt'ring speech, and eyes that wildly stare;
Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,
Desperate, and arm'd with more than human strength.
How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man,
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend!
Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,
Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
Slowly descends, and ling'ring, to the shades.
But he whom anger stings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and rushes apoplectic down;
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.
For, as the body through unnumber'd strings
Reverberates each vibration of the soul;
As is the passion, such is still the pain
The body feels: or chronic, or acute.
And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpowers
The life, or gives your reason to the winds.
Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear,
And sudden grief, and rage, and sudden joy.
  There are, meantime, to whom the boist'rous fit
Is health, and only fills the sail of life.
For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on;
A generous sally spurns th' incumbent load,
Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
Wave all dispute; be cautious, if you joke;
Keep Lent for ever, and forswear the bowl.
For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague
That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched in an hour,

O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden blows.
While choler works, good friend, you may be wrong;
Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave;
If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.
But calm advice against a raging fit
Avails too little; and it braves the power
Of all that ever taught in prose or song,
To tame the fiend that sleeps a gentle lamb,
And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
You reason well; see as you ought to see,
And wonder at the madness of mankind.
Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget
The speculations of your wiser hours.
Beset with furies of all deadly shapes,
Fierce and insidious, violent and slow,
With all that urge or lure us on to fate,
What refuge shall we seek? what arms prepare?
Where reason proves too weak, or void of wiles
To cope with subtle or impetuous powers,
I would invoke new passions to your aid:
With indignation would extinguish fear,
With fear or generous pity vanquish rage,
And love with pride; and force to force oppose.
There is a charm, a power that sways the breast,
Bids every passion revel or be still;
Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves;
Can sooth distraction, and almost despair.
That power is music: far beyond the stretch
Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage;
Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
Who move no passion justly but contempt:
Who, like our dancers, light indeed and strong,
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours; we bear those monstrous arts;
Good heaven! we praise them: we, with loudest peals,
Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels;
And, with insipid shew of rapture, die
On ideot notes impertinently long.
But he the muse's laurel justly shares,
A poet he, and touch'd with heaven's own fire;

Who, with bold rage or solemn pomp of sounds,
Inflames, exhalts, and ravishes the soul;
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain,
In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture through your thrilling breast;
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the bard, whose heavenly strains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song;
And such the Thracian, whose melodious lyre,
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains weep;
Sooth'd even th' inexorable powers of hell,
And half-redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days ador'd
One Power of physic, melody and song.

BROWN.

JOHN BROWN was a native of Rothbury in Northumberland, and born November 5, 1715. His father, who was a clergyman, was a North Briton, and became vicar of Wigton, in Cumberland, the year of his son's birth. At the grammar-school of the last-named place, Brown was educated, and from thence removed to St. John's college, Cambridge, where he took the degree of bachelor of arts, in 1735, with distinguished reputation.

Having taken orders, he was made a minor canon and lecturer of Carlisle; and on the defeat of the rebels in 1746, preached two excellent sermons on the connection between religious truth and civil freedom, &c.

Being a whig in principle, he obtained, through some friends of that party, the living of Morland, in Westmoreland; and was, on the same grounds, appointed chaplain to Dr. Osbaldeston, bishop of Carlisle.

During his residence at that city, he wrote his poem entitled, "Honour," which was followed by the "Essay on Satire," the most celebrated of all his poetical productions, and which still continues to be united with the Satires of Pope. It is written in many parts with an elegance, correctness, spirit, and harmony, which rival the best productions of that illustrious bard, whom he characterises with great justice, and in a splendid strain of panegyric.

In 1751, Brown published his "Essays on the Characteristics of Shaftesbury," which were received with a high degree of applause, and ran through several editions. But the most popular of his prose compositions, was his "Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times," of which seven editions were printed in little more than a year. It made its appearance in 1757, when the minds of the people were depressed with some unprosperous public events, and consequently were disposed to listen to unfavourable representations of the manners

and principles of the nation. Its effect was visible: it roused the sensibility of the English, and they soon displayed their energies in every quarter of the globe.

Brown, who in due time took the degree of doctor in divinity, wrote several pieces for the stage. His Barbarossa and Athelstan were well received; and the former still keeps possession of the theatre.

About the time that Dr. Brown published his "Estimate," which drew upon him an envious host of critics and opponents, he was presented to the vicarage of Newcastle upon Tyne, and made chaplain to the king. But he rose no higher; and this circumstance, added to other malifications and disappointments, increased the natural dejection of his spirits, and unhappily plunged him into suicide. He died in 1765, in the 51st year of his age, leaving an elaborate work on the Principles of Christian Legislation, almost ready for the press, but which has never seen the light.

As a poet, his compositions are chiefly characterised by elegance of diction, manliness of sentiment, facility of expression, and harmony of numbers. The design of his poem entitled "Honour," is to show that true honour can only be found in virtue; and in support of so just a doctrine, he advances many excellent sentiments, delivered in elegant and accurate versification.

With respect to his prose writings, they are all of them elegant. Even those which are of a more temporary nature, may most of them continue to be read with pleasure, as containing a variety of curious observations; and others of his works, being calculated for a more lasting duration, will transmit his name with considerable reputation to future times; and even his unhappy end, when some previous circumstances of his life are considered, will cast no stain on his character. He had a tendency to insanity in his constitution, and from his early life had been subject at times to some disorder in his brain, at least to melancholy, in its saddest excess.

AN ESSAY ON SATIRE,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

Inscribed to Mr. Warburton.

PART I.

Of the End and Efficacy of Satire.

The love of glory and fear of shame universal, ver. 29. This passion, implanted in man as a spur to virtue, is generally perverted, ver. 41. And thus becomes the occasion of the greatest follies, vices, and miseries, ver. 61. It is the work of satire to rectify this passion, and to reduce it to its proper channel, and to convert it into an incentive to wisdom and virtue, ver. 89. Hence it appears that satire may influence those who defy all laws, human and divine, ver. 99. An objection answered, ver. 131.

FATE gave the word: the cruel arrow sped;
And Pope lies number'd with the mighty dead.
Resign'd he fell; superior to the dart
That quench'd its rage in your and Britain's heart.
You mourn: but Britain, lull'd in rest profound,
Unconscious Britain! slumbers o'er her wound.
Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting light,
And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the night:
Rous'd at the signal, guilt collects her train,
And counts the triumphs of her growing reign:
With unextinguishable rage they burn;
And snake-hung envy hisses o'er his urn:
Th' envenom'd monsters spit their deadly foam,
To blast the laurel that surrounds his tomb.
But you, O Warburton! whose eye refin'd,
Can see the greatness of an honest mind;
Can see each virtue and each grace unite,
And taste the raptures of a pure delight;
You visit oft his awful page with care,
And view that bright assemblage treasur'd there;

You trace the chain that links his deep design,
And pour new lustre on the glowing line.
Yet deign to hear the efforts of a muse,
Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues:
Intent from this great archetype to draw
Satire's bright form, and fix her equal law;
Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And reverence his and satire's generous end.
In every breast there burns an active flame,
The love of glory or the dread of shame:
The passion one, though various it appear,
As brighten'd into hope, or dimm'd by fear.
The lisping infant, and the hoary sire,
And youth and manhood, feel the heart-born fire:
The charms of praise the coy, the modest woo,
And only fly, that glory may pursue:
She, power resistless, rules the wise and great;
Bends ev'n reluctant hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud city, and the lowly shade,
And sways alike the sceptre and the spade.
Thus Heaven in pity wakes the friendly flame,
To urge mankind on deeds that merit fame:
But man, vain man, in folly only wise,
Rejects the manna sent him from the skies:
With rapture hears corrupted passion's call,
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful shadow tempts his view,
He for the imag'd substance quits the true;
Eager to catch the visionary prize,
In quest of glory plunges deep in vice;
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits every praise he pants to gain.
Thus still imperious nature plies her part;
And still her dictates work in every heart.
Each power that sovereign nature bids enjoy,
Man may corrupt, but man can ne'er destroy.
Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The passions rage, obstructed in their course;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those virtues which they fed before.
And sure the deadliest foe to virtue's flame,
Our worst of evils, is perverted shame.

Beneath this load what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled slaves to folly not their own!
Meanly, by fashionable fear oppress'd,
We seek our virtues in each other's breast;
Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign vice,
Another's weakness, interest, or caprice.
Each fool to low ambition, poorly great,
That pines in splendid wretchedness of state,
Tir'd in the treacherous chase, would nobly yield,
And, but for shame, like Sylla, quit the field:
The demon shame paints strong the ridicule,
And whispers close, "the world will call you fool."
Behold yon wretch, by impious fashion driven,
Believes and trembles, while he scoffs at Heaven.
By weakness strong, and bold through fear alone,
He dreads the sneer by shallow coxcombs thrown;
Dauntless pursues the path Spinoza trod,
To man a coward, and a brave to God.
Faith, justice, Heaven itself, now quit their ho
When to false fame the captive heart is sold:
Hence, blind to truth, relentless Cato died;
Nought could subdue his virtue, but his pride.
Hence chaste Lucretia's innocence betray'd,
Fell by that honour which was meant its aid.
Thus virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.
Hence satire's power: 'tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild disorders of the heart.
She points the arduous height where glory lies,
And teaches mad ambition to be wise:
In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire:
Strips black oppression of her gay disguise,
And bids the hag in native horror rise;
Strikes towering pride and lawless rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on virtue's awful head.
Nor boasts the muse a vain imagin'd power,
Though oft she mourns those ills she cannot cure.
The worthy court her, and the worthless fear;
Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.
Her awful voice the vain and vile obey,
And every foe to wisdom feels her sway.

Smarts, pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain;
Desponding fops resign the clouded cane:
Hush'd at her voice, pert folly's self is still,
And dulness wonders while she drops her quill.
Like the arm'd bee, with art most subtly true,
From pois'nous vice she draws a healing dew:
Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,
To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:
Cunning evades, securely wrap'd in wiles!
And force strong-sinew'd rends th' unequal toils:
The stream of vice impetuous drives along,
Too deep for policy, for power too strong.
Ev'n fair religion, native of the skies,
Scorn'd by the crowd, seeks refuge with the wise;
The crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And mercy courts, and justice frowns in vain.
But satire's shaft can pierce the harden'd breast:
She plays a ruling passion on the rest:
Undaunted storms the battery of his pride,
And awes the brave that earth and Heaven defied.
When fell corruption, by her vassals crown'd,
Derides fall'n justice prostrate on the ground;
Swift to redress an injur'd people's groan,
Bold satire shakes the tyrant on her throne;
Powerful as death, defies the sordid train,
And slaves and sycophants surround in vain.
But with the friends of vice, the foes of satire,
All truth is spleen; all just reproof ill-nature.
Well may they dread the muse's fatal skill;
Well may they tremble when she draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like Ithuriel's spear,
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids vice and folly take their natural shapes,
Turns duchesses to strumpets, beaux to apes;
Drags the vile whisperer from his dark abode,
Till all the demon starts up from the toad.
O sordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
That true good-nature still must wear a smile!
In frowns array'd her beauties stronger rise,
When love of virtue wakes her scorn of vice.
Where justice calls, 'tis cruelty to save;
And 'tis the law's good-nature hangs the knave.

Who combats virtue's foe is virtue's friend;
Then judge of satire's merit by her end:
To guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd,
The object of her love is all mankind.
Scarce more the friend of man, the wise must own,
Ev'n Allen's bounteous hand, than satire's frown:
This to chastise, as that to bless was giv'n;
Alike the faithful ministers of Heav'n.
Oft in unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent:
Though strong the example, weak the punishment.
They last are pain'd, who merit satire most;
Folly the laureat's, vice was Chartres' boast:
Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
Of fools and knaves already dead to shame?
Oft satire acts the faithful surgeon's part;
Generous and kind, though painful is her art:
With caution bold, she only strikes to heal;
Though folly raves to break the friendly steel.
Then sure no fault impartial satire knows,
Kind ev'n in vengeance, kind to virtue's foes.
Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs;
The knave and fool are their own libellers.

PART II.

Rules for the Conduct of Satire.

Justice and truth its chief and essential property, ver. 169. Prudence in the application of wit and ridicule, whose province is, not to explore unknown, but to enforce known truths, ver. 191. Proper subjects of satire are the manners of present times, ver. 239. Decency of expression recommended, ver 255. The different methods in which folly and vice ought to be chastised, ver. 269. The variety of style and manners which these two subjects require, ver. 277. The praise of virtue may be admitted with propriety, ver. 315. Caution with regard to panegyric, ver. 329. The dignity of true satire, ver. 341.

Dare nobly then: but, conscious of your trust,
As ever warm and bold, be ever just:
Nor court applause in these degenerate days:
The villain's censure is extorted praise.

But chief, be steady in a noble end,
And show mankind that truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write,
As foplings grin to show their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameless heart.
O lost to honour's voice, O doom'd to shame,
Thou fiend accurs'd, thou murderer of fame,
Fell ravisher, from innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return,
Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn?
And know, immortal truth shall mock thy toil:
Immortal truth shall bid the shaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart,
And empty all its poison in thy heart.
With caution next, the dangerous power apply;
An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye:
Let satire then her proper object know,
And ere she strike, be sure she strike a foe.
Nor fondly deem the real fool confest,
Because blind ridicule conceives a jest:
Before whose altar virtue oft hath bled,
And oft a destin'd victim shall be led.
Lo! Shaftesbury rears her high on reason's throne,
And loads the slave with honours not her own:
Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke,
Profaneness spawns, pert dunces nurse the joke.
Come, let us join awhile this tittering crew,
And own the ideot guide for once is true;
Deride our weak forefathers' musty rule,
Who therefore smil'd, because they saw a fool.
Sublimer logic now adorns our isle;
We therefore see a fool, because we smile.
Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek?
Lo! gay she sits in laughter's dimpled cheek:
Contemns each surly academic foe,
And courts the spruce freethinker and the beau.
Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
But all can read the language of grimace.

Hence mighty ridicule's all-conquering hand
Shall work Herculean wonders through the land:
Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
You, mighty Warburton, shall rage in vain,
In vain the trackless maze of truth you scan,
And lend th' informing clue to erring man:
No more shall reason boast her power divine,
Her base eternal shook by folly's mine!
Truth's sacred fort th' exploded laugh shall win;
And coxcombs vanquish Berkely by a grin.

But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule,
That truth is ne'er explor'd by ridicule:
On truth, on falsehood, let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay prism but mocks the flatter'd eye,
And gives to every object every dye.
Beware the mad adventurer: bold and blind
She hoists her sail, and drives with every wind;
Deaf as the storm to sinking virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a friend's destruction, or her own.
Let clear-ey'd reason at the helm preside,
Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide;
Then mirth may urge when reason can explore,
This point the way, that waft us glad to shore.

Though distant times may rise in satire's page,
Yet chief 'tis hers to draw the present age:
With wisdom's lustre, folly's shade contrast,
And judge the reigning manners by the past:
Bid Britain's heroes (awful shades!) arise,
And ancient honour beam on modern vice:
Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair,
Till the sons blush at what their fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just;
When low-born sharpers only dar'd a lie,
Or falsified the card, or cogg'd the die;
Ere lewdness the stain'd garb of honour wore,
Or chastity was carted for the whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of freedom drest;
Or public spirit was the public jest.

Be ever, in a just expression, bold,
Yet ne'er degrade fair satire to a scold:

Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
But let her smile, and let her frown, with grace:
In mirth be temperate, temperate in her spleen;
Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene.
Deep let her wound, not rankle to a sore,
Nor call his lordship ——, her grace a ——.
The muse's charms resistless then assail,
When wrapt in irony's transparent veil:
Her beauties, half-conceal'd, the more surprise,
And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.
Then be your line with sharp encomiums grac'd:
Style Clodius honourable, Bufa chaste.
Dart not on folly an indignant eye:
Who e'er discharg'd artillery on a fly?
Deride not vice: absurd the thought and vain,
To bind the tiger in so weak a chain.
Nay more; when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
The knave exults: to smile is to approve.
The muse's labour then success shall crown,
When folly feels her smile, and vice her frown.
Know next what measures to each theme belong,
And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song:
On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies.
Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
Free the expression, simple be the verse.
In artless numbers paint th' ambitious peer,
That mounts the box, and shines a charioteer:
In strains familiar sing the midnight toil
Of camps and senates disciplin'd by Hoyle;
Patriots and chiefs, whose deep design invades
And carries off the captive king—of spades!
Let satire here in milder vigour shine,
And gaily graceful sport along the line;
Bid courtly passion quit her thin pretence,
And smile each affectation into sense.
Not so when virtue, by her guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her throne, implores the muse's aid;
When crimes, which erst in kindred darkness lay,
Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day;
Indignant Hymen veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd chastity with tears retires;

When rank adultery on the genial bed,
Hot from Cocytus, rears her baleful head;
When private faith and public trust are sold,
And traitors barter liberty for gold;
When fell corruption, dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of a sinking state;
When giant vice and irreligion rise
On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the skies;
Then warmer numbers glow through satire's page,
And all her smiles are darken'd into rage:
On eagle-wing she gains Parnassus' height,
Not lofty epic soars a nobler flight:
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty world.
  Yet satire oft assumes a gentler mien,
And beams on virtue's friends a smile serene.
She wounds reluctant, pours her balm with joy,
Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
But chief when virtue, learning, arts, decline,
She joys to see unconquer'd merit shine;
Where bursting glorious, with departing ray,
True genius gilds the close of Britain's day:
With joy she sees the stream of Roman art
From Murray's tongue flow purer to the heart;
Sees Yorke to fame ere yet to manhood known,
And just to every virtue but his own;
Hears unstain'd Cam with generous pride proclaim
A sage's, critic's, and a poet's name;
Beholds, where Widcombe's happy hills ascend,
Each orphan'd art and virtue find a friend;
To Hagley's honour'd shade directs her view,
And culls each flower, to form a wreath for you.
  But tread with cautious step this dangerous ground,
Beset with faithless precipices round;
Truth be your guide, disdain ambition's call,
And if you fall with truth, you greatly fall.
'Tis virtue's native lustre that must shine;
The poet can but set it in his line:
And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
A sordid pebble meanly grac'd with gold?

Let real merit then adorn your lays,
For shame attends on prostituted praise:
And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art,
But makes us grieve you want an honest heart.
Nor think the muse by satire's law confin'd:
She yields description of the noblest kind.
Inferior art the landscape may design,
And paint the purple evening in the line:
Her daring thought essays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates passion, pictures man.
And great the toil the latent soul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid vice or virtue strike our eyes,
Now bid a Wolsey or a Cromwell rise;
Now, with a touch more sacred and refin'd,
Call forth a Chesterfield's or Lonsdale's mind.
Here sweet or strong may every colour flow,
Here let the pencil warm, the canvas glow:
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life.

PART III.

The History of Satire.

Roman satirists, Lucilius, Horace, Persius, Juvenal, ver. 357, &c. Causes of the decay of literature, particularly of satire, ver. 389. Revival of satire, 401. Erasmus one of its principal restorers, ver. 405. Donne, ver. 411. The abuse of satire in England during the licentious reign of Charles II. ver. 415. Dryden, ver. 429. The true ends of satire pursued by Boileau in France, ver. 439. and by Mr. Pope in England, ver. 445.

Through ages thus has satire keenly shin'd,
The friend to truth, to virtue, and mankind:
Yet the bright flame from virtue ne'er had sprung,
And man was guilty ere the poet sung.
The muse in silence joy'd each better age,
Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight.

First on the sons of Greece she prov'd her art,
And Sparta felt the fierce Iambic dart.
To Latium next avenging satire flew:
The flaming falchion rough Lucilius drew;
With dauntless warmth in virtue's cause engag'd,
And conscious villains trembled as he rag'd.
Then sportive Horace caught the generous fire;
For satire's bow resign'd the sounding lyre:
Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
And, as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.
His art, conceal'd in studied negligence,
Politely sly, cajol'd the foes of sense;
He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,
But, while he sported, drove it to the heart.
In graver strains majestic Persius wrote,
Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
Greatly sedate, contemn'd a tyrant's reign,
And lash'd corruption with a calm disdain.
More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage,
Inflame bold Juvenal's exalted page.
His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
And swept audacious greatness to its doom;
The headlong torrent, thundering from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.
But, lo! the fatal victor of mankind,
Swoln luxury!—pale ruin stalks behind!
As countless insects from the north-east pour,
To blast the spring, and ravage every flower,
So barbarous millions spread contagious death:
The sickening laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
Beneath whose baleful dews the poppy sprung.
No longer genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But dulness nodded in the muses' grove:
Wit, spirit, freedom, were the sole offence,
Nor aught was held so dangerous as sense.
At length again fair science shot her ray,
Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.
Now, satire, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow!
'Tis done.—See, great Erasmus breaks the spell,
And wounds triumphant folly in her cell!

In vain the solemn cowl surrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her sour grimace,
With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of reason urg'd by wit.
'Twas then plain Donne in honest vengeance rose,
His wit harmonious, though his rhyme was prose:
He 'midst an age of puns and pedants wrote,
With genuine sense, and Roman strength of thought.
Yet scarce had satire well relum'd her flame
(With grief the muse records her country's shame)
Ere Britain saw the foul revolt commence,
And treacherous wit began her war with sense.
Then rose a shameless mercenary train,
Whom latest time shall view with just disdain:
A race fantastic, in whose gaudy line
Untutor'd thought and tinsel beauty shine:
Wit's shatter'd mirror lies in fragments bright,
Reflects not nature, but confounds the sight.
Dry morals the court-poet blush'd to sing;
'Twas all his praise to say "the oddest thing."
Proud for a jest obscene, a patron's nod,
To martyr virtue, or blaspheme his God.
Ill-fated Dryden! who unmov'd can see
Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in thee?
Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred skies,
Low creeping in the putrid sink of vice:
A muse whom wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,
The pimp of power, the prostitute, to gain:
Wreaths, that should deck fair virtue's form alone,
To strumpets, traitors, tyrants, vilely thrown:
Unrivall'd parts, the scorn of honest fame;
And genius rise, a monument of shame!
More happy France: immortal Boileau there
Supported genius with a sage's care:
Him with her love propitious satire blest,
And breath'd her airs divine into his breast:
Fancy and sense to form his line conspire,
And faultless judgment guides the purest fire.
But see at length the British Genius smile,
And shower his bounties o'er his favour'd isle:
Behold, for Pope he twines the laurel crown,
And centres every poet's power in one.

Each Roman's force adorns his various page;
Gay smiles, collected strength, and manly rage.
Despairing guilt and dulness loath the sight,
As spectres vanish at approaching light.
In this clear mirror with delight we view
Each image justly fine, and boldly true:
Here vice, dragg'd forth by truth's supreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity;
While self-seen virtue in the faithful line
With modest joys surveys her form divine.
But oh! what thoughts, what numbers, shall I find,
But faintly to express the poet's mind?
Who yonder star's effulgence can display,
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?
Who paint a god, unless the god inspire?
What catch the lightning, but the speed of fire?
So, mighty Pope, to make thy genius known,
All power is weak, all numbers—but thy own.
Each muse for thee with kind contention strove:
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove;
With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.
Next to her bard majestic wisdom came;
The bard enraptur'd caught the heavenly flame:
With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe,
Whom fear can sway, or guilty greatness bribe;
At fancy's call who rear the wanton sail,
Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale.
Sublimer views thy daring spirit bound;
Thy mighty voyage was creation's round;
Intent new worlds of wisdom to explore.
And bless mankind with virtue's sacred store;
A nobler joy than wit can give impart,
And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
Fantastic wit shoots momentary fires,
And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires,
Wit kindled by the sulphurous breath of vice,
Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys:
But genius, fir'd by truth's eternal ray,
Burns clear and constant, like the source of day:
Like this its beam, prolific and refin'd,
Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts, the mind;

Mildly dispels each wintery passion's gloom,
And opens all the virtues into bloom.
This praise, immortal Pope, to thee be given;
Thy genius was indeed a gift from Heaven.
Hail, bard unequall'd, in whose deathless line
Reason and wit with strength collected shine;
Where matchless wit but wins the second praise,
Lost, nobly lost, in truth's superior blaze!
Did friendship e'er mislead thy wandering muse,
That friendship sure may plead the great excuse:
That sacred friendship which inspir'd thy song,
Fair in defect, and amiably wrong.
Error like this ev'n truth can scarce reprove;
'Tis almost virtue when it flows from love.

Ye deathless names, ye sons of endless praise,
By virtue crown'd with never-fading bays!
Say, shall an artless muse, if you inspire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O Warburton, inspir'd by you,
The daring muse a nobler path pursue;
By you inspir'd, on trembling pinions soar,
The sacred founts of social bliss explore,
In her bold numbers chain the tyrant's rage,
And bid her country's glory fire her page;
If such her fate, do thou, fair truth, descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end:
Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To court no friend, nor own a foe, but thine.
But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apostate heart should e'er incline
To offer incense at corruption's shrine;
Urge, urge thy power, the black attempt confound,
And dash the smoking censer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, instructed bards may see
That guilt is doom'd to sink in infamy.

DODSLEY.

Robert Dodsley was born of humble parentage, at Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, in 1703, and though destitute of the advantages of a liberal education, and acting in the capacity of a footman to the Hon. Mrs. Lowther, he published in early life a collection of poems, under the title of "The Muse in Livery," which brought him into notice, and produced him some emolument.

That charming dramatic piece, "The Toy Shop," soon followed; which being shewn to Pope in manuscript, obtained Dodsley the favour of that illustrious poet; and by his interest it was brought on the stage, and acted with great applause.

The success which had attended the two first efforts of his genius, stimulated Dodsley to further exertions in the road to independence, which he justly valued more than idle fame; and in 1735, with the small savings he had made, he opened a bookseller's shop in Pall Mall, and by his good conduct and the encouragement of the public, he speedily rose to be one of the first in this truly respectable line of business. His shop was frequented by the most eminent literary characters of the day, and the good and great were proud to patronize him.

Business, however, did not wholly absorb his attention: he produced successively several little dramas and poems, and wrote or published various books of great merit and utility. "The Economy of Human Life" will attest his talents and good sense as long as the English language endures; and his tragedy of Cleone, for pathos and effect, is scarcely exceeded by any thing that ever Otway wrote.

Among the poetical works of Dodsley, Melpomene, Pain and Patience, and Colin's Kisses, are the most popular. Nature and simplicity breathe through the whole of his compositions; and some of his works shew that he was not deficient in humour.

Dodsley acquired a handsome fortune, and retiring from the active part of business, left his brother, the late James Dodsley, in the care of the concern.

During the latter part of his life, our poet was much afflicted with the gout, to which he at last fell a martyr in 1764, in the sixty-first year of his age. He was buried in the abbey church-yard at Durham, at which place he died, when on a visit to a friend. His tombstone records his worth, his industry, and his success.

His character is on all hands allowed to be very amiable. There was no circumstance by which he was more distinguished, than by the grateful remembrance which he retained and always expressed towards the memory of those to whom he owed the first obligations of being first taken notice of in life. He was a generous friend, an encourager of men of genius; modest, sensible, and humane; and he was beloved by the most illustrious men of his time, as much for the virtues of his heart, as he was admired for his writings.

As an author, he is entitled to considerable praise. His works are recommended by an ease and elegance, which are sometimes more pleasing than a more laboured and ornamented manner of writing. His prose is familiar, and yet chaste. His "Essay on Fable" will be a durable monument of his ingenuity. In his dramas he has always kept in view the one great principle, *delectando pariterque monendo*, some general moral is constantly conveyed in each of his plays, and particular instructions are displayed in the particular strokes of satire. The dialogue, at the same time, is easy, the plot simple, and the catastrophe interesting and pathetic. In verse his compositions sufficiently show what genius alone, unassisted by learning, is capable of executing. His subjects are well chosen and entertaining; the diction is chaste and elegant; the sentiments, if not sublime, are manly and pleasing; and the numbers, if not exquisitely polished, are easy and flowing.

MELPOMENE:

Or, the Regions of Terror and Pity.

AN ODE.

QUEEN of the human heart! at whose command
The swelling tides of mighty passion rise;
Melpomene, support my vent'rous hand,
And aid thy suppliant in his bold emprise;
From the gay scenes of pride
Do thou his footsteps guide
To nature's awful courts, where nurst of yore,
Young Shakspeare, fancy's child, was taught his various lore.

So may his favour'd eye explore the source,
To few reveal'd, whence human sorrows charm:
So may his numbers, with pathetic force,
Bid terror shake us or compassion warm,
As different strains controul
The movements of the soul;
Adjust its passions, harmonize its tone;
To feel for others' woe, or nobly bear its own.

Deep in the covert of a shadowy grove,
'Mid broken rocks where dashing currents play;
Dear to the pensive pleasures, dear to love,
And Damon's muse, that breathes her melting lay,
This ardent prayer was made:
When, lo! the secret shade,
As conscious of some heavenly presence, shook:
Strength, firmness, reason, all, my astonish'd soul forsook.

Ah! whither, goddess, whither am I borne?
To what wild region's necromantic shore?
These panics whence? and why my bosom torn
With sudden terrors never felt before?
Darkness enwraps me round,
While from the vast profound
Emerging spectres dreadful shapes assume,
And gleaming on my sight, add horror to the gloom.

Ha! what is he whose fierce indignant eye,
Denouncing vengeance, kindles into flame;
Whose boisterous fury blows a storm so high,
As with its thunder shakes his labouring frame?
What can such rage provoke?
His words their passage choke:
His eager steps nor time nor truce allow,
And dreadful dangers wait the menace of his brow.

Protect me, goddess! whence that fearful shriek
Of consternation; as grim death had laid
His icy fingers on some guilty cheek,
And all the powers of manhood shrunk dismay'd?
Ah see! besmear'd with gore,
Revenge stands threatening o'er
A pale delinquent, whose retorted eyes
In vain for pity call—the wretched victim dies.

Not long the space—abandon'd to despair,
With eyes aghast, or hopeless fix'd on earth,
This slave of passion rends his scatter'd hair,
Beats his sad breast, and execrates his birth:
While torn within he feels
The pangs of whips and wheels;
And sees, or fancies, all the fiends below
Beckoning his frighted soul to realms of endless woe.

Before my wondering sense new phantoms dance,
And stamp their horrid shapes upon my brain.
A wretch with jealous brow, and eyes ascaunce,
Feeds all in secret on his bosom-pain.
Fond love, fierce hate, assail;
Alternate they prevail:
While conscious pride and shame with rage conspire,
And urge the latent spark to flames of torturing fire.

The storm proceeds—his changeful visage trace:
From rage to madness every feature breaks.
A growing frenzy grins upon his face,
And in his frightful stare distraction speaks.
His straw-invested head
Proclaims all reason fled;
And not a tear bedews those vacant eyes— [sighs.
But songs and shouts succeed, and laughter-mingled

Yet, yet again !—a murderer's hand appears
Grasping a pointed dagger stain'd with blood !
His look malignant chills with boding fears,
That check the current of life's ebbing flood.
In midnight's darkest clouds
The dreary miscreant shrouds
His felon step—as 'twere to darkness given
To dim the watchful eye of all-pervading heaven.

And hark ! ah mercy ! whence that hollow sound ?
Why with strange horror starts my bristling hair ?
Earth opens wide, and from unhallow'd ground
A pallid ghost slow-rising steals on air.
To where a mangled corse
Expos'd without remorse
Lies shroudless, unentomb'd, he points the way—
Points to the prowling wolf exultant o'er his prey.

" Was it for this (he cries), with kindly shower
" Of daily gifts the traitor I caress'd ?
" For this, array'd him in the robe of power,
" And lodg'd my royal secrets in his breast ?
" O kindness ill repaid !
" To bare the murdering blade
" Against my life !—may Heaven his guilt explore,
" And to my suffering race their splendid rights restore."

He said, and stalk'd away.—Ah, goddess ! cease
Thus with terrific forms to rack my brain ;
These horrid phantoms shake the throne of peace,
And reason calls her boasted powers in vain :
Then change thy magic wand,
Thy dreadful troops disband,
And gentler shapes and softer scenes disclose,
To melt the feeling heart, yet sooth its tenderest woes.

The fervent prayer was heard. With hideous sound,
Her ebon gates of darkness open flew ;
A dawning twilight cheers the dread profound ;
The train of terror vanishes from view.
More mild enchantments rise ;
New scenes salute my eyes. [plain,
Groves, fountains, bowers, and temples, grace the
And turtles coo around, and nightingales complain.

And every myrtle bower and cypress grove,
And every solemn temple, teems with life;
Here glows the scene with fond but hapless love,
There with the deeper woes of human strife.
In groups around the lawn,
By fresh disasters drawn,
The sad spectators seem transfix'd in woe;
And pitying sighs are heard, and heart-felt sorrows flow.

Behold that beauteous maid, her languid head
Bends like a drooping lily charg'd with rain:
With floods of tears she bathes a lover dead,
In brave assertion of her honour slain.
Her bosom heaves with sighs;
To heaven she lifts her eyes,
With grief beyond the power of words opprest,
Sinks on the lifeless corse, and dies upon his breast.

How strong the bands of friendship! yet, alas!
Behind yon mouldering tower with ivy crown'd,
Of two, the foremost in her sacred class,
One from his friend receives the fatal wound!
What could such fury move?
Ah, what but ill-starr'd love?
The same fair object each fond heart enthralls,
And he, the favour'd youth, her hapless victim falls.

Can aught so deeply sway the generous mind
To mutual truth, as female trust in love?
Then, what relief shall yon fair mourner find,
Scorn'd by the man who should her plaints remove?
By fair, but false pretence,
She lost her innocence:
And that sweet babe, the fruit of treacherous art,
Clasp'd in her arms expires, and breaks the parent's heart.

Ah! who to pomp and grandeur would aspire?
Kings are not rais'd above misfortune's frown:
That form, so graceful even in mean attire,
Sway'd once a sceptre, once sustain'd a crown.
From filial rage and strife,
To screen his closing life,

He quits his throne, a father's sorrow feels,
And in the lap of want his patient head conceals.

More yet remain'd—but lo! the pensive queen
Appears confest before my dazzled sight;
Grace in her steps, and softness in her mien,
The face of sorrow mingled with delight.
Not such her nobler frame,
When kindling into flame,
And bold in virtue's cause, her zeal aspires
To waken guilty pangs, or breathe heroic fires.

Aw'd in silence, my rapt soul attends—
The power, with eyes complacent, saw my fear;
And, as with grace ineffable she bends,
These accents vibrate on my listening ear:
"Aspiring son of art,
"Know, though thy feeling heart
"Glow with these wonders to thy fancy shown;
"Still may the Delian god thy powerless toils disown.

"A thousand tender scenes of soft distress
"May swell thy breast with sympathetic woes;
"A thousand such dread forms on fancy press,
"As from my dreary realms of darkness rose;
Whence Shakspeare's chilling fears,
Whence Otway's melting tears—
"That awful gloom, this melancholy plain,
"The types of every theme that suits the tragic strain.

"But dost thou worship nature night and morn,
"And all due honour to her precepts pay?
"Canst thou the lure of affectation scorn,
"Pleas'd in the simpler paths of truth to stray?
"Hast thou the Graces fair
"Invok'd with ardent prayer?
"'Tis they attire, as nature must impart,
"The sentiment sublime, the language of the heart.

"Then if creative genius pour his ray,
"Warm with inspiring influence on thy breast;
"Taste, judgment, fancy, if thou canst display,
"And the deep source of passion stand confest:

" Then may the listening train,
" Affected, feel thy strain;
" Feel grief or terror, rage or pity move,
" Change with the varying scenes, and every scene approve."

Humbled before her sight, and bending low,
I kiss'd the borders of her crimson vest;
Eager to speak, I felt my bosom glow,
But fear upon my lip her seal imprest.
While awe-struck thus I stood,
The bowers, the lawn, the wood,
The form celestial, fading on my sight,
Dissolv'd in liquid air, and fleeting gleams of light.

PAIN AND PATIENCE.

AN ODE.

To scourge the riot and intemperate lust,
Or check the self-sufficient pride of man,
Offended Heaven sent forth, in vengeance just,
The dire inexorable fury, pain;
Beneath whose griping hand, when she assails,
The firmest spirits sink, the strongest reasoning fails.

Near to the confines of th' infernal den,
Deep in a hollow cave's profound recess,
Her courts she holds; and to the sons of men
Sends out the ministers of dire distress:
Repentance, shame, despair, each acts her part,
Whets the vindictive steel, and aggravates the smart.

He, whose luxurious palate daily rang'd
Earth, air, and ocean, to supply his board;
And to high-relish'd poisons madly chang'd
The wholesome gifts of nature's bounteous lord;
Shall find sick nauseous surfeit taint his blood;
And his abus'd pall'd stomach loath the daintiest food.

The midnight reveller's intemperate bowl,
To rage and riot fires his furious brain;
Remorse ensues, and agony of soul,
His future life condemn'd to ceaseless pain:
Gout, fever, stone, to madness heighten grief;
And temperance, call'd too late, affords him no relief.

He whose hot blood excites to dangerous joy,
And headlong drives to seek the lewd embrace,
Startled at length, shall in his face descry
The mark indelible of foul disgrace:
Ulcers obscene corrode his aching bones;
And his high raptures change to deep-felt sighs and groans.

The wild extravagant, whose thoughtless hand,
With lavish tasteless pride, commits expence;
Ruin'd, perceives his waning age demand
Sad reparation for his youth's offence:
Upbraiding riot points to follies past,
Presenting hollow want, fit successor to waste.

He too, whose high-presuming health defies
Th' almighty hand of Heaven to pull him down;
Who slights the care and caution of the wise,
Nor fears hot summer's rage, nor winter's frown:
Some trifling ail shall seize this mighty man;
Blast all his boasted strength, rack every nerve with pain.

Thus nature's God inflicts, by nature's law,
On every crime its proper punishment;
Creating pain to keep mankind in awe,
And moral ills by physical prevent:
In wrath still gracious; claiming still our praise,
Ev'n in those very groans our chastisements shall raise.

But lest the feeble heart of suffering man
Too low should sink beneath the keen distress;
Lest fell despair, in league with cruel pain,
Should drive him desperate in their wild excess;
Kind hope her daughter patience sent from high,
To ease the labouring breast, and wipe the trickling eye.

Hail, mild divinity! calm patience, hail!
Soft-handed, meek-eyed maid! yet whose firm breath,
And strong persuasive eloquence, prevail
Against the rage of pain, the fear of death:
Come, lenient beauty, spread thy healing wing,
And smooth my restless couch, whilst I thy praises sing.

In all this toilsome round of weary life,
Where dulness teazes, or pert noise assails;
Where trifling follies end in serious strife,
And money purchases where merit fails;
What honest spirit would not rise in rage,
If patience lent not aid his passion to assuage?

No state of life but must to patience bow:
The tradesman must have patience for his bill;
He must have patience who to law will go;
And should he lose his right, more patience still;
Yea, to prevent or heal full many a strife, [wife!
How oft, how long, must man have patience with his

But Heav'n grant patience to the wretched wight,
Whom pills, and draughts, and boluses, assail!
Which he must swallow down with all his might;
Ev'n then, when health, and strength, and spirits fail.
Dear doctors, find some gentler ways to kill;
Lighten this load of drugs, contract yon length of bill.

When the dull, prating, loud, long-winded dame,
Her tedious, vague, unmeaning tale repeats;
Perplex'd and wand'ring round and round her theme,
Till, lost and puzzled, she all theme forgets;
Yet still talks on with unabating speed;
Good gods! who hears her out, must patience have indeed.

So when some grave, deep-learned, sound divine,
Ascends the pulpit, and unfolds his text;
Dark and more dark grows what he would define,
And every sentence more and more perplex'd;
Yet still he blunders on the same blind course,
Teaching his wearied hearers patience upon force.

Without firm patience who could ever bear
The great man's levee, watching for a smile?
Then, with a whisper'd promise in his ear,
Waits its accomplishment a long, long while;
Yet through the bounds of patience if he burst,
Daniel's long weeks of years may be accomplish'd first.

O patience! guardian of the temper'd breast,
Against the insolence of pride and power;
Against the wit's keen sneer, the fool's dull jest;
Against the boaster's lie, told o'er and o'er;
To thee this tributary lay I bring,
By whose firm aid empower'd, in raging pain I sing.

COLIN'S KISSES.

THE STOLEN KISS.

On a mossy bank reclin'd,
Beauteous Chloe lay reposing,
O'er her breast each am'rous wind
Wanton play'd, its sweet disclosing:
Tempted with the swelling charms,
Colin, happy swain, drew nigh her,
Softly stole into her arms,
Laid his scrip and sheep-hook by her.

O'er her downy panting breast
His delighted fingers roving;
To her lips his lips he prest,
In the ecstasy of loving:
Chloe, waken'd with his kiss,
Pleas'd, yet frowning to conceal it,
Cried, True lovers share their bliss:
Why then, Colin, would you steal it?

THE MEETING KISS.

Let me fly into thy arms:
Let me taste again thy charms:

Kiss me, press me to thy breast,
In raptures not to be exprest.

Let me clasp thy lovely waist;
Throw thy arms around my neck;
Thus embracing and embrac'd,
Nothing shall our raptures check.

Hearts with mutual pleasure glowing;
Lips with lips together growing;
Eyes with tears of gladness flowing;
Eyes and lips and hearts shall show
Th' excess of joy that meeting lovers know.

THE PARTING KISS.

One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu:
Though we sever, my fond heart
Till we meet shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so, my love;
Let me kiss that falling tear:
Though my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here.

All my soul, and all my heart,
And every wish shall pant for you;
One kind kiss then ere we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu.

THE WIFE.

A FRAGMENT.

The virtues that endear and sweeten life,
And form that soft companion, call'd a wife,
Demand my song. Thou who didst first inspire
The tender theme, to thee I tune the lyre.

Hail, lovely woman! nature's blessing, hail!
Whose charms o'er all the powers of man prevail:
Thou healing balm of life, which bounteous Heaven,
To pour on all our woes, has kindly given!
What were mankind without thee? or what joy,
Like thy soft converse, can his hours employ?
The dry, dull, drowsy bachelor, surveys,
Alternate, joyless nights and lonesome days.
No tender transports wake his sullen breast,
No soft endearments lull his cares to rest:
Stupidly free from nature's tenderest ties,
Lost in his own sad self he lives and dies.
Not so the man to whom indulgent Heaven
That tender bosom-friend, a wife, has given.
Him, blest in her kind arms, no fears dismay,
No secret checks of guilt his mind allay:
No husband wrong'd, no virgin honour spoil'd,
No anxious parent weeps his ruin'd child!
No fell disease, no false embrace is here,
The joys are safe, the raptures are sincere.
Does fortune smile? How grateful must it prove
To tread life's pleasing round with one we love!
Or does she frown? The fair with softening art
Will sooth our woes, or bear a willing part.
" But are all women of the soothing kind?
" In choosing wives no hazard shall we find?
" Will spleen, nor vapours, pride, nor prate, molest?
" And is all fear of cuckoldom a jest?"
Grant some are bad: yet surely some remain,
Good without show, and lovely without stain;
Warm without lewdness; virtuous without pride;
Content to follow, yet with sense to guide.
Such is Fidelia, fairest, fondest wife;
Observe the picture, for I draw from life.
Near that fam'd hill, from whose enchanting brow
Such various scenes enrich the vales below;
While gentle Thames meandering glides along,
Meads, flocks, and groves, and rising towers among;
Fidelia dwelt: fair as the fairest scene
Of smiling nature, when the sky's serene.
Full sixteen summers had adorn'd her face,
Warm'd every sense, and waken'd every grace;

Her eye look'd sweetness, gently heav'd her breast,
Her shape, her motion, graceful ease exprest.
And to this fair, this finish'd form, were join'd
The softest passions, and the purest mind.

A LADY'S SALUTATION

TO HER GARDEN IN THE COUNTRY.

WELCOME, fair scene; welcome, thou lov'd retreat,
From the vain hurry of the bustling great.
Here let me walk, or in this fragrant bower,
Wrapt in calm thought improve each fleeting hour.
My soul, while nature's beauties feast mine eyes,
To nature's God contemplative shall rise.
What are ye now, ye glittering vain delights,
Which waste our days, and rob us of our nights?
What your allurements? what your fancied joys?
Dress, equipage, and show, and pomp, and noise.
Alas! how tasteless these, how low, how mean,
To the calm pleasures of this rural scene!
Come then, ye shades, beneath your bending arms
Enclose the fond admirer of your charms;
Come then, ye bowers, receive your joyful guest,
Glad to retire, and in retirement blest;
Come, ye fair flowers, and open ev'ry sweet;
Come, little birds, your warbling songs repeat,
And oh! descend to sweeten all the rest,
Soft smiling peace, in white-rob'd virtue drest;
Content unenvious, ease with freedom join'd,
And contemplation calm, with truth refin'd:
Deign but in this fair scene with me to dwell,
All noise and nonsense, pomp and show, farewell.
And see! oh see! the heaven-born train appear!
Fix then, my heart; thy happiness is here.

SONG.

MAN's a poor deluded bubble,
  Wandering in a mist of lies;
Seeing false, or seeing double,
  Who would trust to such weak eyes?
Yet presuming on his senses,
  On he goes most wond'rous wise:
Doubts of truth, believes pretences,
  Lost in error, lives and dies.

SMART.

The ingenious but unfortunate Christopher Smart was born of respectable parents at Shipbourne in Kent, April 11, 1722. During infancy, he was of a delicate constitution; but early displayed a taste for elegant literature, and received the first rudiments of his education at Maidstone school, after which he removed to Durham, where his family had connections. Here he evinced a facility in versification which speedily distinguished him; and he was universally considered as a youth of great promise.

In 1739, he became a member of Pembroke-hall, Cambridge; but instead of mathematics, he applied to poetry, and with the too frequent improvidence of the retainers of the muses, involved himself in expences, of which the consequences, alas! were felt for the remainder of his days.

While at the university, however, he gained several prizes, some of which, though hastily written, would have done honour to any pen. His debts, unfortunately, obliged him to sequester his fellowship, which he had obtained; and his father dying involved, he left college; and soon after married Miss Carnan, daughter-in-law to Newbury, the first projector of juvenile libraries, and consequently to be ranked among the friends of youth.

Under the auspices of this worthy man, he might have retrieved his affairs, and lived in credit by the labours of his pen, had his economy kept any pace with his abilities. He became acquainted in the metropolis with all those who were celebrated for genius or learning; and engaged in various literary plans, which he too often wanted resolution to complete. As a poet, however, he maintained his reputation; but being broken both in fortune and constitution, and pressed by diversity of ills, he became, alas! subject to temporary alienations of mind, the frequency and progress of which rendered confinement at length necessary.

In this lamentable state, he was not deserted by his friends; and after an interval of two years, he was sufficiently recovered to enjoy his liberty, when he took a lodging near St. James's Park, and for a time maintained his family by his literary exertions, and by the contributions of some who admired the poet and pitied the man. It is said also, that he received 50*l.* a year from the treasury.

Relapsing again into his former symptoms, he became negligent of his worldly affairs, and was confined for debt contracted in these distempered impulses, and after suffering the accumulated miseries of poverty, disease, and insanity, he departed this life in 1771, in the 49th year of his age, leaving two daughters, who, with his widow, settled at Reading in Berkshire, and by their prudent conduct, and the assistance of friends, enjoyed comfort and independence.

Smart was a man of great fervour of mind, and strongly tinctured with religion. As a poet, he deserves very considerable praise: as a man, an equal mixture of pity and regret.

His character, compounded like that of all human beings, of good qualities and of defects, may be easily collected from this account of his life.

His genius has never been questioned by those who censured his carelessness, and commiserated the unhappy vacillation of his mind. He is sometimes not only greatly irregular, but irregularly great. His errors are those of a bold and daring spirit, which bravely hazards what a vulgar mind could never suggest. Shakspeare and Milton are sometimes wild and irregular; and it seems as if originality alone could try the experiment. Accuracy is timid, and seeks for authority. Fowles of feeble wing seldom quit the ground, though at full liberty; while the eagle, unrestrained, soars into unknown regions.

Smart is a various, an original, but unequal, writer. Every species of poetry, not excepting the epic, has been attempted by him, and most of them with eminent success.

IDLENESS.

Goddess of ease, leave Lethe's brink,
Obsequious to the muse and me;
For once endure the pain to think,
Oh! sweet insensibility!

Sister of peace and indolence,
Bring, muse, bring numbers soft and slow,
Elaborately void of sense,
And sweetly thoughtless let them flow.

Near some cowslip-painted mead,
There let me doze out the dull hours,
And under me let Flora spread
A sofa of her softest flow'rs;

Where, Philomel, your notes you breathe
Forth from behind the neighbouring pine,
And murmurs of the stream beneath
Still flow in unison with thine.

For thee, O idleness! the woes
Of life we patiently endure:
Thou art the source whence labour flows,
We shun thee but to make thee sure.

For who'd sustain war's toil and waste,
Or who th' hoarse thund'ring of the sea,
But to be idle at the last,
And find a pleasing end in thee?

TO ETHELINDA,

ON HER DOING MY VERSES THE HONOUR OF WEARING THEM IN HER BOSOM.

Written at Thirteen.

Happy verses that were prest
In fair Ethelinda's breast!

Happy muse, that didst embrace
The sweet, the heav'nly-fragrant place!
Tell me, is the omen true,
Shall the bard arrive there too?

Oft through my eyes my soul has flown,
And wanton'd in that iv'ry throne:
There with ecstatic transport burn'd,
And thought it was to heav'n return'd.
Tell me, is the omen true,
Shall the body follow too?

When first at nature's early birth,
Heaven sent a man upon the earth,
Ev'n Eden was more fruitful found,
When Adam came to till the ground:
Shall then those breasts be fair in vain,
And only rise to fall again?

No, no, fair nymph—for no such end
Did Heaven to thee its bounty lend;
That breast was ne'er design'd by fate,
For verse, or things inanimate;
Then throw them from that downy bed,
And take the poet in their stead.

GOOD-NATURE.

HAIL cherub of the highest heav'n,
Of look divine, and temper ev'n,
Celestial sweetness, exquisite of mien,
Of ev'ry virtue, ev'ry praise the queen!

Soft gracefulness, and blooming youth,
Where, grafted on the stem of truth,
That friendship reigns, no interest can divide,
And great humility looks down on pride.

Oh! curse on slander's vip'rous tongue,
That daily dares thy merit wrong;
Ideots usurp thy title, and thy frame,
Without or virtue, talent, taste or name.

Is apathy, is heart of steel,
Nor ear to hear, nor sense to feel,
Life idly inoffensive, such a grace,
That it should steal thy name and take thy place?

No—thou art active—spirit all—
Swifter than light'ning, at the call
Of injur'd innocence, or griev'd desert,
And large with liberality thy heart.

Thy appetites in easy tides
As reason's luminary guides,
Soft flow—no wind can work them to a storm,
Correctly quick, dispassionately warm.

Yet if a transport thou canst feel,
'Tis only for thy neighbour's weal;
Great, generous acts thy ductile passions move,
And smilingly thou weep'st with joy and love.

Mild is thy mind to cover shame,
Averse to envy, slow to blame,
Bursting to praise, yet still sincere and free
From flatt'ry's fawning tongue, and bending knee.

Extensive, as from west to east,
Thy love descends from man to beast.
Nought is excluded, little or infirm,
Thou canst with greatness stoop to save a worm.

Come goddess, come with all thy charms,
For oh! I love thee, to my arms—
All, all my actions guide, my fancy feed,
So shall existence then be life indeed.

ILL-NATURE.

Offspring of folly and of pride,
To all that's odious, all that's base allied:
Nurs'd up by vice, by pravity misled,
By pedant affectation taught and bred:

Away, thou hideous hell-born spright,
Go, with thy looks of dark design,
Sullen, sour, and saturnine;
Fly to some gloomy shade, nor blot the goodly light.
Thy planet was remote, when I was born;
'Twas Mercury that rul'd my natal morn,
What time the sun exerts his genial ray,
And ripens for enjoyment every growing day:
When to exist is but to love and sing,
And sprightly Aries smiles upon the spring.

There in yon lonesome heath,
Which Flora, or Sylvanus never knew,
Where never vegetable drank the dew,
Or beast, or fowl, attempts to breathe;
Where nature's pencil has no colours laid;
But all is blank, and universal shade;
Contrast to figure, motion, life and light,
There may'st thou vent thy spite,
For ever cursing, and for ever curs'd,
Of all th' infernal crew the worst;
The worst in genius, measure, and degree;
For envy, hatred, malice, are but parts of thee.

Or wouldst thou change the scene, and quit the den,
Where spleen, by vapours dense begot and bred,
Hardness of heart, and heaviness of head,
Have rais'd their darksome walls, and plac'd their thorny bed;
There may'st thou all thy bitterness unload,
There may'st thou croak in concert with the toad,
With thee the hollow howling winds shall join,
Nor shall the bittern her base throat deny.
The querulous frogs shall mix their dirge with thine,
Th' ear-piercing hern, the plover screaming high,
Millions of humming gnats fit œstrum shall supply.

Away—away—behold a hideous band,
A herd of all thy minions are at hand;
Suspicion first with jealous caution stalks,
And ever looks around her as she walks,

With bibulous ear imperfect sounds to catch,
And proud to listen at her neighbour's latch.
Next scandal's meagre shade,
Foe to the virgin's and the poet's fame,
A wither'd time-deflower'd old maid,
That ne'er enjoy'd love's ever sacred flame.
Hypocrisy succeeds with saint-like look,
And elevates her hands and plods upon her book.

Next comes illiberal screaming avarice,
Then vanity and affectation nice—
See, she salutes her shadow with a bow,
As in short Gallic trips she minces by,
Starting antipathy is in her eye,
And squeamishly she knits her scornful brow.
To thee, ill-nature, all the numerous group
With lowly reverence stoop—
They wait thy call, and mourn thy long delay,
Away—thou art infectious—haste away.

A MORNING PIECE;

Or, a Hymn for the Hay-makers.

"Quinetiam gallum noctem explaudentibus alis
"Auroram clarâ consuetum voce vocare." LUCRET.

Brisk Chaunticleer his matins had begun,
And broke the silence of the night,
And thrice he call'd aloud the tardy sun,
And thrice he hail'd the dawn's ambiguous light:
Back to their graves the fear-begotten phantoms run.
Strong labour got up with his pipe in his mouth,
And stoutly strode over the dale;
He lent new perfumes to the breath of the south;
On his back hung his wallet and flail.
Behind him came health from her cottage of thatch,
Where never physician had lifted the latch.
First of the village Colin was awake,
And thus he sung reclining on his rake:

" Now the rural Graces three
Dance beneath yon mapple tree;
First the vestal virtue, known
By her adamantine zone;
Next to her in rosy pride,
Sweet society the bride;
Last honesty, full seemly drest
In her cleanly home-spun vest.
The abbey bells in wak'ning rounds
The warning peal have giv'n;
And pious gratitude resounds
Her morning hymn to Heaven.
All nature wakes—the birds unlock their throats,
And mock the shepherd's rustic notes.
All alive o'er the lawn,
Full glad of the dawn,
The little lambkins play,
Sylvia and Sol arise, and all is day.
Come, my mates, let us work,
And all hands to the fork,
While the sun shines our hay-cocks to make;
So fine is the day,
And so fragrant the hay,
That the meadow's as blithe as the wake;
Our voices let's raise
In Phœbus's praise;
Inspir'd by so glorious a theme,
Our musical words
Shall be join'd by the birds,
And we'll dance to the tune of the stream."

A NOON PIECE;

Or, the Mowers at Dinner.

" Jam pastor umbras cum grege languido,
" Rivumque fessus quærit, et horridi
" Dumeta Sylvani, caretque
" Ripa vagis taciturna ventis." HOR.

THE sun is now radiant to behold,
And vehement he sheds his liquid rays of gold;

No cloud appears through all the wide expanse;
And short, but yet distinct and clear,
To the wanton whistling air
The mimic shadows dance.
Fat mirth and gallantry the gay,
And romping ecstasy 'gin play.
Now myriads of young Cupids rise,
And open all their joy-bright eyes,
Filling with infant prate the grove,
And lisp in sweetly fault'ring love.
In the middle of the ring,
Mad with May, and wild of wing,
Fire-ey'd wantonness shall sing.
By the rivulet on the rushes,
Beneath a canopy of bushes,
Where the ever-faithful Tray
Guards the dumplings and the whey,
Colin Clout and Yorkshire Will
From the leathern bottle swill.
Their scythes upon the adverse bank
Glitter 'mongst th' entangled trees,
Where the hazels form a rank,
And curtsy to the courting breeze.
Ah, Harriot! sovereign mistress of my heart,
Could I thee to these meads decoy,
New grace to each fair object should impart,
And heighten ev'ry scene to perfect joy.
On a bank of fragrant thyme,
Beneath yon stately shadowy pine,
We'll with the well-disguised hook
Cheat the tenants of the brook;
Or where my Daphne's thickest shade
Drives amorous Phœbus from the glade,
There read Sydney's high-wrought stories
Of ladies' charms and heroes' glories;
Thence fir'd, the sweet narration act,
And kiss the fiction into fact.
Or satiate with nature's random scenes,
Let's to the garden's regulated greens,
Where taste and elegance command
Art to lend her dædal hand.

Where Flora's flock, by nature wild,
To discipline are reconcil'd,
And laws and order cultivate,
Quite civiliz'd into a state.
From the sun and from the show'r,
Haste we to yon boxen bow'r,
Secluded from the teazing pry
Of Argus-curiosity:
There, while Phœbus' golden mean,
The gay meridian is seen,
Ere decays the lamp of light,
And length'ning shades stretch out to night—
Seize, seize the hint—each hour improve,
This is morality in love.
Lend, lend thine hand—Oh, let me view
Thy parting breast's sweet avenue!
Then—then thy lips, the coral cell
Where all th' ambrosial kisses dwell!
Thus we'll each sultry noon employ
In day-dreams of ecstatic joy.

A NIGHT PIECE;

Or, modern Philosophy,

"Dicetur meritâ nox quoque nœniâ." HOR.

'Twas when bright Cynthia with her silver car,
Soft stealing from Endymion's bed,
Had call'd forth ev'ry glitt'ring star,
And up th' ascent of heav'n her brilliant host had led,
Night, with all her negro train,
Took possession of the plain;
In a herse she rode reclin'd,
Drawn by screech-owls slow and blind:
Close to her, with printless feet,
Crept stillness in a winding-sheet.
Next to her deaf silence was seen,
Treading on tiptoes over the green;

Softly, lightly, gently, she trips,
Still holding her fingers seal'd to her lips.
You could not see a sight,
You could not hear a sound,
But what confess'd the night,
And horror deepen'd round.
Beneath a myrtle's melancholy shade,
Sophron the wise was laid,
And to the answ'ring wood these sounds convey'd:
"While others toil within the town,
And to fortune smile or frown,
Fond of trifles, fond of toys,
And married to that woman, Noise;
Sacred wisdom be my care,
And fairest virtue, wisdom's heir."
His speculations thus the sage begun,
When, lo! the neighbouring bell
In solemn sound struck one:—
He starts, and recollects he was engag'd to Nell.
Then up he sprung, nimble and light,
And rapp'd at fair Elinor's door:
He laid aside virtue that night,
And next morn por'd in Plato for more.

ON THE FIFTH OF DECEMBER,

Being the Birth-day of a beautiful Young Lady.

HAIL, eldest of the monthly train,
Sire of the winter drear,
December, in whose iron reign
Expires the chequer'd year.
Hush all the blust'ring blasts that blow,
And proudly plum'd in silver snow,
Smile gladly on this blest of days.
The liveried clouds shall on thee wait,
And Phœbus shine in all his state
With more than summer rays.

Though jocund June may justly boast
Long days and happy hours,
Though August be Pomona's host,
And may be crown'd with flow'rs;
Tell June, his fire and crimson dyes,
By Harriot's blush and Harriot's eyes,
Eclips'd and vanquish'd, fade away:
Tell August, thou canst let him see
A richer, riper fruit than he,
A sweeter flow'r than May.

HYMN TO THE SUPREME BEING,

On Recovery from a dangerous Fit of Illness.

When Israel's ruler on the royal bed
In anguish and in perturbation lay,
The down reliev'd not his anointed head,
And rest gave place to horror and dismay.
Fast flow'd the tears, high heav'd each gasping sigh,
When God's own prophet thunder'd—"Monarch, thou must die."

And must I go, th' illustrious mourner cry'd,
I who have serv'd thee still in faith and truth,
Whose snow-white conscience no foul crime has dy'd,
From youth to manhood, infancy to youth,
Like David, who have still rever'd thy word,
The sovereign of myself and servant of the Lord?

The Judge Almighty heard his suppliant's moan,
Repeal'd his sentence, and his health restor'd;
The beams of mercy on his temples shone,
Shot from that heaven to which his sighs had soar'd;
The sun retreated at his Maker's nod,
And miracles confirm the genuine work of God.

But, O immortals! what had I to plead,
When death stood o'er me with his threat'ning lance,
When reason left me in the time of need,
And sense was left in terror or in trance?

My sinking soul was with my blood enflam'd,
And the celestial image sunk, defac'd and maim'd.

I sent back memory in heedful guise,
To search the records of preceding years;
Home, like the raven to the ark, she flies,
Croaking bad tidings to my trembling ears.
O sun, again that thy retreat was made,
And threw my follies back into the friendly shade!

But who are they that bid affliction cease?—
Redemption and forgiveness, heavenly sounds!
Behold the dove that brings the branch of peace,
Behold the balm that heals the gaping wounds—
Vengeance divine's by penitence suppress—
She struggles with the angel, conquers, and is blest.

Yet hold, presumption, nor too fondly climb,
And thou too hold, O horrible despair!
In man humility's alone sublime,
Who diffidently hopes he's Christ's own care—
O all-sufficient Lamb! in death's dread hour
Thy merits who shall slight, or who can doubt thy power?

But soul-rejoicing health again returns,
The blood meanders gently in each vein,
The lamp of life renew'd with vigour burns,
And exil'd reason takes her seat again—
Brisk leaps the heart, the mind's at large once more,
To love, to praise, to bless, to wonder, and adore.

The virtuous partner of my nuptial bands,
Appear'd a widow to my frantic sight;
My little prattlers lifting up their hands,
Beckon me back to them, to life, and light;
I come, ye spotless sweets! I come again,
Nor have your tears been shed, nor have ye knelt in vain.

All glory to th' Eternal, to the Immense,
All glory to th' Omniscient and Good,
Whose power's uncircumscrib'd, whose love's intense;
But yet whose justice ne'er could be withstood,
Except through him—through him, who stands alone,
Of worth, of weight, allow'd for all mankind t' atone!

He rais'd the lame, the lepers he made whole,
  He fix'd the palsied nerves of weak decay,
He drove out Satan from the tortur'd soul,
  And to the blind gave or restor'd the day—
Nay more,—far more unequall'd pangs sustain'd,
Till his lost fallen flock his taintless blood regain'd.

My feeble feet refus'd my body's weight,
  Nor would my eyes admit the glorious light,
My nerves convuls'd, shook, fearful of their fate,
  My mind lay open to the powers of night.
He, pitying, did a second birth bestow,
A birth of joy—not like the first of tears and woe.

Ye strengthen'd feet, forth to his altar move;
  Quicken, ye new-strung nerves, the enraptur'd lyre;
Ye heaven-directed eyes, o'erflow with love,
  Glow, glow, my soul, with pure seraphic fire;
Deeds, thoughts, and words, no more his mandates break,
But to his endless glory work, conceive, and speak.

O penitence, to virtue near allied,
  Thou canst new joys e'en to the blest impart;
The list'ning angels lay their harps aside,
  To hear the music of thy contrite heart;
And heaven itself wears a more radiant face,
When charity presents thee to the throne of grace.

Chief of metallic forms is regal gold;
  Of elements, the limpid fount that flows;
Give me, 'mongst gems the brilliant to behold;
  O'er Flora's flock imperial is the rose;
Above all birds the sov'reign eagle soars;
And monarch of the field the lordly lion roars.

What can with great Leviathan compare,
  Who takes his pastime in the mighty main?
What, like the sun, shines through the realms of air,
  And gilds and glorifies th' ethereal plain?
Yet what are these to man, who bears the sway?
For all was made for him—to serve and to obey.

Thus in high heaven charity is great,
Faith, hope, devotion, hold a lower place;
On her the cherubs and the seraphs wait,
Her, every virtue courts, and every grace;
See! on the right, close by th' Almighty's throne,
In Him she shines confest, who came to make her known.

Deep-rooted in my heart then let her grow,
That for the past the future may atone;
That I may act what thou hast giv'n to know,
That I may live for thee, and thee alone,
And justify those sweetest words from heaven,
"That he shall love thee most to whom thou'st most forgiven."

LANGHORNE.

DISTINGUISHED as John Langhorne was by his cotemporaries, and admired as he will be to the latest posterity, few are the incidents of his life that have survived him.

It appears that he was born at Kirkby-Stephen in Westmoreland, and that his father, who was a clergyman, dying while he was young, left him and his brother William to the care of his mother; but where he received his education and his degree is unknown. It is evident, however, that he was at Clare Hall, in Cambridge, in 1760, and that he had previously written some exquisite pieces of poetry, which opened to him the paths of fame on his removing to London, about the time of the accession of his present majesty.

In town, he seems to have enlisted himself as a writer by profession, and espoused the cause of Lord Bute with some effect, though it is probable with little emolument to himself. He was likewise a writer in the Monthly Review, which, with his political attachments, exposed him to the censure of Churchill.

It would extend too far, to enumerate all the avowed productions of Dr. Langhorne, both in verse and prose. Suffice it to say, that the principal poems he had composed appeared in two volumes 12mo. in 1766, with a dedication to the Honourable Charles Yorke. Among his poetical effusions, the "Fables of Flora" are the most esteemed; and indeed if he had produced nothing else, his fame would have been as durable as the language in which he wrote. These fables exhibit an union of imagery, description, and sentiment; and bear incontestable marks of poetic invention and enthusiasm. Several of his other poems are eminently beautiful, and we have carefully selected the best.

In 1767, he married Miss Cracroft, sister to a gentleman whose education he had superintended; but soon after had the misfortune to lose her in childbed of a daughter, which occasioned some pathetic Verses to the

Memory of a Lady, written at Sandgate-castle. He had previously obtained the valuable living of Blagdon in Somersetshire, and was appointed a prebendary of Wells, as well as a justice of the peace. In the latter capacity, he distinguished himself as an useful and active magistrate, and wrote a poem called "The Country Justice," but in too didactic a manner to be generally pleasing.

His health gradually declining, he died after a lingering illness at Blagdon-house, in 1779, leaving his only daughter to the care of Mrs. Gillman, a lady whom he has frequently celebrated in his poems.

Dr. Langhorne was a man of a social and convivial spirit, as well as an excellent poet; and his loss was sincerely lamented by those who best knew him.

His compositions are distinguished by undoubted marks of genius, a fine imagination, and a sensible heart. Imagery and enthusiasm, the great essentials of poetry, inspirit all his works, and place them far above the strain of vulgar composition.

The tenderness of love, and the soft language of complaint, were adapted to his genius, as well as elevation of thought, opulence of imagery, and the highest beauties of poetry. But the qualities for which he is chiefly distinguished, are imagination, pathos, and simplicity, animated sentiment, apt allusion, warmth and vivacity of expression, and a melodious versification.

His chief fault is redundant decoration, an affectation of false and unnecessary ornament. He is not always contented with that concise and simple language which is sufficient to express his sentiments, but is tempted to indulge in superfluous diction, by the facinations of novelty.

His sentiments, however, are always just, and generally striking. A great degree of elegance and classical simplicity runs through all his compositions; and his descriptions of nature, rural imagery, pictures of private virtue, and pastoral innocence, have a judicious selection of circumstances, a graceful plainness of expression, and a happy mixture of pathos and sentiment, which marks the superior poet.

HYMN TO HOPE.

1761.

Sun of the soul! whose cheerful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;
Sweet hope, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary steps awhile,
Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

Oh, come with such an eye and mien,
As when by amorous shepherd seen;
While in the violet-breathing vale
He meditates his evening tale!
Nor leave behind thy fairy train,
Repose, belief, and fancy vain:
That towering on her wing sublime,
Outstrips the lazy flight of time,
Riots on distant days with thee,
And opens all futurity.
Oh, come! and to my pensive eye
Thy far-foreseeing tube apply,
Whose kind deception steals us o'er
The gloomy waste that lies before;
Still opening to the distant sight
The sunshine of the mountain's height;
Where scenes of fairer aspect rise,
Elysian groves, and azure skies.
Nor, gentle hope, forget to bring
The family of youth and spring;
The hours that glide in sprightly round,
The mountain-nymphs with wild thyme crown'd;
Delight, that dwells with raptur'd eye
On stream, or flow'r, or field, or sky:
And foremost in thy train advance,
The loves and joys in jovial dance;
Nor last be expectation seen,
That wears a wreath of evergreen.
Attended thus, by Belau's streams
Oft hast thou sooth'd my waking dreams,

When, prone beneath an osier shade,
At large my vacant limbs were laid ;
To thee and fancy all resign'd,
What visions wander'd o'er my mind !
Illusions dear, adieu ! no more
Shall I your fairy-haunts explore ;
For hope withholds her golden ray,
And fancy's colours faint away.
To Eden's shores, to Enon's groves,
Resounding once with Delia's loves,
Adieu ! that name shall sound no more
O'er Enon's groves, or Eden's shore :
For hope withholds her golden ray,
And fancy's colours faint away.

Life's ocean slept—the liquid gale
Gently mov'd the waving sail.
Fallacious hope ! with flattering eye
You smil'd to see the streamers fly.
The thunder bursts, the mad wind raves,
From slumber wake the frighted waves :
You saw me, fled me thus distrest,
And tore your anchor from my breast.

Yet come, fair fugitive, again !
I love thee still, though false and vain !
Forgive me, gentle hope, and tell
Where, far from me, you deign to dwell.
To sooth ambition's wild desires ;
To feed the lover's eager fires ;
To swell the miser's mouldy store ;
To gild the dreaming chemist's ore ;
Are these thy cares ? or, more humane,
To loose the war-worn captive's chain,
And bring before his languid sight
The charms of liberty and light ;
The tears of drooping grief to dry,
And hold thy glass to sorrow's eye ?

Or dost thou more delight to dwell
With silence in the hermit's cell ;
To teach devotion's flame to rise,
And wing her vespers to the skies ;
To urge, with still returning care,
The holy violence of prayer ;

In rapt'rous visions to display
The realms of everlasting day,
And snatch from time the golden key
That opens all eternity?
Perchance, on some unpeopled strand,
Whose rocks the raging tide withstand,
Thy soothing smile, in deserts drear,
A lonely mariner may cheer,
Who bravely holds his feeble breath,
Attack'd by famine, pain, and death.
With thee, he bears each tedious day
Along the dreary beach to stray:
Whence their wide way his toil'd eyes strain
O'er the blue bosom of the main;
And meet, where distant surges rave,
A white sail in each foaming wave.
Doom'd from each native joy to part,
Each dear connection of the heart,
You the poor exile's steps attend,
The only undeserting friend.
You wing the slow-declining year;
You dry the solitary tear;
And oft, with pious guile, restore
Those scenes he must behold no more.
O most ador'd of earth or skies!
To thee ten thousand temples rise;
By age retain'd, by youth carest,
The same dear idol of the breast.
Depriv'd of thee, the wretch were poor
That rolls in heaps of Lydian ore;
With thee the simple hind is gay,
Whose toil supports the passing day.
The rose-lipp'd loves, that round their queen
Dance o'er Cythera's smiling green,
Thy aid implore, thy power display
In many a sweetly-warbled lay.
For ever in thy sacred shrine
Their unextinguish'd torches shine;
Idalian flowers their sweets diffuse,
And myrtles shed their balmy dews.
Ah! still propitious, may'st thou deign
To sooth an anxious lover's pain!

By thee deserted, well I know,
His heart would feel no common woe.
His gentle prayer propitious hear,
And stop the frequent-falling tear.
For me, fair hope, if once again,
Perchance, to smile on me you deign,
Be such your sweetly-rural air,
And such a graceful visage wear,
As when, with truth and young desire,
You wak'd the lord of Hagley's lyre,
And painted to her poet's mind
The charms of Lucy, fair and kind.
But ah, too early lost!—then go,
Vain hope, thou harbinger of woe.
Ah, no!—that thought distracts my heart:
Indulge me, hope, we must not part;
Direct the future as you please;
But give me, give me, present ease.

Sun of the soul! whose cheerful ray
Darts o'er this gloom of life a smile;
Sweet hope, yet further gild my way,
Yet light my weary steps awhile,
Till thy fair lamp dissolve in endless day.

AN ELEGY.

And were they vain, those soothing lays he sung,
Children of fancy? Yes, your song was vain;
On each soft air though rapt attention hung,
And silence listen'd on the sleeping plain.

The strains yet vibrate on my ravish'd ear,
And still to smile the mimic beauties seem,
Though now the visionary scenes appear
Like the faint traces of a vanish'd dream.

Mirror of life! the glories thus depart,
Of all that youth, and love, and fancy frame,
When painful anguish speeds the piercing dart,
Or envy blasts the blooming flowers of fame.

Nurse of wild wishes, and of fond desires,
The prophetess of fortune, false and vain,
To scenes where peace in ruin's arms expires,
Fallacious hope deludes her hapless train.

Go, syren, go—thy charms on others try:
My beaten bark at length has reach'd the shore;
Yet on the rock my drooping garments lie;
And let me perish, if I trust thee more.

Come, gentle quiet! long-neglected maid!
Oh come, and lead me to thy mossy cell!
There unreguarded in the peaceful shade,
With calm repose and silence let me dwell.

Come, happier hours of sweet unanxious rest,
When all the struggling passions should subside;
When peace shall clasp me to her plumy breast,
And smooth my silent minutes as they glide.

But chief, thou goddess of the thoughtless eye,
Whom never cares or passions discompose,
O blest insensibility! be nigh,
And with thy soothing hand my weary eyelids close.

Then shall the cares of love and glory cease,
And all the fond anxieties of fame;
Alike regardless in the arms of peace,
If these extol, or those debase, a name.

In Lyttelton, though all the muses' praise,
His generous praise shall then delight no more,
Nor the sweet magic of his tender lays
Shall touch the bosom which it charm'd before.

Nor then, though malice, with insidious guise
Of friendship, ope the unsuspecting breast;
Nor then, though envy broach her blackening lies,
Shall these deprive me of a moment's rest.

O state to be desir'd! when hostile rage
Prevails in human more than savage haunts;
When man with man eternal war will wage,
And never yield that mercy which he wants.

When dark design invades the cheerful hour;
And draws the heart with social freedom warm,
Its cares, its wishes, and its thoughts to pour,
Smiling insidious with the hopes of harm.

Vain man, to others' failings still severe,
Yet not one foible in himself can find;
Another's faults to folly's eye are clear,
But to her own e'en wisdom's self is blind.

Oh! let me still, from these low follies free,
This sordid malice, and inglorious strife,
Myself the subject of my censure be,
And teach my heart to comment on my life.

With thee, philosophy, still let me dwell,
My tutor'd mind from vulgar meanness save;
Bring peace, bring quiet to my humble cell,
And bid them lay the green turf on my grave.

INSCRIPTION ON THE DOOR OF A STUDY.

O THOU that shalt presume to tread
This mansion of the mighty dead,
Come with the free untainted mind;
The nurse, the peasant leave behind;
And all that superstition, fraught
With folly's lore, thy youth has taught.
Each thought that reason can't retain,
Leave it, and learn to think again.
Yet, while thy studious eyes explore,
And range these various volumes o'er,
Trust blindly to no fav'rite pen,
Remembering authors are but men.
Has fair philosophy thy love?
Away! she lives in yonder grove.
If the sweet muse thy pleasure gives,
With her, in yonder grove, she lives:

And if religion claims thy care,
Religion, fled from books, is there.
For first from nature's works we drew
Our knowledge, and our virtue too.

MONODY.

1759.

Ah, scenes belov'd, ah, conscious shades,
That wave these parent vales along!
Ye bowers, where fancy met the tuneful maids,
Ye mountains vocal with my Doric song,
Teach your wild echoes to complain
In sighs of solemn woe, in broken sounds of pain.

For her I mourn,
Now the cold tenant of the thoughtless urn—
For her bewail these streams of woe,
For her these filial sorrows flow;
Source of my life, that led my tender years
With all a parent's pious fears;
That nurs'd my infant thought, and taught my mind to grow.
Careful she mark'd each dangerous way
Where youth's unwary footsteps stray:
She taught the struggling passions to subside:
Where sacred truth and reason guide,
In virtue's glorious path to seek the realms of day.

Lamented goodness! yet I see
The fond affection melting in her eye:
She bends her tearful orb on me,
And heaves the tender sigh;
As thoughtful she the toil surveys
That crowd in life's perplexing maze,
And for her children feels again
All, all that love can fear, and all that fear can feign.
O best of parents! let me pour
My sorrows o'er thy silent bed:
There early strew the vernal flower,
The parting tear at evening shed—

Alas! are these the only meed
Of each kind thought, each virtuous deed,
These fruitless offerings that embalm the dead?

Then fairy-seated hope, forbear—
No more thy fond illusions spread;
Thy shadowy scenes dissolv'd in air,
Thy visionary prospects fled;
With her they fled, at whose lamented shrine,
Love, gratitude, and duty, mingled tears,
Condemn'd each filial office to resign,
Nor hopeful more to sooth her long-declining years.

TO MRS. GILLMAN.

With sense enough for half your sex beside,
With just no more than necessary pride;
With knowledge caught from nature's living page,
Politely learn'd, and elegantly sage—
Alas! how piteous, that in such a mind
So many foibles free reception find!
Can such a mind, ye gods! admit disdain?
Be partial, envious, covetous, and vain?
Unwelcome truth! to love, to blindness clear!
Yet Gillman, hear it;—while you blush to hear.
That in your gentle breast disdain can dwell,
Let knavery, meanness, pride that feel it, tell!
With partial eye a friend's defects you see,
And look with kindness on my faults and me.
And does no envy that fair mind o'ershade?
Does no short sigh for greater wealth invade;
When silent merit wants the fostering meed,
And the warm wish suggests the virtuous deed?
Fairly the charge of vanity you prove,
Vain of each virtue of the friends you love.
What charms, what arts of magic have conspir'd,
Of power to make so many faults admir'd?

HAPPINESS OF A MODERATE FORTUNE AND MODERATE DESIRES.

From the French of Mr. Gresset. 1760.

O GOODNESS of the golden mean,
Whom still misjudging folly flies,
Seduc'd by each delusive scene!
Thy only subjects are the wise.
These seek thy paths with nobler aim,
And trace them to the gates of fame.

See foster'd in thy fav'ring shade
Each tender bard of verse divine!
Who, lur'd by fortune's vain parade,
Had never form'd the tuneful line;
By fortune lur'd, or want confin'd,
Whose cold hand chills the genial mind.

In vain you slight the flowery crown
That fame wreathes round the favour'd head!
Whilst laurell'd victory and renown
Their heroes from thy shades have led;
There form'd from courtly softness free,
By rigid virtue and by thee.

By thee were form'd, from cities far,
Fabricius just, Camillus wise;
Those philosophic sons of war,
That from imperial dignities
Returning, plough'd their native plain,
And plac'd their laurels in thy fane.

Thrice happy he, on whose calm breast
The smiles of peaceful wisdom play,
With all thy sober charms possest,
Whose wishes never learnt to stray;
Whom truth, of pleasures pure but grave,
And pensive thoughts, from folly save.

Far from the crowd's low-thoughted strife,
From all that bounds fair freedom's aim,
He envies not the pomp of life,
A length of rent-roll, or of name:
For safe he views the vale-grown elm,
While thunder-sounding storms the mountain pine o'erwhelm.

Of censure's frown he feels no dread,
No fear he knows of vulgar eyes,
Whose thought, to nobler objects led,
Far, far o'er their horizon flies!
With reason's suffrage at his side,
Whose firm heart rests self-satisfied.

And while alternate conquest sways
The northern or the southern shore,
He smiles at fortune's giddy maze,
And calmly hears the wild storm roar.
Ev'n nature's groans, unmov'd with fear,
And bursting worlds, he'd calmly hear.

Such are the faithful hearts you love,
O friendship fair, immortal maid!
The few caprice could never move,
The few whom interest never sway'd;
Nor shed unseen, with hate refin'd,
The pale cares o'er the gloomy mind.

Soft sleep, that lov'st the peaceful cell,
On these descends thy balmy power;
While no terrific dreams dispel
The slumbers of the sober hour;
Which oft array'd in darkness drear,
Wake the wild eye of pride to fear.

Content with all a farm would yield,
Thus Sidon's monarch liv'd unknown,
And sigh'd to leave his little field
For the long glories of a throne;
There once more happy and more free
Than rank'd with Dido's ancestry.

With these pacific virtues blest,
These charms of philosophic ease,
Wrapt in your Richmond's tranquil rest,
You pass, dear C——, your useful days;
Where Thames your silent valleys laves,
Proud of his yet untainted waves.

Should life's more public scenes engage
Your time that thus consistent flows,
And following still these maxims sage
For ever brings the same repose;
Your worth may greater fame procure,
But hope not happiness so sure.

HYMN TO HUMANITY.

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry;
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheeks be dry;
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet humanity!

Come, ever welcome to my breast,
A tender, but a cheerful guest:
Nor always in the gloomy cell
Of life-consuming sorrow dwell;
For sorrow, long indulg'd and slow,
Is to humanity a foe;
And grief, that makes the heart its prey,
Wears sensibility away.
Then come, sweet nymph, instead of thee,
The gloomy fiend, stupidity.

O may that fiend be banish'd far,
Though passions hold eternal war!
Nor ever let me cease to know
The pulse that throbs at joy or woe.
Nor let my vacant cheek be dry,
When sorrow fills a brother's eye;
Nor may the tear that frequent flows
From private or from social woes,

E'er make this pleasing sense depart.
Ye cares, O harden not my heart!
If the fair star of fortune smile,
Let not its flattering power beguile:
Nor, borne along the fav'ring tide,
My full sails swell with bloating pride.
Let me from wealth but hope content,
Remembering still it was but lent;
To modest merit spread my store,
Unbar my hospitable door;
Nor feed, for pomp, an idle train,
While want unpitied pines in vain.
If heaven, in every purpose wise,
The envied lot of wealth denies;
If doom'd to drag life's painful load
Through poverty's uneven road,
And, for the due bread of the day,
Destin'd to toil as well as pray;
To thee, humanity, still true,
I'll wish the good I cannot do;
And give the wretch that passes by,
A soothing word—a tear—a sigh.
Howe'er exalted, or deprest,
Be ever mine the feeling breast.
From me remove the stagnant mind
Of languid indolence, reclin'd;
The soul that one long Sabbath keeps,
And through the sun's whole circle sleeps:
Dull peace, that dwells in folly's eye,
And self-attending vanity.
Alike, the foolish and the vain
Are strangers to the sense humane.
O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow,
When the prophetic eye survey'd
Sion in future ashes laid;
Or, rais'd to heaven, implor'd the bread
That thousands in the desert fed!
Or, when the heart o'er friendship's grave
Sigh'd, and forgot its power to save.
O for that sympathetic glow
Which taught the holy tear to flow!

It comes: it fills my labouring breast!
I feel my beating heart opprest.
Oh! hear that lonely widow's wail;
See her dim eye; her aspect pale!
To heaven she turns in deep despair:
Her infants wonder at her prayer,
And, mingling tears they know not why,
Lift up their little hands, and cry.
O God! their moving sorrows see!
Support them, sweet humanity!
Life, fill'd with grief's distressful train,
For ever asks the tear humane.
Behold in yon unconscious grove
The victims of ill-fated love!
Heard you that agonizing throe?
Sure this is not romantic woe!
The golden day of joy is o'er;
And now they part—to meet no more.
Assist them hearts from anguish free:
Assist them, sweet humanity!

Parent of virtue, if thine ear
Attend not now to sorrow's cry,
If now the pity-streaming tear
Should haply on thy cheek be dry,
Indulge my votive strain, O sweet humanity!

HYMN TO THE RISING SUN.

From the red wave rising bright,
Lift on high thy golden head;
O'er the misty mountain spread
Thy smiling rays of orient light!
See the golden god appear!
Flies the fiend of darkness drear;
Flies, and in her gloomy train,
Sable grief, and care, and pain!
See the golden god advance!
On Taurus' heights his coursers prance:
With him haste the vernal hours,
Breathing sweets, and dropping flowers.

Laughing summer at his side,
Waves her locks in rosy pride:
And autumn bland, with aspect kind,
Bears his golden sheaf behind.
O haste, and spread the purple day
O'er all the wide ethereal way!
Nature mourns at thy delay:
God of glory, haste away!
From the red wave rising bright,
Lift on high thy golden head,
O'er the misty mountains spread
Thy smiling rays of Orient light!

HYMN TO THE ETERNAL PROVIDENCE.

Life of the world, Immortal Mind!
Father of all the human kind!
Whose boundless eye that knows no rest,
Intent on nature's ample breast;
Explores the space of earth and skies,
And sees eternal incense rise!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Though thou this transient being gave,
That shortly sinks into the grave;
Yet 'twas thy goodness, still to give
A being that can think and live:
In all thy works thy wisdom see,
And stretch its tow'ring mind to thee!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

And still this poor contracted span,
This life, that bears the name of man;
From thee derives its vital ray,
Eternal source of life and day!
Thy bounty still the sunshine pours,
That gilds its morn and evening hours.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Through error's maze, through folly's night,
The lamp of reason lends me light.
When stern affliction waves her rod,
My heart confides in thee, my God!
When nature shrinks, oppress'd with woes,
Ev'n then she finds in thee repose.
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

Affliction flies, and hope returns;
Her lamp with brighter splendour burns;
Gay love with all his smiling train,
And peace and joy are here again.
These, these, I know, 'twas thine to give.
I trusted; and, behold, I live!
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

O may I still thy favour prove;
Still grant me gratitude and love.
Let truth and virtue guide my heart;
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart.
But yet, whate'er my life may be,
My heart shall still repose on thee;
To thee my humble voice I raise;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

VERSES IN MEMORY OF A LADY.*

Written at Sandgate Castle. 1768.

"Nec tamen ingenio, quantum servire dolori."

Let others boast the false and faithless pride,
No nuptial charm to know, and known, to hide,
With vain disguise from nature's dictates part,
For the poor triumph of a vacant heart;
My verse, the god of tender vows inspires,
Dwells on my soul, and wakens all her fires.

* Wife of the author. She was daughter to Mr. Cracroft of Lincolnshire.

Dear silent partner of those happier hours,
That pass'd in Hackthorn's vales, in Blagdon's bowers!
If yet thy gentle spirit wanders here,
Borne by its virtues to no nobler sphere:
If yet that pity which, of life possest,
Fill'd thy fair eye, and lighten'd through thy breast;
If yet that tender thought, that generous care,
The gloomy power of endless night may spare;
Oh! while my soul for thee, for thee complains,
Catch her warm sighs, and kiss her bleeding strains.
Wild, wretched wish! can pray'r, with feeble breath,
Pierce the pale ear, the statued ear of death?
Let patience pray, let hope aspire to pray'r!
And leave me the strong language of despair!
Hence, ye vain painters of ingenious woe,
Ye Lytteltons, ye shining Petrarchs, go!
I hate the languor of your lenient strain,
Your flow'ry grief, your impotence of pain.
Oh! had ye known what I have known, to prove
The searching flame, the agonies of love!
Oh! had ye known how souls to souls impart
Their fire, or mix'd the life-drops of the heart!
Not like the streams that down the mountain's side,
Tunefully mourn, and sparkle as they glide;
Not like the breeze, that sighs at evening hour
On the soft bosom of some folding flower;
Your stronger grief, in stronger accents borne,
Had sooth'd the breast with burning anguish torn.
The voice of seas, the winds that rouse the deep,
Far-sounding floods that tear the mountain's steep;
Each wild and melancholy blast that raves
Round these dim towers, and smites the beating waves—
This sooths my soul—'tis nature's mournful breath,
'Tis nature struggling in the arms of death!
See the last aid of her expiring state,
See love, ev'n love, has lent his darts to fate!
Oh! when beneath his golden shafts I bled,
And vainly bound his trophies on my head;
When, crown'd with flowers, he led the rosy day,
Liv'd to my eye, and drew my soul away—
Could fear, could fancy at that tender hour,
See the dim grave demand the nuptial flower?

There, there his wreaths dejected Hymen strew'd;
And mourn'd their bloom unfaded as he view'd.
There each fair hope, each tenderness of life,
Each nameless charm of soft obliging strife,
Delight, love, fancy, pleasure, genius, fled,
And the best passions of my soul lie dead;
All, all is there in cold oblivion laid,
But pale remembrance bending o'er a shade.
O come, ye softer sorrows, to my breast!
Ye lenient sighs, that slumber into rest!
Come, soothing dreams, your friendly pinions wave,
We'll bear the fresh rose to yon honour'd grave,
For once this pain, this frantic pain forego,
And feel at least the luxury of woe!
Ye holy suff'rers that in silence wait
The last sad refuge of relieving fate!
That rest at eve beneath the cypress' gloom,
And sleep familiar on your future tomb;
With you I'll waste the slow-departing day,
And wear with you th' uncolour'd hours away.
Oh lead me to your cells, your lonely ailes,
Where resignation folds her arms, and smiles;
Where holy faith unwearied vigils keeps,
And guards the urn where fair Constantia sleeps:
There, let me there in sweet oblivion lie,
And calmly feel the tutor'd passions die.

THE FABLES OF FLORA.

THE SUN-FLOWER AND THE IVY.

As duteous to the place of prayer,
Within the convent's lonely walls,
The holy sisters still repair,
What time the rosy morning calls;

So fair each morn, so full of grace,
Within their little garden rear'd,
The flower of Phœbus turn'd her face
To meet the power she lov'd and fear'd.

And where, along the rising sky,
Her god in brighter glory burn'd,
Still there her fond observant eye,
And there her golden breast, she turn'd.

When falling from their weary height,
On western waves his beams to rest,
Still there she sought the parting sight,
And there she turn'd her golden breast.

But soon as night's invidious shade
Afar his lovely looks had borne,
With folded leaves, and drooping head,
Full sore she griev'd, as one forlorn.

Such duty in a flower display'd,
The holy sisters smil'd to see,
Forgave the pagan rites it paid,
And lov'd its fond idolatry.

But painful still, though meant for kind,
The praise that falls on envy's ear!
O'er the dim window's arch entwin'd,
The canker'd ivy chanc'd to hear.

And "See," she cried, "that specious flower,
"Whose flattering bosom courts the sun,
"The pageant of a gilded hour,
"The convent's simple hearts hath won!

"Obsequious meanness! ever prone
"To watch the patron's turning eye;
"No will, no motion of its own!
"'Tis this they love, for this they sigh:

"Go, splendid sycophant! no more
"Display thy soft seductive arts!
"The flattering clime of courts explore,
"Nor spoil the convent's simple hearts.

"To me their praise more justly due,
"Of longer bloom and happier grace!
"Whom changing months unalter'd view,
"And find them in my fond embrace."

" How well," the modest flower replied,
" Can envy's wrested eye elude
" The obvious bounds that still divide
" Foul flattery from fair gratitude !

" My duteous praise each hour I pay,
" For few the hours that I must live ;
" And give to him my little day,
" Whose grace another day may give.

" When low this golden form shall fall,
" And spread with dust its parent plain,
" That dust shall hear his genial call,
" And rise, to glory rise, again.

" To thee, my gracious power, to thee,
" My love, my heart, my life, are due !
" Thy goodness gave that life to be,
" Thy goodness shall that life renew.

" Ah me ! one moment from thy sight
" That thus my truant-eye should stray !
" The god of glory sets in night ;
" His faithless flower has lost a day."

Sore griev'd the flower, and droop'd her head ;
And sudden tears her breast bedew'd :
Consenting tears the sisters shed,
And wrapp'd in holy wonder, view'd.

With joy, with pious pride elate,
" Behold," the aged abbess cries,
" An emblem of that happier fate,
" Which heaven to all but us denies.

" Our hearts no fears but duteous fears,
" No charm but duty's charm, can move ;
" We shed no tears but holy tears
" Of tender penitence and love.

" See there the envious world pourtray'd
" In that dark look, that creeping pace !
" No flower can bear the ivy's shade,
" No tree support its cold embrace.

"The oak that rears it from the ground,
"And bears its tendrils to the skies,
"Feels at his heart the rankling wound,
"And in its pois'nous arms he dies."

Her moral thus the matron read,
Studious to teach her children dear,
And they, by love or duty led,
With pleasure heard, or seem'd to hear.

Yet one less duteous, not less fair,
In convents still the tale is known,
The fable heard with silent care,
But found a moral of her own.

The flower that smil'd along the day,
And droop'd in tears at ev'ning's fall,
Too well she found her life display,
Too well her fatal lot recal.

The treacherous ivy's gloomy strain,
That murder'd what it most embrac'd,
Too well that cruel scene convey'd,
Which all her fairer hopes effac'd.

Her heart with silent horror shook,
With sighs she sought her lonely cell;
To the dim light she cast one look,
And bade once more the world farewell.

THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

There are that love the shades of life,
And shun the splendid walks of fame:
There are that hold it rueful strife
To risk ambition's losing game:

That, far from envy's lurid eye,
The fairest fruits of genius rear,
Content to see them bloom and die
In friendship's small, but kindly sphere.

Than vainer flowers though sweeter far,
The evening primrose shuns the day;
Blooms only to the western star,
And loves its solitary ray.

In Eden's vale, an aged hind,
At the dim twilight's closing hour,
On his time-smoothed staff reclin'd,
With wonder view'd the opening flower.

"Ill-fated flower at eve to blow,"
In pity's simple thought he cries,
"Thy bosom must not feel the glow
"Of splendid suns, or smiling skies.

"Nor thee, the vagrants of the field,
"The hamlet's little train behold;
"Their eyes to sweet oppression yield,
"When thine the falling shades unfold.

"Nor thee the hasty shepherd heeds,
"When love has fill'd his heart with cares,
"For flowers he rifles all the meads,
"For waking flowers—but thine forbears.

"Ah! waste no more that beauteous bloom
"On night's chill shade, that fragrant breath,
"Let smiling suns those glooms illume!
"Fair flower, to live unseen is death."

Soft as the voice of vernal gales,
That o'er the bending meadow blow,
Or streams that steal through even vales,
And murmur that they move so slow:

Deep in her unfrequented bower,
Sweet Philomela pour'd her strain;
The bird of eve approv'd her flower,
And answer'd thus the anxious swain:

Live unseen!
By moon-light shades in valleys green,
Lovely flower, we'll live unseen.
Of our pleasures deem not lightly:
Laughing day may look more sprightly,

But I love the modest mien,
Still I love the modest mien
Of gentle evening fair, and her star-trained queen.

Didst thou, shepherd, never find
Pleasure is of pensive kind?
Has thy cottage never known
That she loves to live alone?
Dost thou not at evening hour
Feel some soft and secret power,
Gliding o'er thy yielding mind,
Leave sweet serenity behind;
While, all disarm'd, the cares of day
Steal through the falling gloom away?
Love to think thy lot was laid
In this undistinguish'd shade.
Far from the world's infectious view,
Thy little virtues safely blew.
Go, and in day's more dangerous hour
Guard thy emblematic flower.

THE LAUREL AND THE REED.

The reed that once the shepherd blew
On cold Cephisus' hallow'd side,
To Sylla's cruel bow applied,
Its inoffensive master slew.

Stay, bloody soldier, stay thy hand,
Nor take the shepherd's gentle breath:
Thy rage let innocence withstand;
Let music sooth the thirst of death.

He frown'd—he bade the arrow fly—
The arrow smote the tuneful swain;
No more its tone his lip shall try,
Nor wake its vocal soul again.

Cephisus, from his sedgy urn,
With woe beheld the sanguine deed:
He mourn'd, and as they heard him mourn,
Assenting, sigh'd each trembling reed.

" Fair offspring of my waves," he cried,
" That bind my brows, my banks adorn;
" Pride of the plains, the river's pride,
" For music, peace, and beauty born!

" Ah, what, unheedful, have we done?
" What demons here in death delight?
" What fiends that curse the social sun?
" What furies of infernal night?

" See, see my peaceful shepherds bleed!
" Each heart in harmony that vied,
" Smote by its own melodious reed,
" Lies cold along my blushing side.

" Back to your urn, my waters, fly,
" Or find in earth some secret way;
" For horror dims yon conscious sky,
" And hell has issued into day."

Through Delphi's holy depth of shade
The sympathetic sorrows ran;
While in his dim and mournful glade
The genius of her groves began.

" In vain Cephisus sighs to save
" The swain that loves his wat'ry mead,
" And weeps to see his reddening wave,
" And mourns for his perverted reed:

" In vain my violated groves
" Must I with equal grief bewail,
" While desolation sternly roves,
" And bids the sanguine hand assail.

" God of the genial stream, behold
" My laurel shades of leaves so bare:
" Those leaves no poet's brows enfold,
" Nor bind Apollo's golden hair.

" Like thy fair offspring, misapplied,
" Far other purpose they supply;
" The murderer's burning cheek to hide,
" And on his frownful temples die.

" Yet deem not these of Pluto's race,
" Whom wounded nature sues in vain ;
" Pluto disclaims the dire disgrace,
" And cries, indignant,—They are men."

THE GARDEN-ROSE AND THE WILD ROSE.

As Dee, whose current, free from stain,
Glides fair o'er Merioneth's plain,
By mountains forc'd his way to steer,
Along the lake of Pimble mere,
Darts swiftly through the stagnant mass,
His waters trembling as they pass,
And leads his lucid waves below,
Unmix'd, unsullied as they flow—
So clear through life's tumultuous tide,
So free could thought and fancy glide ;
Could hope as sprightly hold her course,
As first she left her native source,
Unsought in her romantic cell,
The keeper of her dreams might dwell.
But ah! they will not, will not last—
When life's first fairy stage is past,
The glowing hand of hope is cold ;
And fancy lives not to be old.
Darker, and darker all before,
We turn the former prospect o'er ;
And find in mem'ry's faithful eye
Our little stock of pleasures lie.
Come then, thy kind recesses ope !
Fair keeper of the dreams of hope !
Come with thy visionary train ;
And bring my morning scenes again !
To Enon's wild and silent shade,
Where oft my lonely youth was laid ;
What time the woodland genius came,
And touch'd me with his holy flame.
Or, where the hermit, Bela, leads
Her waves through solitary meads ;
And only feeds the desert flower,
Where once she sooth'd my slumb'ring hour ;

Or rous'd by Stainmore's wint'ry sky,
She wearies Echo with her cry;
And oft, what storms her bosom tear,
Her deeply-wounded banks declare.
Where Eden's fairer waters flow,
By Milton's bower, or Osty's brow,
Or Brokley's alder-shaded cave,
Or winding round the druid's grave,
Silently glide with pious fear,
To sound his holy slumbers near.
To these fair scenes of fancy's reign,
O memory! bear me once again:
For, when life's varied scenes are past,
'Tis simple nature charms at last.

'Twas thus of old a poet pray'd;
Th' indulgent pow'r his prayer approv'd,
And, ere the gather'd rose could fade,
Restor'd him to the scenes he lov'd.

A rose, the poet's fav'rite flower,
From Flora's cultur'd walks he bore;
No fairer bloom in Esher's bower,
Nor Prior's charming Chloe wore.

No fairer flowers could fancy twine
To hide Anacreon's snowy hair:
For there Almeria's bloom divine,
And Elliot's sweetest blush was there.

When she, the pride of courts, retires,
And leaves for shades a nation's love,
With awe the village-maid admires,
How Waldegrave looks, how Waldegrave moves.

So marvell'd much in Enon's shade
The flowers that all uncultur'd grew,
When there the splendid rose display'd
Her swelling breast, and shining hue.

Yet one that oft adorn'd the place
Where now her gaudy rival reign'd,
Of simpler bloom, but kindred race,
The pensive Eglantine, complain'd.

" Mistaken youth," with sighs she said,
" From nature and from me to stray !
" The bard, by splendid forms betray'd,
" No more shall frame the purer ray.

" Luxuriant, like the flaunting rose,
" And gay the brilliant strains may be,
" But far, in beauty, far from those,
" That flowed to nature and to me."

The poet felt, with fond surprise,
The truths the sylvan critic told;
And " though this courtly rose," he cries,
" Is gay, is beauteous to behold;

" Yet, lovely flower, I find in thee
" Wild sweetness which no words express,
" And charms in thy simplicity,
" That dwell not in the pride of dress."

THE VIOLET AND THE PANSY.

Shepherd, if near thy artless breast
The god of fond desires repair;
Implore him for a gentle guest,
Implore him with unwearied prayer.

Should beauty's soul-enchanting smile,
Love-kindling looks, and features gay,
Should these thy wand'ring eye beguile,
And steal thy wareless heart away;

That heart shall soon with sorrow swell,
And soon the erring eye deplore,
If in the beauteous bosom dwell
No gentle virtue's genial store.

Far from his hive one summer-day,
A young and yet unpractis'd bee,
Borne on his tender wings away,
Went forth the flowery world to see.

The morn, the noon in play he pass'd,
But when the shades of ev'ning came,
No parent brought the due repast,
And faintness seiz'd his little frame.

By nature urg'd, by instinct led,
The bosom of a flower he sought,
Where streams mourn'd round a mossy bed,
And violets all the bank enwrought.

Of kindred race, but brighter dyes,
On that fair bank a pansy grew,
That borrow'd from indulgent skies
A velvet shade and purple hue.

The tints that stream'd with glossy gold,
The velvet shade the purple hue,
The stranger wonder'd to behold,
And to its beauteous bosom flew.

Not fonder haste the lover speeds,
At evening's fall, his fair to meet,
When o'er the hardly-bending meads
He springs on more than mortal feet:

Nor glows his eye with brighter glee,
When stealing near her orient breast;
Than felt the fond enamour'd bee,
When first the golden bloom he prest.

Ah! pity much his youth untried,
His heart in beauty's magic spell!
So never passion thee betide,
But where the genial virtues dwell.

In vain he seeks those virtues there;
No soul-sustaining charms abound;
No honey'd sweetness to repair
The languid waste of life is found.

An aged bee, whose labours led
Through those fair springs, and meads of gold,
His feeble wing, his drooping head,
Beheld, and pitied to behold.

"Fly, fond adventurer, fly the art
"That courts thine eye with fair attire;
"Who smiles to win the heedless heart,
"Will smile to see that heart expire.

"This modest flower of humbler hue,
"That boasts no depth of glowing dyes,
"Array'd in unbespangled blue,
"The simple clothing of the skies;

"This flower, with balmy sweetness blest,
"May yet thy languid life renew.;"
He said, and to the violet's breast
The little vagrant faintly flew.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOW, AND THE CROWN IMPERIAL.

From Bactria's vales, where beauty blows
Luxuriant in the genial day;
Where flowers a bolder gem disclose,
And deeper drink the golden ray:

From Bactria's vales to Britain's shore,
What time the Crown Imperial came,
Full high the stately stranger bore
The honours of his birth and name.

In all the pomp of Eastern state,
In all the Eastern glory gay,
He bade, with native pride elate,
Each flower of humbler birth obey.

O, that the child unborn might hear,
Nor hold it strange in distant time,
That freedom even to flowers was dear,
To flowers that bloom'd in Britain's clime!

Through purple meads, and spicy gales,
Where Strymon's silver waters play,
While far from hence their goddess dwells,
She rules with delegated sway.

That sway the Crown Imperial sought,
With high demand and haughty mien:
But equal claim a rival brought,
A rival, call'd the Meadow's Queen.

"In climes of Orient glory born,
"Where beauty first and empire grew;
"Where first unfolds the golden morn,
"Where richer falls the fragrant dew:

"In light's ethereal beauty drest,
"Behold," he cried, "the favour'd flower,
"Which Flora's high commands invest
"With ensigns of imperial power!

"Where prostrate vales, and blushing meads,
"And bending mountains own his sway,
"While Persia's lord his empire leads,
"And bids the trembling world obey;

"While blood bedews the straining bow,
"And conquest rends the scatter'd air,
"'Tis mine to bind the victor's brow,
"And reign in envied glory there.

"Then lowly bow, ye British flowers!
"Confess your monarch's mighty sway,
"And own the only glory yours,
"When fear flies trembling to obey."

He said, and sudden o'er the plain,
From flower to flower a murmur ran:
With modest air, and milder strain,
When thus the Meadow's Queen began:

"In vain of birth, of glory vain,
"Or fond to bear a regal name,
"The pride of folly brings disdain,
"And bids me urge a tyrant's claim.

"If war my peaceful realms assail,
"And then, unmov'd by pity's call,
"I smile to see the bleeding vale,
"Or feel one joy in nature's fall;

" Then may each justly vengeful flower
" Pursue her queen with generous strife,
" Nor leave the hand of lawless power
" Such compass on the scale of life.

" One simple virtue all my pride!
" The wish that flies to misery's aid;
" The balm that stops the crimson tide,
" And heals the wound that war has made."

Their free consent by zephyrs borne,
The flowers their Meadow's Queen obey;
And fairer blushes crown'd the morn,
And sweeter fragrance fill'd the day.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

" Why loves my flower, the sweetest flower
" That swells the golden breast of May,
" Thrown rudely o'er this ruin'd tower,
" To waste her solitary day?

" Why, when the mead, the spicy vale,
" The grove and genial garden call,
" Will she her fragrant soul exhale,
" Unheeded on the lonely wall?

" For never sure was beauty born
" To live in death's deserted shade!
" Come, lovely flower, my banks adorn,
" My banks for life and beauty made."

Thus pity wak'd the tender thought,
And by her sweet persuasion led,
To seize the hermit-flower I sought,
And bear her from her stony bed.

I sought—but sudden on mine ear
A voice in hollow murmurs broke,
And smote my heart with holy fear—
The genius of the ruin spoke.

" From thee be far th' ungentle deed,
" The honours of the dead to spoil,
" Or take the sole remaining meed,
" The flower that crowns their former toil!

" Nor deem that flower the garden's foe,
" Or fond to grace this barren shade;
" 'Tis nature tells her to bestow
" Her honours on the lonely dead.

" For this obedient zephyrs bear
" Her light seeds round yon turret's mould,
" And undispers'd by tempests there,
" They rise in vegetable gold.

" Nor shall thy wonder wake to see
" Such desert scenes distinction crave;
" Oft have they been, and oft shall be,
" Truth's, honour's, valour's, beauty's grave.

" Where longs to fall that rifted spire,
" As weary of th' insulting air;
" The poet's thought, the warrior's fire,
" The lover's sighs, are sleeping there.

" When that too shakes the trembling ground,
" Borne down by some tempestuous sky,
" And many a slumb'ring cottage round
" Startles—how still their hearts will lie!

" Of them who, wrapt in earth so cold,
" No more the smiling day shall view,
" Should many a tender tale be told;
" For many a tender thought is due.

" Hast thou not seen some lover pale,
" When evening brought the pensive hour,
" Step slowly o'er the shadowy vale,
" And stop to pluck the frequent flower?

" Those flowers he surely meant to strew
" On lost affection's lowly cell;
" Though there, as fond remembrance grew,
" Forgotten, from his hand they fell.

" Has not for thee the fragrant thorn
" Been taught her first rose to resign?
" With vain but pious fondness borne
" To deck thy Nancy's honour'd shrine?

" 'Tis nature pleading in the breast,
" Fair memory of her works to find;
" And when to fate she yields the rest,
" She claims the monumental mind.

" Why, else, the o'ergrown paths of time
" Would thus the letter'd sage explore,
" With pain these crumbling ruins climb,
" And on the doubtful sculpture pore?

" Why seeks he with unwearied toil
" Through death's dim walks to urge his way,
" Reclaim his long-asserted spoil,
" And lead oblivion into day?

" 'Tis nature prompts, by toil or fear
" Unmov'd, to range through death's domain:
" The tender parent loves to hear
" Her children's story told again.

" Treat not with scorn his thoughtful hours,
" If haply near these haunts he stray;
" Nor take the fair enlivening flowers
" That bloom to cheer his lonely way."

THE TULIP AND THE MYRTLE.

'Twas on the border of a stream,
A gaily-painted tulip stood,
And, gilded by the morning beam,
Survey'd her beauties in the flood.

And sure, more lovely to behold,
Might nothing meet the wistful eye,
Than crimson fading into gold,
In streaks of fairer symmetry.

The beauteous flower, with pride elate,
(Ah me, that pride with beauty dwells!)
Vainly affects superior state,
And thus in empty fancy swells.

"O lustre of unrivall'd bloom!
"Fair painting of a hand divine!
"Superior far to mortal doom,
"The hues of heaven alone are mine!

"Away, ye worthless, formless race!
"Ye weeds, that boast the name of flowers,
"No more my native bed disgrace,
"Unmeet for tribes so mean as yours!

"Shall the bright daughter of the sun
"Associate with the shrubs of earth?
"Ye slaves, your sovereign's presence shun!
"Respect her beauties and her birth.

"And thou, dull, sullen evergreen!
"Shalt thou my shining sphere invade?
"My noon-tide beauties beam unseen,
"Obscur'd beneath thy dusky shade!"

"Deluded flower!" the myrtle cries,
"Shall we thy moment's bloom adore?
"The meanest shrub that you despise,
"The meanest flower, has merit more.

"That daisy, in its simple bloom,
"Shall last along the changing year;
"Blush on the snow of winter's gloom,
"And bid the smiling spring appear.

"The violet that, those banks beneath,
"Hides from thy scorn its modest head,
"Shall fill the air with fragrant breath,
"When thou art in thy dusty bed.

"Ev'n I, who boast no golden shade,
"Am of no shining tints possess'd,
"When low thy lucid form is laid,
"Shall bloom on many a lovely breast.

" And he, whose kind and fostering care
" To thee, to me, our beings gave,
" Shall near his breast my flowrets wear,
" And walk regardless o'er thy grave.

" Deluded flower, the friendly screen
" That hides thee from the noon-tide ray,
" And mocks thy passion to be seen,
" Prolongs the transitory day.

" But kindly deeds with scorn repaid,
" No more by virtue need be done;
" I now withdraw my dusky shade,
" And yield thee to thy darling sun."

Fierce on the flower the scorching beam
With all its weight of glory fell;
The flower exulting caught the gleam,
And lent its leaves a bolder smell.

Expanded by the searching fire,
The curling leaves the breast disclos'd:
The mantling bloom was painted higher,
And every latent charm expos'd.

But when the sun was sliding low,
And evening came, with dews so cold;
The wanton beauty ceas'd to blow,
And sought her bending leaves to fold.

Those leaves, alas! no more would close;
Relax'd, exhausted, sickening, pale;
They left her to a parent's woes,
And fled before the rising gale.

THE BEE-FLOWER.

Come, let us leave this painted plain,
This waste of flowers that palls the eye:
The walks of nature's wilder reign
Shall please in plainer majesty.

Through those fair scenes, where yet she owes
Superior charms to Brockman's art,
Where, crown'd with elegant repose,
He cherishes the social heart;

Through those fair scenes we'll wander wild,
And on yon pasture-mountains rest;
Come, brother dear! come, nature's child!
With all her simple virtues blest.

The sun far-seen on distant towers,
And clouding groves and peopled seas,
And ruins pale of princely bowers
On Beachborough's airy heights, shall please.

Nor lifeless there the lonely scene;
The little labourer of the hive,
From flower to flower, from green to green,
Murmurs, and makes the wild alive.

See, on that flowret's velvet breast,
How close the busy vagrant lies!
His thin-wrought plume, his downy breast,
The ambrosial gold that swells his thighs!

Regardless, whilst we wander near,
Thrifty of time, his task he plies;
Or sees he no intruder near,
And rests in sleep his weary eyes.

Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
His limbs;—we'll set the captive free.
I sought the living bee to find,
And found the picture of a bee.

Attentive to our trifling selves,
From thence we plan the rule of all;
Thus nature with the fabled elves
We rank, and these her sports we call.

Be far, my friends, from you, from me,
Th' unhallow'd term, the thought profane,
That life's majestic source may be
In idle fancy's trifling vein.

Remember still, 'tis nature's plan,
Religion in your love to find;
And know, for this, she first in man
Inspir'd the imitative mind;

As conscious that affection grows,
Pleas'd with the pencil's mimic power;
That power with leading hand she shows,
And paints a bee upon a flower.

Mark, how that rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands!
Oft, as his shapely form he rears,
Aghast the frighted ploughman stands.

See where, in yonder Orient stone,
She seems ev'n with herself at strife,
While fairer from her hand is shown
The pictur'd than the native life.

Helvetia's rocks, Sabrina's waves,
Still many a shining pebble bear,
Where oft her studious hand engraves
The perfect form, and leaves it there.

Oh long, my Paxton,* boast her art;
And long her love of laws fulfil:
To thee she gave her hand and heart,
To thee her kindness and her skill!

THE WILDING AND THE BROOM.

In yonder green wood blows the broom:
Shepherds, we'll trust our flocks to stray,
Court nature in her sweetest bloom,
And steal from care one summer-day.

From him† whose gay and graceful brow
Fair-handed Hume with roses binds,
We'll learn to breathe the tender vow,
Where slow the fairy Fortha winds.

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* An ingenious portrait-painter in Rathbone-place.
† William Hamilton, of Bangour.

And oh! that he* whose gentle breast
In nature's softest mould was made,
Who left her smiling works imprest
In characters that cannot fade;

That he might leave his lowly shrine,
Though softer there the seasons fall.—
They come, the sons of verse divine,
They come to fancy's magic call.

———"What airy sounds invite
" My steps not unreluctant, from the depth
" Of Sheen's delightful groves? Reposing there,
" No more I hear the busy voice of men
" Far-toiling o'er the globe—save to the call
" Of soul-exalting poetry, the ear
" Of death denies attention. Rous'd by her,
" The genius of sepulchral silence opes
" His drowsy cells, and yields us to the day.
" For thee, whose hand, whatever paints the spring,
" Or swells on summer's breast, or loads the lap
" Of autumn, gathers heedful.—Thee whose rites
" At nature's shrine with holy care are paid
" Daily and nightly; boughs of brightest green,
" And every fairest rose, the god of groves,
" The queen of flowers, shall sweeter save for thee.
" Yet not if beauty only claim thy lay,
" Tunefully trifling. Fair philosophy,
" And nature's love, and every moral charm
" That leads in sweet captivity the mind
" To virtue—ever in thy nearest cares
" Be these, and animate thy living page
" With truth resistless, beaming from the source
" Of perfect light immortal. Vainly boasts
" That golden broom its sunny robe of flowers:
" Fair are the sunny flowers; but, fading soon
" And fruitless, yield the forester's regard
" To the well-loaded wilding. Shepherd, there
" Behold the fate of song, and lightly deem
" Of all but moral beauty."

* Thomson.

——— " Not in vain,"—
I hear my Hamilton reply,
The torch of fancy in his eye.
" 'Tis not in vain," I hear him say,
" That nature paints her works so gay ;
" For, fruitless though that fairy broom,
" Yet still we love her lavish bloom.
" Cheer'd with that bloom, yon desert wild
" Its native horrors lost, and smil'd,
" And oft we mark her golden ray
" Along the dark wood scatter day.
" Of moral uses take the strife :
" Leave me the elegance of life ;
" Whatever charms the ear or eye,
" All beauty and all harmony ;
" If sweet sensations they produce,
" I know they have their moral use.
" I know that nature's charms can move
" The springs that strike to virtue's love."

THE MISLETOE AND THE PASSION-FLOWER.

In this dim cave a druid sleeps,
Where stops the passing gale to moan ;
The rock he hallow'd, o'er him weeps,
And cold drops wear the fretted stone.

In this dim cave, of different creed,
A hermit's holy ashes rest :
The school-boy finds the frequent bead,
Which many a formal matin blest.

That truant-time full well I know,
When here I brought, in stolen hour,
The druid's magic misletoe,
The holy hermit's passion-flower.

The offerings on the mystic stone
Pensive I laid, in thought profound,
When from the cave a deep'ning groan
Issued, and froze me to the ground.

I hear it still—dost thou not hear?
Does not thy haunted fancy start?
The sound still vibrates through mine ear—
The horror rushes on my heart.

Unlike to living sounds it came,
Unmix'd, unmelodiz'd with breath;
But grinding through some scrannel frame,
Creak'd from the bony lungs of death.

I hear it still—"Depart," it cries:
"No tribute bear to shades unblest:
"Know, here a bloody druid lies,
"Who was not nurs'd at nature's breast.

"Associate he with demons dire,
"O'er human victims held the knife,
"And pleas'd to see the babe expire,
"Smil'd grimly o'er its quivering life.

"Behold his crimson-streaming hand
"Erect!—his dark, fix'd, murd'rous eye!"
In the dim cave I saw him stand;
And my heart died—I felt it die.

I see him still—Dost thou not see
The haggard eye-ball's hollow glare?
And gleams of wild ferocity
Dart through the sable shade of hair?

What meagre form behind him moves,
With eye that rues th' invading day;
And wrinkled aspect wan, that proves
The mind to pale remorse a prey?

What wretched—Hark!—the voice replies:
"Boy, bear these idle honours hence!
"For here a guilty hermit lies
"Untrue to nature, virtue, sense.

"Though nature lent him powers to aid
"The moral cause, the mutual weal;
"Those powers he sunk in this dim shade,
"The desperate suicide of zeal.

" Go, teach the drone of saintly haunts,
" Whose cell's the sepulchre of time;
" Though many a holy hymn he chaunts,
" His life is one continued crime.

" And bear them hence, the plant, the flower;
" No symbols those of systems vain!
" They have the duties of their hour;
" Some bird, some insect, to sustain."

BRUCE.

FEW and melancholy are the incidents recorded in the life of Bruce, which was not only short, but passed in obscurity, and in the silent acquisition of knowledge. Lord Craig, however, has noticed him with high eulogies in the 36th number of the Mirror; and Logan, his intimate friend, and himself a poet, was the editor of his small but beautiful literary remains.

Michael Bruce was born at Kinneswood in Kinrossshire, 1746, of humble, but honest parents, who supported a large family by their industry, and gave this their fifth son, whose constitution was always delicate, a classical education, intending him for the ministry. In 1762 he was sent to the university of Edinburgh, where he spent four years in the closest application to study, amusing himself with the belles-lettres and poetry, to which he had early shewn a marked predilection. Indeed, before he had left school, he had composed some elegant pieces of poetry; and at Edinburgh, his acquaintance with Logan, and some other young men of kindred talents, fanned the flame in his breast, and gave a permanent direction to his pursuits.

Pressed, however, by penury, he was obliged to undertake the care of a little school at a place called Gairny Bridge, and afterwards at Forrest Mill, near Alloa, in Clackmannanshire. In the latter situation, the toil and privations he endured operating on a susceptible mind and a weak frame, soon ruined his health, and he fell into a decline. No longer able to discharge the duties of his profession, he returned to his parents, and after lingering some months under his incurable malady, he gave up all hopes of life; but his love of the muses never forsook him, and his resignation and composure were most exemplary. "The Elegy written in Spring," in the contemplation of his own approaching dissolution, is one of the most affecting compositions in the English

language. He died July 6, 1767, in the 21st year of his age; and as his life was innocent, his end was full of hope.

"If images of nature," says his editor Logan, "that are beautiful and new; if sentiments, warm from the heart, interesting and pathetic; if a sytle, chaste with ornament, and elegant with simplicity; if these and many other beauties of nature and art are allowed to constitute poetic merit, the following poems will stand high in the judgment of men of taste."

His character may be easily collected from this account of his life. It was truly amiable and respectable. In his manners he was modest, gentle, and mild; in his disposition he was friendly, affectionate, and ingenuous. He united an ardent and enlightened sense of religion, with a lively imagination and a feeling heart. Tenderness, in every sense of the word, and piety, equally remote from enthusiasm and superstition, were his peculiar characteristics.

As a poet, he is distinguished by elegance, simplicity, and sweetness, more than sublimity, invention, or enthusiasm. He has more judgment and feeling than genius or imagination. He is an elegant and pleasing, though not a very animated or original writer. His compositions are the production of a tender fancy, a cultivated taste, and a benevolent mind; and are marked by an amiable delicacy and simplicity of sentiment, and a graceful plainness of expression, free from the affectation of an inflated diction, and a profusion of imagery, so common in juvenile productions. His thoughts are often striking, sometimes new, and always just; and his versification, though not exquisitely polished, is commonly easy and harmonious.

PASTORAL SONG.

To the tune of—" The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie."

In May, when the gowans appear on the green,
And flow'rs in the field and forest are seen ;
Where lilies bloom'd bonny, and hawthorns up sprung,
The yellow-hair'd laddie oft whistled and sung.

But neither the shades, nor the sweets of the flow'rs,
Nor the blackbirds that warbled in blossoming bow'rs,
Could pleasure his eye, or his ear entertain ;
For love was his pleasure, and love was his pain.

The shepherd thus sung, while his flocks all around
Drew nearer and nearer, and sigh'd to the sound :
Around, as in chains, lay the beasts of the wood,
With pity disarmed, with music subdued.

Young Jessy is fair as the spring's early flower,
And Mary sings sweet as the bird in her bower :
But Peggy is fairer and sweeter than they ;
With looks like the morning, with smiles like the day.

In the flower of her youth, in the bloom of eighteen,
Of virtue the goddess, of beauty the queen :
One hour in her presence an era excels
Amid courts, where ambition with misery dwells.

Fair to the shepherd the new-springing flow'rs,
When May and when morning lead on the gay hours :
But Peggy is brighter and fairer than they ;
She's fair as the morning, and lovely as May.

Sweet to the shepherd the wild woodland sound,
When larks sing above him, and lambs bleat around :
But Peggy far sweeter can speak and can sing,
Than the notes of the warblers that welcome the spring.

When in beauty she moves by the brook of the plain,
You would call her a Venus new sprung from the main :
When she sings, and the woods with their echoes reply,
You would think that an angel was warbling on high.

Ye pow'rs, that preside over mortal estate;
Whose nod ruleth nature, whose pleasure is fate;
O grant me, O grant me the heav'n of her charms!
May I live in her presence, and die in her arms!

SIR JAMES THE ROSS.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

Of all the Scottish northern chiefs,
Of high and mighty name,
The bravest was Sir James the Ross,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was like a youthful oak,
That crowns the mountain's brow;
And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.

Wide were his fields, his herds were large,
And large his flocks of sheep,
And num'rous were his goats and deer
Upon the mountains steep.

The chieftain of the good Clan Ross,
A firm and warlike band;
Five hundred warriors drew the sword
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood
Against the English keen,
Ere two-and-twenty op'ning springs
The blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,
A maid of beauty rare:
Even Marg'ret on the Scottish throne
Was never half so fair.

Long had he woo'd, long she refus'd
With seeming scorn and pride;
Yet oft her eyes confess'd the love
Her fearful words denied.

At length she bless'd his well-tried love,
Allow'd his tender claim;
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
And own'd an equal flame.

Her brother, Buchan's cruel lord,
Their passion disapprov'd;
He bade her wed Sir John the Græme,
And leave the youth she lov'd.

One night they met, as they were wont,
Deep in a shady wood:
Where on the bank, beside the burn,
A blooming saugh-tree stood.

Conceal'd among the underwood
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir John the Græme,
To watch what they might say.

When thus the maid began: "My sire
"Our passion disapproves;
"He bids me wed Sir John the Græme,
"So here must end our loves.

"My father's will must be obey'd,
"Nought boots me to withstand;
"Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
"Shall bless thee with her hand.

"Soon will Matilda be forgot,
"And from thy mind effac'd;
"But may that happiness be thine,
"Which I can never taste!"

"What do I hear? is this thy vow?"
Sir James the Ross replied;
"And will Matilda wed the Græme,
"Though sworn to be my bride?

" His sword shall sooner pierce my heart,
" Than reave me of thy charms :"
And clasp'd her to his throbbing breast,
Fast lock'd within her arms.

" I spoke to try thy love," she said,
" I'll ne'er wed man but thee :
" The grave shall be my bridal bed,
" If Græme my husband be.

" Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss,
" In witness of my troth ;
" And every plague become my lot,
" That day I break my oath."

They parted thus, the sun was set :
Up hasty Donald flies ;
And, " Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth !"
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,
And soon his sword he drew ;
For Donald's blade before his breast
Had pierc'd his tartans through.

" This for my brother's slighted love ;
" His wrongs sit on my arm."
Three paces back the youth retir'd,
And sav'd himself from harm.

Returning swift, his sword he rear'd,
Fierce Donald's head above ;
And through the brain, and crashing bone,
The furious weapon drove.

Life issued at the wound ; he fell,
A lump of lifeless clay :
" So fall my foes," quoth valiant Ross,
And stately strode away.

Through the green-wood in haste he pass'd,
Unto Lord Buchan's hall,
Beneath Matilda's window stood,
And thus on her did call :

" Art thou asleep, Matilda fair ?
" Awake, my love, awake !
" Behold thy lover waits without,
" A long farewell to take.

" For I have slain fierce Donald Græme,
" His blood is on my sword ;
" And far, far distant are my men,
" Nor can defend their lord.

" To Sky I will direct my flight,
" Where my brave brothers bide,
" And raise the mighty of the isles,
" To combat on my side."

" Oh ! do not so," the maid replied,
" With me till morning stay ;
" For dark and dreary is the night,
" And dang'rous is the way.

" All night I'll watch thee in the park;
" My faithful page I'll send,
" In haste to raise the brave Clan Ross,
" Their master to defend."

He laid him down beneath a bush,
And wrapp'd him in his plaid;
While, trembling for her lover's fate,
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page, o'er hill and dale,
Till, in a lowly glen,
He met the furious Sir John Græme
With twenty of his men.

" Where goest thou, little page ?" he said,
" So late who did thee send ?"
" I go to raise the brave Clan Ross,
" Their master to defend.

" For he has slain fierce Donald Græme,
" His blood is on his sword ;
" And far, far distant are his men,
" Nor can assist their lord."

" And has he slain my brother dear ?"
The furious chief replies :
" Dishonour blast my name, but he
" By me ere morning dies.

" Say, page, where is Sir James the Ross ?
" I will thee well reward."
" He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park ;
" Matilda is his guard."

They spurr'd their steeds, and furious flew,
Like lightning o'er the lea :
They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate,
Upon a rising ground,
And watch'd each object in the dawn,
All ear to every sound.

" Where sleeps the Ross ?" began the Græme,
" Or has the felon fled ?
" This hand shall lay the wretch on earth,
" By whom my brother bled."

And now the valiant knight awoke,
The virgin shrieking heard :
Straight up he rose, and drew his sword,
When the fierce band appear'd.

" Your sword last night my brother slew,
" His blood yet dims its shine ;
" And, ere the sun shall gild the morn,
" Your blood shall reek on mine."

" Your words are brave," the chief return'd ;
" But deeds approve the man :
" Set by your men, and, hand to hand,
" We'll try what valour can."

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dar'd him to the fight ;
The Græme gave back, and fear'd his arm,
For well he knew his might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword;
But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,
And sought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Græme,
And wounded in the side:
Out spouting came the purple stream,
And all his tartans dyed.

But yet his hand not dropp'd the sword,
Nor sunk he to the ground,
Till through his en'my's heart his sword
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Græme, like a tree by winds o'erthrown,
Fell breathless on the clay;
And down beside him sunk the Ross,
And faint and dying lay.

Matilda saw, and fast she ran:
"Oh! spare his life," she cried;
"Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life;
"Let her not be denied."

Her well-known voice the hero heard;
He rais'd his death-clos'd eyes;
He fix'd them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies:

"In vain Matilda begs the life
"By death's arrest denied;
"My race is run—adieu, my love!"
Then clos'd his eyes and died.

The sword, yet warm from his left side,
With frantic hand she drew:
"I come, Sir James the Ross," she cried,
"I come to follow you."

The hilt she lean'd against the ground,
And bared her snowy breast,
Then fell upon her lover's face,
And sunk to endless rest.

ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

'Tis past: the iron north has spent his rage;
Stern winter now resigns the length'ning day;
The stormy howlings of the winds assuage,
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course;
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim winter draws his train
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where, thron'd on ice, he holds eternal reign:
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loos'd from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flow'rs; and all around,
Smiling, the cheerful face of spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new-deck their wither'd boughs;
Their ample leaves the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash disclose:
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flow'rs the queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun:
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark up springs;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, cloth'd o'er with golden blooms,
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the greensward, mark'd with Roman mound,
Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in virtue's flow'ry road,
Along the lovely paths of spring to rove,
And follow nature up to nature's God.

Thus Zoroaster studied nature's laws;
Thus Socrates, the wisest of mankind;
Thus heaven-taught Plato trac'd the Almighty Cause,
And left the wond'ring multitude behind.

Thus Ashley gather'd academic bays;
Thus gentle Thomson, as the seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great Creator's praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when winter chill'd the aged year,
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain;
Though frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.

Then sleep my nights, and quiet bless'd my days;
I fear'd no loss, my mind was all my store:
No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease;
Heav'n gave content and health, I ask'd no more.

Now spring returns; but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass;

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of life and light adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of woe;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore;
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the close of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes;
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.

CHATTERTON.

The life of Thomas Chatterton, short and unfortunate as it was, has been written with an amplitude of research, and a minuteness of inquiry, which few literary characters have enjoyed. The talents he displayed, which were unquestionably of the first order, the disguises he assumed, his melancholy fate, all conspired to interest his cotemporaries, nor is it likely that posterity will neglect his fame.

Chatterton, "the Boy of Bristol," as he has been called, was born November 20, 1752. His family for some generations had been sextons of St. Mary, Redcliffe, in Bristol, and his father died master of a free-school in Pyle-street, before the birth of this prodigy. To the premature loss of his father may be ascribed some of the eccentricities and irregularities of his future conduct. His mother indeed was not inattentive to his education; but it cannot be supposed that she possessed sufficient influence over a boy of his daring genius. It seems she taught him to read from an old black-letter Bible; and this probably gave him a taste for antiquities, and made him conceive the idea of publishing under the name of Thomas Rowley, a supposed monk of the fifteenth century, and a friend of Mr. William Canynge, merchant in Bristol, who had been a considerable benefactor to the place, a variety of compositions, which were undoubtedly the produce of his own astonishing genius, as they were infinitely superior to any thing that age could produce.

It is impossible to go through all the deceptions of Chatterton respecting manuscript parchments found in Canynge's coffer in Redcliffe church, and which he manufactured himself. Suffice it to say, that after spending some time as clerk to an attorney, and pursuing his studies with an assiduity that has no parallel, in an evil hour he was tempted to try his fortune in the metropolis,

encouraged by offers and promises from some mercenary booksellers. For a short time, his diligence, and the versatility of his talents, kept him above want; but failing to obtain any permanent situation, and his extravagance keeping pace with his exertions, and his pride being even paramount to his talents,

> The furies wrung his agonizing soul,
> And desperation mix'd the Stygian bowl.

In fact, he committed suicide, by swallowing a solution of arsenic, on the 24th of August, 1770, and died in consequence thereof next day, aged seventeen years and nine months. His remains were interred in the burying-ground of Shoe-lane workhouse; and those who neglected him while living, united with the public in regretting him when dead.

We have given some specimens of his avowed poetical compositions; but his fame chiefly rests on the fictitious Rowley. In a word, he was a perfect phenomenon; and had he lived to maturity, and acted with prudence, he was likely to have become one of the most distinguished honours of the country that produced him.

"Over his death, for the sake of humanity," says Mr. Croft, "I would willingly draw a veil; but this must not be. They who are in a condition to patronise merit, and they who feel a consciousness of merit which is not patronised, may form their own resolutions from the catastrophe of his tale; those, to lose no opportunity of befriending genius; these, to seize every opportunity of befriending themselves, and upon no account to harbour the most distant idea of quitting this world, however it may be unworthy of them, lest despondency should at last deceive them into so unpardonable a step."

Whatever unfinished pieces he might have, he cautiously destroyed them before his death; and his room, when broken open, was found covered with little scraps of paper.

FEBRUARY:

AN ELEGY.

Begin, my muse, the imitative lay,
Aonian doxies sound the thrumming string;
Attempt no number of the plaintive Gray,
Let me like midnight cats, or Collins, sing.

If in the trammels of the doleful line,
The bounding hail, or drilling rain descend:
Come, brooding melancholy, pow'r divine,
And ev'ry unform'd mass of words amend.

Now the rough Goat withdraws his curling horns,
And the cold Wat'rer twirls his circling mop:
Swift sudden anguish darts through alt'ring corns,
And the spruce mercer trembles in his shop.

Now infant authors, madd'ning for renown,
Extend the plume, and hum about the stage,
Procure a benefit, amuse the town,
And proudly glitter in a title-page.

Now, wrapt in ninefold fur, his squeamish grace
Defies the fury of the howling storm;
And whilst the tempest whistles round his face,
Exults to find his mantled carcase warm.

Now rumbling coaches furious drive along,
Full of the majesty of city dames,
Whose jewels sparkling in the gaudy throng,
Raise strange emotions and invidious flames.

Now merit, happy in the calm of place,
To mortals as a highlander appears,
And conscious of the excellence of lace,
With spreading frogs and gleaming spangles glares:

Whilst envy, on a tripod seated nigh,
In form a shoe-boy, daubs the valu'd fruit,
And darting lightnings from his vengeful eye,
Raves about Wilkes, and politics, and Bute.

Now Barry, taller than a grenadier,
Dwindles into a stripling of eighteen;
Or sabled in Othello breaks the ear,
Exerts his voice, and totters to the scene.

Now Foote, a looking-glass for all mankind,
Applies his wax to personal defects;
But leaves untouch'd the image of the mind,
His art no mental quality reflects.

Now Drury's potent king extorts applause,
And pit, box, gallery, echo, "How divine!"
Whilst vers'd in all the drama's mystic laws,
His graceful action saves the wooden line.

Now—But what further can the muses sing?
Now dropping particles of water fall;
Now vapours riding on the north wind's wing,
With transitory darkness shadow all.

Alas! how joyless the descriptive theme,
When sorrow on the writer's quiet preys;
And like a mouse in Cheshire cheese supreme,
Devours the substance of the less'ning bays!

Come, February, lend thy darkest sky,
There teach the winter'd muse with clouds to soar;
Come, February, lift the number high;
Let the sharp strain like wind through alleys roar.

Ye channels, wand'ring through the spacious street,
In hollow murmurs roll the dirt along,
With inundations wet the sabled feet,
Whilst gouts responsive join th' elegiac song.

Ye damsels, fair, whose silver voices shrill
Sound through meand'ring folds of echo's horn:
Let the sweet cry of liberty be still,
No more let smoking cakes awake the morn.

O winter! put away thy snowy pride;
O spring! neglect the cowslip and the bell;
O summer! throw thy pears and plums aside;
O autumn! bid the grape with poison swell.

The pension'd muse of Johnson is no more!
Drown'd in a butt of wine his genius lies:
Earth! Ocean! Heav'n! the wond'rous loss deplore,
The dregs of nature with her glory dies.

What iron stoic can suppress the tear;
What sour reviewer read with vacant eye!
What bard but decks his literary bier!
Alas! I cannot sing—I howl—I cry.

ELEGY.

Haste, haste, ye solemn messengers of night,
Spread the black mantle on the shrinking plain;
But, ah! my torments still survive the light,
The changing seasons alter not my pain.

Ye variegated children of the spring;
Ye blossoms blushing with the pearly dew;
Ye birds that sweetly in the hawthorn sing;
Ye flow'ry meadows, lawns of verdant hue,

Faint are your colours; harsh your love-notes thrill,
To me no pleasure nature now can yield:
Alike the barren rock and woody hill,
The dark-brown blasted heath, and fruitful field.

Ye spouting cataracts, ye silver streams;
Ye spacious rivers, whom the willow shrouds;
Ascend the bright-crown'd sun's far-shining beams,
To aid the mournful tear-distilling clouds.

Ye noxious vapours, fall upon my head;
Ye writhing adders, round my feet entwine;
Ye toads, your venom in my foot-path spread;
Ye blasting meteors, upon me shine.

Ye circling seasons, intercept the year;
Forbid the beauties of the spring to rise;
Let not the life-preserving grain appear;
Let howling tempests harrow up the skies.

Ye cloud-girt, moss-grown turrets, look no more
Into the palace of the god of day:
Ye loud tempestuous billows cease to roar,
In plaintive numbers, through the valleys stray.

Ye verdant-vested trees, forget to grow,
Cast off the yellow foliage of your pride:
Ye softly tinkling riv'lets, cease to flow,
Or swell'd with certain death and poison, glide.

Ye solemn warblers of the gloomy night,
That rest in lightning-blasted oaks the day,
Through the black mantles take your slow-pac'd flight,
Rending the silent wood with shrieking lay.

Ye snow-crown'd mountains, lost to mortal eyes,
Down to the valleys bend your hoary head,
Ye livid comets, fire the peopled skies—
For—lady Betty's tabby cat is dead.

ELEGY.

Joyless I seek the solitary shade,
Where dusky contemplation veils the scene,
The dark retreat, of leafless branches made,
Where sick'ning sorrow wets the yellow'd green.

The darksome ruins of some sacred cell,
Where erst the sons of superstition trod,
Tott'ring upon the mossy meadow, tell,
We better know, but less adore our God.

Now, as I mournful tread the gloomy cave,
Through the wide window, once with mysteries dight,
The distant forest, and the darken'd wave
Of the swoln Avon ravishes my sight.

But see, the thick'ning veil of evening's drawn,
The azure changes to a sabled blue;
The rapt'ring prospects fly the less'ning lawn,
And nature seems to mourn the dying view.

Self-sprighted fear creeps silent through the gloom,
Starts at the rustling leaf, and rolls his eyes;
Aghast with horror, when he views the tomb,
With every torment of a hell he flies.

The bubbling brooks in plaintive murmurs roll,
The bird of omen, with incessant scream,
To melancholy thoughts awakes the soul,
And lulls the mind to contemplation's dream.

A dreary stillness broods o'er all the vale,
The clouded moon emits a feeble glare;
Joyless I seek the darkling hill and dale;
Where'er I wander sorrow still is there.

THE RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky;
Whose eye this atom globe surveys!
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill,—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O! teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah ! my breast is human still ;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow ;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals.

THE ART OF PUFFING.

By a Bookseller's Journeyman.

VERS'D by experience in the subtle art,
The mysteries of a title I impart ;
Teach the young author how to please the town,
And make the heavy drug of rhime go down.
Since Curll, immortal, never-dying name,
A double pica in the book of fame,
By various arts did various dunces prop,
And tickled every fancy to his shop ;
Who can like Pottinger ensure a book ?
Who judges with the solid taste of Cooke ?
Villains exalted in the midway sky,
Shall live again, to drain your purses dry :
Nor yet unrivall'd they ; see Baldwin comes,
Rich in inventions, patents, cuts, and hums :
The honourable Boswell writes, 'tis true ;
What else can Paoli's supporter do ?
The trading wits endeavour to attain,
Like booksellers, the world's first idol—gain.
For this they puff the heavy Goldsmith's line,
And hail his sentiments, though trite, divine ;

For this the patriotic bard complains,
And Bingley binds poor liberty in chains:
For this was every reader's faith deceiv'd,
And Edmund swore what nobody believ'd:
For this the wits in close disguises fight,
For this the varying politicians write;
For this each month new magazines are sold,
With dulness fill'd and transcripts of the old;
The Town and Country struck a lucky hit,
Was novel, sentimental, full of wit;
Aping her walk, the same success to find,
The Court and City follows far behind.
Sons of Apollo, learn, merit's no more
Than a good frontispiece to grace her door;
The author who invents a title well,
Will always find his cover'd dullness sell.
Flexney and every bookseller will buy—
Bound in neat calf, the work will never die.

SHAW.

CUTHBERT SHAW was the son of a shoemaker, and was born at Ravensworth, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, about the year 1738. After receiving a pretty good education, he became usher at the grammar-school of Darlington, where he published his first poem, entitled, "Liberty." In this situation, however, he soon became negligent and dissipated; and with no other recommendation but his talents, he was obliged to leave the country, and repair to London, where, report says, he was employed for a time in writing essays and paragraphs for the newspapers.

In 1760, we find him in a company of strolling players at Bury in Suffolk, where he published, under the name of W. Seymour, Odes on the Four Seasons, the production of his early youth. In the summer of that year, he performed on the boards of the little theatre in the Haymarket, under Mr. Foote, and afterwards made an attempt at Drury-lane and Covent-garden, but, except figure, he had few requisites for the stage, and seems to have abandoned the profession of an actor in 1761, when he again assumed the pen, and became a satirist and a political writer.

About 1766, he married an amiable and accomplished young woman, whom he lost in childbed of her first child; and on this melancholy occasion produced the "Monody," which will immortalize his name.

Having spent a life of dissipation, disease soon began to put on its most disgraceful and offensive form; and as he was vain of his person, this alteration occasioned the most poignant distress. He continued, however, to write; and in 1769 published "Corruption," a satire, from the dedication to which we select a few lines, expressive of his feelings:

For me, long lost to all the world holds dear,
No hopes can flatter, and no scenes can cheer;

Sickness and sorrow with united rage,
In early youth have wreak'd the ills of age;
This all my wish, since earthly joys are flown,
To sigh unseen, to live and die unknown.

At length, overwhelmed with complicated distress, Shaw departed this life at his house in Titchfield-street, 1771, in the 43d year of his age. His character was not respectable, because it was irregular; yet good qualities were mixed in no small proportion with the bad ones. In his Monody, and Evening Address to the Nightingale, pathetic tenderness and natural imagery are carried to the highest pitch.

Shaw has unhappily added another name to the catalogue, already too numerous, of men of genius, who would have arisen to a more illustrious reputation, had their talents been accompanied with an uniform attention to the common maxims of prudence. His character was compounded of good qualities and of defects; of tenderness, generosity, and probity, to be commended; and of extravagance, vanity, and imprudence, to be avoided.

As a poet, the variety of his compositions evinces the versatility of his genius. In the province of humour and of satire, he has been excelled by many of his poetical contemporaries, particularly Lloyd and Churchill; but in poetical feeling, striking touches of nature, and pathetic tenderness, he is inferior to no writer of ancient or modern times.

In the Monody, Emma's dying farewell is particularly exquisite. But it is needless to point out those strokes of pathos which cannot escape observation. True taste will ever approve of poetry which is written from the heart; for it will ever feel the force of its productions.

MONODY

TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

YET do I live! O how shall I sustain
This vast unutterable weight of woe?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below!—
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
Is gone—for ever fled—
My dearest Emma's dead:
These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall:
Ah no—she lives on some far happier shore,
She lives—but, cruel thought, she lives for me no more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight,
Would chide the lingering moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night;
How, how shall I endure,
O misery past a cure!
Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?
Did ever mind so much of heaven partake?
Did she not love me with the purest flame,
And give up friends and fortune for my sake?
Though mild as evening skies,
With downcast, streaming eyes,
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Come then, some muse, the saddest of the train,
No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays,
Teach me each moving melancholy strain,
And O discard the pageantry of phrase:
Ill suit the flowers of speech with woes like mine!
Thus, haply, as I paint
The source of my complaint,
My soul may own the impassion'd line;

A flood of tears may gush to my relief,
And from my swelling heart discharge this load of grief.

Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell;
" How good she was, how gentle, and how fair !"
In pity cease—alas ! I know too well:
How in her sweet expressive face
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd:
No piteous object could she see,
But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
Whilst smiles of affability
Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.
Whate'er the emotions of her heart,
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
Stranger to every female art,
Alike to feign or to disguise:
And O the boast how rare !
The secret in her faithful breast repos'd,
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
In sacred silence lodg'd inviolate there.
O feeble words—unable to express
Her matchless virtue, or my own distress !

Relentless death ! that, steel'd to human woe,
With murderous hands deals havoc on mankind,
Why, cruel ! strike this deprecated blow,
And leave such wretched multitudes behind ?
Hark ! groans come wing'd on every breeze !
The sons of grief prefer their ardent vow;
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
And supplicate thy aid, as I do now:
In vain. Perverse, still on the unweeting head
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed;
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
And drench in tears the face of joy.
But oh, fell tyrant ! yet expect the hour
When virtue shall renounce thy power;
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.

Alas! the day; where'er I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears;
I fly the fatal house—suppress my sighs,
Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:
But ah! in vain: no change of time or place
The memory can efface
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and despair.

Where, where the delegates of Heaven, oh where!
Appointed virtue's children safe to keep!
Had innocence or virtue been their care,
She had not died, nor had I liv'd to weep:
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To see her force the endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,
When torture's keenest rage she prov'd;
Sure they had warded that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's heart.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling death's resistless power,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in faltering accents, spoke her fears!
"Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
"And we must part, alas! to meet no more!
"But, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
"If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear;
"If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
"Proud friends have frown'd, and fortune smil'd in vain;
"If it has been my sole endeavour still
"To act in all obsequious to thy will;
"To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
"Then only truly blest when thou wert so:
"If I have doated with that fond excess,
"Nor love could add, nor fortune make it less!
"If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind
"To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
"When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
"Some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
"With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
"And hate it for the love thou bore to me.

" My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,
" But one word more, I cannot bear thy tears,
" Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow,
" Oft have I tried, and ever found thee true,
" That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
" This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
" Where safe thy blandishments it may partake,
" And, oh! be tender for its mother's sake.
" Wilt thou?———
" I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent,
" And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content."

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
The various ills impos'd by cruel fate,
Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
But sink beneath the weight:
Just Heaven, I cried, from memory's earliest day,
No comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
Misfortune still with unrelenting sway
Has claim'd me for her own.
But O—in pity to my grief, restore
This only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more—
Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,
Ev'n now she looks—she sighs her last—
Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
And, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
With impious wish to tear her from the skies;
How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!
But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?
Fond man, forbear,
Thy fruitless sorrow spare,
Dare not to task what Heaven's high will decreed;
In humble reverence kiss th' afflictive rod,
And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
To wean thy heart from grovelling views below,
And point out bliss beyond misfortune's reach:

To show that all the flattering schemes of joy,
Which towering hope so fondly builds in air,
One fatal moment can destroy,
And plunge th' exulting maniac in despair.
Then, Oh! with pious fortitude sustain
Thy present loss—haply, thy future gain;
Nor let thy Emma die in vain;
Time shall administer its wonted balm,
And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm.

Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate,
Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
Flutters awhile, and spends its little rage:
But, finding all its efforts weak and vain,
No more it pants and rages for the plain;
Moping a while, in sullen mood
Droops the sweet mourner—but, ere long,
Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
And meditates the song:
Serenely sorrowing, breathes its piteous case,
And with its plaintive warblings saddens all the place.

Forgive me, Heaven—yet—yet the tears will flow,
To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
My budding joys just promising to blow,
All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!
My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
Move heavily along;
Where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song;
Time creeps, unconscious of delight:
How shall I cheat the tedious day?
And O—the joyless night!
Where shall I rest my weary head?
How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?

Come, Theban drug, the wretch's only aid,
To my torn heart its former peace restore;
Thy votary wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,
Awhile shall cease his sorrows to deplore:
Haply when lock'd in sleep's embrace,
Again I shall behold my Emma's face;

Again with transport hear
Her voice soft whispering in my ear;
May steal once more a balmy kiss,
And taste at least of visionary bliss.

But, ah! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light,
Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,
Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
And wake me to the sense of all my woes:
If to the verdant fields I stray,
Alas! what pleasures now can these convey?
Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,
And darkens all the scene with woe.
By nature's lavish bounties cheer'd no more,
Sorrowing I rove,
Through valley, grot, and grove;
Nought can their beauties or my loss restore;
No herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
And my sad sighs are borne on every passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow hovering round my bed,
Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
With lenient hand support my drooping head,
Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
Should worldly business call away,
Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
Count every minute of the loitering day,
Impatient for my quick return?
Should aught my bosom discompose,
Who now with sweet complacent air
Shall smooth the rugged brow of care,
And soften all my woes?
Too faithful memory——Cease, O cease——
How shall I e'er regain my peace?
O to forget her—but how vain each art,
Whilst every virtue lives imprinted on my heart!

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet-lisping tongue shall ask the cause,
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,

When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's smile upon thy face!
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad memory of my joys—ah, now no more!
By blessings once enjoy'd now more distrest,
More beggar by the riches once possest.
My little darling!—dearer to me grown
By all the tears thou'st caus'd—O strange to hear!
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:
Who now shall seek, with fond delight,
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments blest,
And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone!—Yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tenderest love;
And O sweet senseless smiler, envied state!
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
When years thy judgment shall mature,
And reason shows those ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou, a father's grief to assuage,
For virtue prove the phœnix of the earth?
(Like her, thy mother died to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age?
When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
And oft as to thy listening ear
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?
Then, fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,
Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

AN EVENING ADDRESS TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird! that, kindly perching near,
Pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of woe,
Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:——
For surely thou hast known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapless love,
Else why so feelingly complain,
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove?

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
Or has the cruel hand of fate
Bereft thee of thy darling young?
Alas! for both I weep———
In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!
A lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless,
And fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
At once the source of rapture and distress,
The flattering prop of my declining years!
In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
By every art that science could devise,
Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
And wing'd its flight to seek her in the skies—
Then, O, our comforts be the same
At evening's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,
And breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower.

But why, alas! to thee complain?
To thee—unconscious of my pain!
Soon shalt thou cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year:
The genial warmth of joy-renewing spring
Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;
Again thy little heart shall transport prove,
Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love:

But O for me in vain may seasons roll,
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,
Deploring still the comfort of my soul,
I court my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou syren hope, deceiver, say,
Where is the promis'd period of my woes?
Full three long lingering years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:
O what delusion did thy tongue employ!
" That Emma's fatal pledge of love,
" Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,
" The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
" Soften the horrors of despair,
" And cheer a heart long lost to joy!"
How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
Gazing enraptur'd on its angel face,
My soul the maze of fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms!
And O what flattering scenes had fancy feign'd!
How did I rave of blessings yet in store!
Till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue could utter more.

" Just Heaven," I cried, with recent hopes elate,
" Yet will I live—will live, though Emma's dead—
" So long bow'd down beneath the storms of fate,
" Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!
" My little Emma, now my all,
" Will want a father's care,
" Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recal,
" And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear:
" And oft together we'll complain,
" Complain, the only bliss my soul can know.
" From me my child shall learn the mournful strain,
" And prattle tales of woe;
" And O! in that auspicious hour,
" When fate resigns her persecuting power,
" With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
" No more to weep, my sorrow-streaming eyes,
" When death gives misery repose,
" And opes a glorious passage to the skies."

Vain thought! it must not be—she too is dead—
The flattering scene is o'er,—
My hopes for ever, ever fled—
And vengeance can no more.—
Crush'd by misfortune—blasted by disease—
And none—none left to bear a friendly part!
To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart!
Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,
With lenient hand (O, falsely deem'd severe)
Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
And dry up every tear:
Perhaps obsequious to my will,
But, ah! from my affections far remov'd!
The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
As if I ne'er had been belov'd;
As if, unconscious of poetic fire,
I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;
As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
Nor my heart melted at another's grief.
Yet—while this weary life shall last,
While yet my tongue can form th' impassion'd strain,
In piteous accents shall the muse complain,
And dwell with fond delay on blessings past:
For O how grateful to a wounded heart
The tale of misery to impart!
From others' eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
And raise esteem upon the base of woe!
Even he,* the noblest of the tuneful throng,
Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
Shall catch the soft contagion of my song,
And pay my pensive muse the tribute of a tear.

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* Lord Lyttelton.

LOVIBOND.

Of the personal history of Edward Lovibond, a respectable country gentleman, little is known, and that little affords nothing remarkable. He was born at Hampton, in Middlesex, where his father had an estate, and received his education at Kingston on Thames, under the Reverend Mr. Woodeson, for whom he ever after entertained the most affectionate regard, and who appears to have well deserved it.

Whether he became a member of either university, or of one of the inns of court, is unknown; but it is evident, from his poems, that he had enjoyed the advantages of a polite and liberal education. He is said to have spent the greatest part of his time in the vicinity of Hampton, engaged in rural economy and elegant society, diversified by the amusements of literature and poetry.

He wrote several papers in the World; and in 1754 appeared his "Tears of Old May-Day," occasioned by the reformation of the Calendar. This poem alone would entitle him to rank among British bards; and indeed all his compositions bear marks of an elegant and ingenious mind. He is, however, more frequently neat than elevated, and evinces more feeling than fertility of invention. A regard to morals and decency prevails in all his compositions; and though, probably, the man of fashion, we have no reason to conclude that he entered into those dissipations which are too frequent with those whose fortune and connections give a free scope to actions.

The year of Lovibond's birth has not been ascertained; but he died at his house near Hampton in 1775, lamented by an extensive and honourable acquaintance, and loved for his amiable and social qualities. The endowments of his head and heart were alike entitled to praise. "He was an admirable scholar," says the anonymous

editor of his poems, " of very amiable manners, and of universal benevolence, of which all his writings bear strong testimony." What higher eulogium can man acquire! Talents are the gift of God, learning the effect of study, affluence the gift of fortune, but goodness and virtue are plants of our own cultivating, and their sweets are perennial.

Every part of his works displays the man of taste and the gentleman. He is an elegant, as well as pleasing, writer; though not a very animated or first-rate poet. His compositions bear evident traces of ability and ingenuity. They breathe the passions which he felt, and are seldom cold or inanimated. He writes with terseness and neatness; frequently with elevation and spirit. He unites delicacy of wit, and poetic fancy, with a pensive cast of thought, tenderness of sentiment, and a habit of moral reflection. He has more judgment and feeling, than strength of intellect, or fertility of invention. His sentiments are always manly and delicate; his conceptions are sometimes striking and forcible, and frequently distinguished by gay humour, lively wit, and pleasant satire.

His diction is chaste and poetical; and his versification is easy and harmonious. His songs, addresses, complimentary verses, and other light and sportive effusions of his muse, will be read with pleasure, though they require no distinct examination, or particular criticism.

THE TEARS OF OLD MAY-DAY.

Led by the jocund train of vernal hours
And vernal airs, up rose the gentle May;
Blushing she rose, and blushing rose the flow'rs
That sprung spontaneous in her genial ray.

Her locks with heaven's ambrosial dews were bright,
And am'rous zephyrs flutter'd on her breast:
With ev'ry shifting gleam of morning light,
The colours shifted of her rainbow vest.

Imperial ensigns grac'd her smiling form,
A golden key and golden wand she bore;
This charms to peace each sullen eastern storm,
And that unlocks the summer's copious store.

Onward in conscious majesty she came,
The grateful honours of mankind to taste:
To gather fairest wreaths of future fame,
And blend fresh triumphs with her glories past.

Vain hope! No more in choral bands unite
Her virgin vot'ries, and at early dawn,
Sacred to May and love's mysterious rite,
Brush the light dew-drops from the spangled lawn.

To her no more Augusta's wealthy pride
Pours the full tribute from Potosi's mine:
Nor fresh-blown garlands village-maids provide,
A purer off'ring at her rustic shrine.

No more the maypole's verdant height around,
To valour's games the ambitious youth advance;
No merry bells and tabor's sprightlier sound,
Wake the loud carol, and the sportive dance.

Sudden in pensive sadness droop'd her head,
Faint on her cheeks the blushing crimson died:
"Oh! chaste victorious triumphs, whither fled?
"My maiden honours, whither gone?" she cried.

Ah! once to fame and bright dominion born,
The earth and smiling ocean saw me rise,
With time coeval and the star of morn,
The first, the fairest daughter of the skies.

Then, when at heaven's prolific mandate sprung
The radiant beam of new-created day,
Celestial harps, to airs of triumph strung,
Hail'd the glad dawn, and angels call'd me May.

Space in her empty regions heard the sound,
And hills, and dales, and rocks, and valleys rung;
The sun exulted in his glorious round,
And shouting planets in their courses sung.

For ever then I led the constant year;
Saw youth, and joy, and love's enchanting wiles;
Saw the mild graces in my train appear,
And infant beauty brighten in my smiles.

No winter frown'd. In sweet embrace allied,
Three sister seasons danc'd th' eternal green;
And spring's retiring softness gently vied
With autumn's blush, and summer's lofty mien.

Too soon, when man profan'd the blessings giv'n,
And vengeance arm'd to blot a guilty age,
With bright Astrea to my native heav'n
I fled, and flying saw the deluge rage;

Saw bursting clouds eclipse the noontide beams,
While sounding billows from the mountains roll'd,
With bitter waves polluting all my streams,
My nectar'd streams, that flow'd on sands of gold.

Then vanish'd many a sea-girt isle and grove,
Their forests floating on the wat'ry plain:
Then, fam'd for arts and laws deriv'd from Jove,
My Atalantis sunk beneath the main.

No longer bloom'd primæval Eden's bow'rs,
Nor guardian dragons watch'd th' Hesperian steep:
With all their fountains, fragrant fruits and flow'rs,
Torn from the continent to glut the deep.

No more to dwell in sylvan scenes I deign'd,
Yet oft descending to the languid earth,
With quick'ning pow'rs the fainting mass sustain'd,
And wak'd her slumb'ring atoms into birth.

And ev'ry echo taught my raptur'd name,
And ev'ry virgin breath'd her am'rous vows,
And precious wreaths of rich immortal fame,
Show'r'd by the muses, crown'd my lofty brows.

But chief in Europe, and in Europe's pride,
My Albion's favour'd realms, I rose ador'd,
And pour'd my wealth, to other climes denied,
From Amalthea's horn with plenty stor'd.

Ah, me! for now a younger rival claims
My ravish'd honours, and to her belong
My choral dances, and victorious games,
To her my garlands and triumphal song.

O say, what yet untasted beauties flow,
What purer joys await her gentler reign?
Do lilies fairer, vi'lets sweeter blow?
And warbles Philomel a softer strain?

Do morning suns in ruddier glory rise?
Does ev'ning fan her with serener gales?
Do clouds drop fatness from the wealthier skies?
Or wantons plenty in her happier vales?

Ah! no: the blunted beams of dawning light
Skirt the pale orient with uncertain day;
And Cynthia, riding on the car of night,
Through clouds embattled faintly wings her way.

Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs,
Nor mounting juices feed the swelling flow'r;
Mute all the groves, nor Philomela sings,
When silence listens at the midnight hour.

Nor wonder, man, that nature's bashful face,
And op'ning charms, her rude embraces fear:
Is she not sprung from April's wayward race,
The sickly daughter of th' unripen'd year;

With show'rs and sunshine in her fickle eyes,
  With hollow smiles proclaiming treach'rous peace,
With blushes, harb'ring, in their thin disguise,
  The blasts that riot on the spring's increase?

Is this the fair invested with my spoil
  By Europe's laws, and senates' stern command?
Ungen'rous Europe! let me fly thy soil,
  And waft my treasures to a grateful land;

Again revive, on Asia's drooping shore,
  My Daphne's groves, or Lycia's ancient plain;
Again to Afric's sultry sands restore
  Embow'ring shades, and Lybian Ammon's fame:

Or haste to northern Zembla's savage coast,
  There hush to silence elemental strife;
Brood o'er the regions of eternal frost,
  And swell her barren womb with heat and life.

Then, Britain—Here she ceas'd. Indignant grief,
  And parting pangs, her fault'ring tongue supprest:
Veil'd in an amber cloud she sought relief,
  And tears and silent anguish told the rest.

ON RURAL SPORTS.

The sun wakes jocund—all of life, who breathe
  In air, or earth, and lawn and thicket rove,
Who swim the surface, or the deep beneath,
  Swell the full chorus of delight and love.

But what are ye, who cheer the bay of hounds,
  Whose levell'd thunder frightens morn's repose,
Who drag the net, whose hook insidious wounds
  A writhing reptile, type of mightier woes?

I see ye come, and havoc loose the reins,
  A general groan the general anguish speaks,
The stately stag falls butcher'd on the plains,
  The dew of death hangs clammy on his cheeks.

Ah! see the pheasant fluttering in the brake,
Green, azure, gold, but undistinguish'd gore!
Yet spare the tenants of the silver lake!
—I call in vain—They gasp upon the shore.

A yet ignobler band is guarded round
With dogs of war—the spurning bull their prize:
And now he bellows, humbled to the ground;
And now they sprawl in howlings to the skies.

You too must feel their missile weapon's power,
Whose clarion charms the midnight's sullen air;
Though the morn's harbinger, must mourn the hour
Vigil to fast, and penitence, and prayer:

Must fatal wars of human avarice wage,
For milder conflicts, love their palm, design'd;
Now sheath'd in steel, must rival reason's rage,
Deal mutual death, and emulate mankind.

Are these your sovereign joys, creation's lords?
Is death a banquet for a god-like soul?
Have rigid hearts no sympathising chords
For concord, order, for th' harmonious whole?

Nor plead necessity, thou man of blood!
Heaven tempers power with mercy—Heaven revere!
Yet slay the wolf for safety, lamb for food;
But shorten misery's pangs, and drop a tear.

Ah! rather turn, and breathe this evening gale,
Uninjur'd, and uninjuring nature's peace.
Come, draw best nectar from the foaming pail,
Come, pen the fold, and count the flock's increase!

See pasturing heifers with the bull, who wields
Yet budding horns, and wounds alone the soil!
Or see the panting spaniel try the fields
While bursting coveys mock his wanton toil!

Now feel the steed with youth's elastic force
Spontaneous bound, yet bear thy kind controul;
Nor mangle all his sinews in the course,
And fainting, staggering, lash him to the goal!

Now sweetly pensive, bending o'er the stream,
Mark the gay, floating myriads, nor molest
Their sports, their slumbers, but inglorious dream
Of evil fled and all creation blest!

Or else, beneath thy porch, in social joy,
Sit and approve thy infants' virtuous haste,
Humanity's sweet tones while all employ,
To lure the wing'd domestics to repast!

There smiling see a fop in swelling state,
The turkey strut with valour's red pretence,
And duck row on with waddling honest gait,
And goose mistake solemnity for sense!

While one with front erect in simple pride
Full firmly treads, his consort waits his call,
Now deal the copious barley, waft it wide,
That each may taste the bounty meant for all!

Yon bashful songsters with retorted eye
Pursue the grain, yet wheel contracted flight,
While he, the bolder sparrow, scorns to fly,
A son of freedom claiming nature's right.

Liberal to him; yet still the wafted grain,
Choicest for those of modest worth, dispense,
And blessing heaven that wakes their grateful strain,
Let heaven's best joy be thine, benevolence!

While flocks' soft bleatings, echoing high and clear,
The neigh of steeds, responsive o'er the heath,
Deep lowing sweeter melt upon thy ear,
Than screams of terror and the groans of death.

Yet sounds of woe delight a giant brood:
Fly then mankind, ye young, ye helpless old!
For not their fury, a consuming flood,
Distinguishes the shepherd, drowns the fold.

But loosen once thy gripe, avenging law!
Eager on man, a nobler chase, they start;
Now from a brother's side a dagger draw,
Now sheath it deeper in a virgin's heart.

See, as they reach ambition's purple fruits,
Their reeking hands in nations' carnage dyed!
No longer bathing in the blood of brutes,
They swim to empire in a human tide.

But see him, see the fiend that others stung,
With scorpion conscience lash himself, the last!
See festering in the bosom where they sprung
The fury passions that laid nature waste.

Behold the self-tormentor drag his chains,
And weary heaven with many a fruitless groan!
By pining fasts, by voluntary pains,
Revenging nature's cause, he pleads his own.

Yet prostrate, suppliant to the throne above,
He calls down heaven in thunders to pursue
Heaven's fancied foes—O God of peace and love,
The voice of thunder is no voice from you!

Mistaken mortal! 'tis that God's decree
To spare thy own, nor shed another's blood:
Heaven breathes benevolence, to all, to thee;
Each being's bliss consummates general good.

ON POLITICS.

From moments so precious to life,
All politics, Laura, remove;
Ruby lips must not animate strife,
But breathe the sweet language of love.

What is party?—a zeal without science,
A bubble of popular fame,
In nature and virtue's defiance,
'Tis reason enslav'd to a name.

'Tis the language of madness, or fashion,
Where knaves only guess what they mean;
'Tis a cloak to conceal private passion,
To indulge, with applause, private spleen.

Can I, plac'd by my Laura, inquire,
If poison or claret put out
Our Churchill's satirical fire,
If Wilkes lives with ears or without?

When you vary your charms with your patches,
To me 'tis a weightier affair,
Than who writes the northern dispatches,
Or sits in the president's chair.

When, by nature and art form'd to please,
You sing, and you talk, and you laugh,
Can I forfeit such raptures as these,
To dream of the chamberlain's staff?

Secure under Brunswick and Heaven,
I trust the state vessel shall ride;
To Bute let the rudder be given,
Or Pitt be permitted to guide.

At Almack's, when the turtle's well drest,
Must I know the cook's country, or starve?
And when George gives us liberty's feast,
Not taste till Newcastle shall carve?

Yet think not that wildly I range,
With no sober system in view;
My notions are fix'd, though they change,
Applied to Great Britain and you.

There, I reverence our bright constitution,
Not heeding what calumny raves,
Yet wish for a new revolution,
Should rulers treat subjects as slaves.

Here, the doctrine of boundless dominion,
Of boundless obedience is mine;
Ah! my fair, to cure schism in opinion,
Confess non-resistance is thine.

On Men being deprived, from Custom and Delicacy, of enjoying social Friendship with the Fair Sex.

HAD soft Aspasia's sex been man,
What friendship's holy chains
Had link'd our beings, fortune's plan,
Our pleasures and our pains?

Alike our ruder, milder sports,
Our studies too the same,
Companions both in shades and courts,
In paths of love or fame.

By bright collision, patriot beams
Had flash'd from soul to soul,
And war had seen, in union's streams,
Our tide of glory roll.

There fate, that strikes the noblest breast,
Had surely reverenc'd thine;
The thirsty lance I then had blest
For only wounding mine.

But ah! my sweeter downy hours,
Had I been chang'd, not you;
What tranquil joys, if kinder powers
Had made me woman too!

Made each the other's softer care,
One table then had fed,
One chamber lodg'd the faithful pair,
Ah! do not blush—one bed.

Both sitting at one busy loom,
In nature's vernal bow'r,
Had rivall'd nature's vernal bloom,
Creating both one flow'r.

Both screen'd from summer's sultry view,
In shades by haunted stream,
Had own'd the moral vision true
That youthful poets dream.

Sweet wisdom, couch'd in mystic rhyme,
Yet bending o'er the brook,
Had gather'd morals more sublime
From great creation's book;

And felt our mixing souls refine
In purer wisdom's ray,
The being virtue's friend and thine
Had clear'd our mists away.

My morning incense, ev'ning pray'r,
With thine, had soar'd above,
With thine ascending sweeter there
On wings of song and love.

Vain dreams! for custom's laws, combin'd
With virtue's stern decree,
Divide the beings nature join'd,
Divide my fair from me.

PENROSE.

THOMAS PENROSE was born in 1743 at Newbury in Berkshire, of which town his father was rector. Being early intended for the church, after a due course of school learning, he was entered of Christ Church, Oxford, where he pursued his studies for some time with remarkable assiduity and success. His inconsiderate attachment, however, to the military profession, drew him from his interest and his duty; and embarking in the projected expedition against Buenos Ayres, in 1762, he sailed as a lieutenant of Marines, under Captain Macnamara, an officer of spirit and experience.

It being judged expedient to recover Nova Colonia, a Portuguese settlement in South America, in the possession of the Spaniards, before they proceeded to the main object of the expedition, a dreadful conflict took place; and while the English were anticipating an immediate victory, the principal ship took fire, and of three hundred and forty souls, only seventy-eight escaped. Macnamara was drowned, and the ship in which Penrose sailed, with difficulty reached Rio de Janeiro.

In this action he was wounded; but both before and after it, he had courted the muse, though in very different strains; and the tender remembrance of a Miss Mary Slocock, whom he afterwards married, seems to have been uppermost in his mind.

Amidst this nobly awful scene,
Ere yet fell slaughter's rage begin,
Ere death his conquests swell,
Let me to love this tribute pay,
For Polly frame this parting lay,
Perhaps my last farewell.

Our poet returning to England with high testimonials of his courage and good conduct, but with a broken constitution, felt the propriety of relinquishing the military line, and of resuming his academical studies. Accordingly, he took orders, and became curate of Newbury, where he married the object of his dearest affections.

After he had continued a curate for nine years, he was presented to the valuable rectory of Beckington, near Standerwick in Somersetshire ; but this piece of good fortune came too late. His health was in such a state, that the waters of Bristol were prescribed, and there he died in 1779, in the 36th year of his age, leaving a son, named Thomas, now a fellow of New college, Oxford, and who possesses no small share of kindred genius.

Penrose was much admired for his pulpit eloquence, and beloved and esteemed for his social qualities. All his poetical compositions, and especially his " Flights of Fancy," display an enthusiasm, harmony, and force of expession, that may entitle him to rank with Gray and Collins. The poem on " Madness," is superior to any thing in the English language, if we except Dryden's Ode to Music, and bears the strongest impression of flowing from a mind ardent, excursive, and observant of nature in her every hue ; the general imagery is well conceived, the sentiments are happily suited to the subject, and the expression is often highly poetical. The disposition is artful and appropriate. The mind of the reader, after the horror excited by the view of *the fettered maniac,* is relieved by a tender and pathetic melancholy on beholding the *poor distracted fair.* And again, that melancholy passes into a different, though a kindred pity, occasioned by the circumstances of the *mimic monarch,* whose disturbing the reveries of *the love-lorn maid,* produces the finest poetical and dramatic effect. This evinces the poet's taste ; for if the disposition had been different, the effect would have been less happy. He is not less fortunate in his description ; the *maniac* appearing first in all the terrible circumstances of his character, and every suggestion of tenderness, and all the sensations of pity called up to qualify the attendant horrors. Nothing can be more finely pictured than the subject of the love-madness. The whole description maintains the truest propriety, and is executed with the happiest care. His fragments and smaller pieces may be read with pleasure, though they have not a sufficient degree of merit to entitle them to a place among the favoured productions of poesy.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY.

THE HELMETS.

A FRAGMENT.

—'Twas midnight—every mortal eye was clos'd
Through the whole mansion—save the antique crone's,
That o'er the dying embers faintly watch'd
The broken sleep, fell harbinger of death,
Of a sick boteler. Above indeed
In a drear gall'ry, lighted by one lamp,
Whose wick the poor departing seneschall
Did closely imitate, pac'd slow and sad
The village curate, waiting late to shrive
The penitent when 'wake. Scarce show'd the ray
To fancy's eye, the pourtray'd characters
That grac'd the wall. On this and t'other side
Suspended, nodded o'er the steepy stair,
In many a trophy form'd, the knightly group
Of helms and targets, gauntlets, maces strong,
And horses' furniture—brave monuments
Of ancient chivalry. Through the stain'd pane
Low gloom'd the moon—not bright—but of such pow'r
As mark'd the clouds, black, threat'ning overhead,
Full mischief-fraught; from these in many a peal
Growl'd the near thunder—flash'd the frequent blaze,
Of light'ning blue. While round the fretted dome
The wind sung surly: with unusual clang
The armour shook tremendous: on a couch
Plac'd in the oriel, sunk the churchman down:
For who, alone, at that dread hour of night,
Could bear portentous prodigy?——
" I hear it," cries the proudly gilded casque,
Fill'd by the soul of one, who erst took joy
In slaught'rous deeds, " I hear amidst the gale
" The hostile spirit shouting—once—once more
" In the thick harvest of the spears we'll shine—
" There will be work anon."——
——" I'm 'waken'd too,"

Replied the sable helmet, tenanted
By a like inmate, " Hark !—I hear the voice
" Of the impatient ghosts, who straggling range
" Yon summit, crown'd with ruin'd battlements
" The fruits of civil discord: to the din
" The spirits, wand'ring round this Gothic pile,
" All join their yell—the song is war and death—
" There will be work anon."
————" Call armourers, ho !
" Furbish my vizor—close my rivets up—
" I brook no dallying"————
————" Soft, my hasty friend,"
Said the black beaver, " Neither of us twain
" Shall share the bloody toil. War-worn am I :
" Bor'd by a happier mace, I let in fate
" To my once master, since unsought, unus'd,
" Pensile I'm fix'd—yet too your gaudy pride
" Has nought to boast; the fashion of the fight
" Has thrown your guilt and shady plumes aside,
" For modern foppery ; still do not frown,
" Nor lour indignantly your steely brows,
" We've comfort left enough. The bookman's lore
" Shall trace our sometime merit; in the eye
" Of antiquary taste we long shall shine:
" And as the scholar marks our rugged front,
" He'll say, This Cressy saw, that Agincourt:
" Thus dwelling on the prowess of his fathers,
" He'll venerate their shell. Yet more than this,
" From our inactive station we shall hear
" The groans of butcher'd brothers, shrieking plaints
" Of ravish'd maids, and matrons' frantic howls.
" Already hov'ring o'er the threaten'd lands
" The famish'd raven snuffs the promis'd feast,
" And hoarselier croaks for blood—'twill flow."
————" Forbid it heaven !
" O shield my suffering country !—Shield it," pray'd
The agonizing priest.

MADNESS.

Swell the clarion, sweep the string,
Blow into rage the muse's fires!
All thy answers, echo, bring,
Let wood and dale, let rock and valley ring,
'Tis madness' self inspires.

Hail, awful madness, hail!
Thy realm extends, thy powers prevail,
Far as the voyager spreads his 'ventrous sail.
Nor best nor wisest are exempt from thee;
Folly—folly's only free.

Hark!—To the astonish'd ear
The gale conveys a strange tumultuous sound.
They now approach, they now appear,
Phrenzy leads her chorus near,
And demons dance around.
Pride—ambition idly vain,
Revenge and malice swell her train,—

Devotion warp'd—affection crost—
Hope in disappointment lost—
And injur'd merit, with a downcast eye,
Hurt by neglect, slow stalking heedless by.

Loud the shouts of madness rise,
Various voices, various cries,
Mirth unmeaning—causeless moans,
Bursts of laughter—heart-felt groans—
All seem to pierce the skies.

Rough as the wint'ry wave, that roars
On Thule's desert shores,
Wild raving to the unfeeling air,
The fetter'd maniac foams along,
Rage the burden of his jarring song,
In rage he grinds his teeth, and rends his streaming hair.

No pleasing memory left—forgotten quite
All former scenes of dear delight,

Connubial love—parental joy—
No sympathies like these his soul employ,
——But all is dark within, all furious black despair.

Not so the love-lorn maid,
By too much tenderness betray'd;
Her gentle breast no angry passion fires,
But slighted vows possess, and fainting, soft desires.

She yet retains her wonted flame,
All—but in reason, still the same.
Streaming eyes,
Incessant sighs,
Dim haggard looks, and clouded o'er with care,
Point out to pity's tears, the poor distracted fair,
Dead to the world—her fondest wishes crost,
She mourns herself thus early lost.

Now, sadly gay, of sorrows past she sings,
Now, pensive, ruminates unutterable things.
She starts—she flies—who dares so rude
On her sequester'd steps intrude?
'Tis he—the Momus of the flighty train—
Merry mischief fills his brain.
Blanket-rob'd, and antic crown'd,
The mimic monarch skips around;
Big with conceit of dignity he smiles,
And plots his frolics quaint, and unsuspected wiles.

Laughter was there—but mark that groan,
Drawn from my inmost soul!
"Give the knife, demons, or the poison'd bowl,
"To finish miseries equal to your own."

Who's this wretch, with horror wild?—
—'Tis devotion's ruin'd child.
Sunk in the emphasis of grief,
Nor can he feel, nor dares he ask relief.

Thou, fair religion, wast design'd,
Duteous daughter of the skies,
To warm and cheer the human mind,
To make men happy, good, and wise;

To point where sits, in love array'd,
Attentive to each suppliant call,
The God of universal aid,
The God, the Father, of us all.

First shown by thee, thus glow'd the gracious scene,
'Till superstition, fiend of woe,
Bade doubts to rise, and tears to flow,
And spread deep shades our view and heaven between.

Drawn by her pencil the Creator stands,
His beam of mercy thrown aside,
With thunder arming his uplifted hands,
And hurling vengeance wide.
Hope, at the frown aghast, yet ling'ring, flies,
And dash'd on terror's rocks, faith's best dependence lies.

But ah! too thick they crowd, too close they throng,
Objects of pity and affright!
Spare further the descriptive song;
Nature shudders at the sight.
Protract not, curious ears, the mournful tale,
But o'er the hapless group, low drop compassion's veil.

THE HERMIT'S VISION.

MILDLY beam'd the queen of night,
Sailing through the gay serene:
Silver'd by her modest light,
But faintly shone the solitary scene,
With deep'ning shadows mixt, and glitt'ring breaks between.

High on a cliffy steep o'erspread
With many an oak, whose ancient head
Did in its neighbour's top itself inwreath,
And cast an umbered gloom and solemn awe beneath;

High on a cliffy steep a hermit sat,
Weighing on his weaned mind
The various turns of mortal fate,
The various woes of human kind

Meek pity's pearl oft started in his eye, [sigh.
And many a prayer he pour'd, and heav'd a frequent

Silent was all around,
Save when the swelling breeze
Convey'd the half-expiring sound
Of distant waterfalls, and gently waving trees.

No tinkling folds, no curfew's parting knell
Struck the sequester'd anchoret's ear;
Remote from men he scoop'd his narrow cell,
For much he had endur'd, no more he look'd to fear.

But still, the world's dark tempests past,
What though his skiff was drawn to shore,
And shelter'd in retirement fast,
Yet oft his voyage he'd ponder o'er;
Oft in reflection life's rough ocean view,
How mount the stormy waves, how hard to struggle through!

Before his sage revolving eyes
Various phantoms seem'd to rise,
Now retreat, and now advance,
And mazy twine the mystic dance.

Joy led the van, in rapture wild,
Thoughtless of the distant day;
Sweet complacence, angel mild,
Hied from the frantic pageant far away;
For she was wisdom's favour'd child,
In revelry untaught to stray.

Joy led the van—her painted vest
Flowing to th' obsequious wind,
Hope had seiz'd, with flutt'ring breast,
And eager tripp'd behind.

Gay she stepp'd, till busy fear
Whisper'd in her startled ear,
"How many a cup is dash'd with gall,
"How many an evil may befal!"
Aghast awhile she heard the ruthful song,
Then faster seiz'd the robe, and hastier danc'd along.

Close love follow'd in the train,
Love, the queen of pleasing pain:
Placid now in dear delight,
Madd'ning now in deep affright,
And prying keen with jaundic'd eye,
Pierc'd by the sting of hell-born jealousy.

'Twixt pride and lust of grandeur led,
Next ambition rear'd her head,
By phrenzy urg'd o'er every bar to rise,
And seize the visionary prize:
Wild as she rush'd, she scorn'd to mark the ground,
Yet many a slip she made, and many a fall she found.

Pale as the waning moon,
With tear-stain'd cheek and stupid gaze,
Withering before life's sunny noon,
Grief crept along in sad amaze,
By many a stroke to keenest mis'ry brought,
Now in a shower dissolv'd, now lost in inward thought.

As the rous'd tiger gaunt and fell
Kindles into cruel rage,
With flashing glare, and murd'rous yell;
Thus anger past th' ideal stage,
Too fierce for wounds or groans to feel.
Onward she sprung, and shook the bloody steel.

While far behind, with silent pace and slow,
Malice was content to go,
Patient the distant hour to wait,
And hide with courteous smiles the blackest hate.
Secret long her wrath she'd keep,
Till time disarm'd the foe, then drove her poinard deep.

To malice link'd, as near allied,
Envy march'd with baleful lour;
Detraction halted by her side,
Upheld by falsehood's feeble power.

"No more!—no more!" the holy seer exclaim'd,
"Passions wild, unbroke, untam'd,
"Must sure the human heart o'erthrow,
"And plunge in all the energy of woe.

" Grant then the boon, all-gracious heav'n,
" Let reason ever take the helm;
" Lest, by unheeded whirlwinds driv'n,
" The pinnace frail some gust may overwhelm!

" Hang out the friendly lamp, that clear
" From error's peril she may safely steer;
" Till death shall bid each trial cease,
" And moor the shatter'd bark in peace!"

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

FAINTLY bray'd the battle's roar,
Distant down the hollow wind;
Panting terror fled before,
Wounds and death were left behind.

The war-fiend curs'd the sunken day,
That check'd his fierce pursuit too soon;
While, scarcely lighting to the prey,
Low hung, and lour'd the bloody moon.

The field, so late the hero's pride,
Was now with various carnage spread;
And floated with a crimson tide,
That drench'd the dying and the dead.

O'er the sad scene of dreariest view,
Abandon'd all to horrors wild,
With frantic step Maria flew,
Maria, sorrow's early child;

By duty led, for every vein
Was warm'd by Hymen's purest flame;
With Edgar o'er the wint'ry main,
She, lovely, faithful, wanderer, came.

For well she thought a friend so dear,
In darkest hours might joy impart;
Her warrior, faint with toil, might cheer,
Or sooth her bleeding warrior's smart.

Though look'd for long—in chill affright,
The torrent bursting from her eye,
She heard the signal for the fight,
While her soul trembled in a sigh.

She heard, and clasp'd him to her breast,
Yet scarce could urge th' inglorious stay;
His manly heart the charm confest;
Then broke the charm, and rush'd away.

Too soon, in few, but deadly words,
Some flying straggler breath'd to tell,
That in the foremost strife of swords,
The young, the gallant Edgar fell.

She prest to hear—she caught the tale—
At every sound her blood congeal'd;
With terror bold, with terror pale,
She sprung to search the fatal field.

O'er the sad scene in dire amaze
She went, with courage not her own;
On many a corpse she cast her gaze,
And turn'd her ear to many a groan.

Drear anguish urged her to press
Full many a hand, as wild she mourn'd;
Of comfort glad, the drear caress
The damp, chill, dying hand return'd.

Her ghastly hope was well nigh fled,
When late pale Edgar's form she found,
Half-buried with the hostile dead,
And bor'd with many a grisly wound.

She knew—she sunk—the night-bird scream'd,
The moon withdrew her troubled light,
And left the fair, though fall'n she seem'd—
To worse than death—and deepest night.

MORTALITY.

'Twas the deep groan of death
That struck th' affrighted ear!
The momentary breeze, the vital breath
Expiring sunk!—Let friendship's holy tear
Embalm her dead, as low he lies.
To weep another's fate, oft teaches to be wise.

Wisdom! set the portal wide,
Call the young, and call the vain,
Hither lure presuming pride,
With hope mistrustless at her side,
And wealth, that chance defies, and greedy thirst of gain.

Call the group, and fix the eye,
Show how awful 'tis to die.
Show the portrait in the dust:
Youth may frown, the picture's just;
And though each nerve resists, yet yield at length they must.

Where's the visage, that awhile
Glow'd with glee and rosy smile?
Trace the corpse—the likeness seek—
No likeness will you own.
Pale's the once social cheek,
And wither'd round the ghastly bone.

Where are the beamy orbs of sight,
The windows of the soul?
No more with vivid ray they roll,
Their suns are set in night.

Where's the heart, whose vital power
Beat with honest rapture high;
That joy'd in many a friendly hour,
And gave to misery many a sigh?

Froze to a stone! And froze the hand
Whose grasp affection warm convey'd;
Whose bounty fed the suppliant band,
And nourish'd want with timely aid.

Ah! what remains to bring relief,
To silence agonizing grief,
To sooth the breast in tempest tost,
That thrilling wails in vain the dear companion lost?

'Tis the departed worth, though sure
To gash the wound, yet works the cure:
'Tis merit's gift alone to bloom
O'er the dread horrors of the tomb;
To dry the mourner's pious stream,
And soften sorrow to esteem.

Does ambition toil to raise
Trophies to immortal praise?
Trust not, though strong her passions burn,
Trust not the marble's flattering style,
Though art's best skill engrave the urn,
Time's cank'ring tooth shall fret the pile.

THE CURATE.

A FRAGMENT.

O'ER the pale embers of a dying fire,
His little lampe fed with but little oile,
The curate sate, for scantie was his hire,
And ruminated sad the morrowe's toil.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet season to prepare
The stated lectures of the coming tyde;
No day of reste to him, but day of care,
At manie a church to preach with tedious ride.

Before him sprede his various sermons lay,
Of explanation deepe, and sage advice;
The harvest gain'd from manie a thoughtful daye,
The fruit of learninge, bought with heavy price.

On these he cast a fond but tearful eye
A while he paused, for sorrowe stopped his throte,
Arroused at lengthe, he heav'd a bitter sighe,
And thus complainde, as well indeed he mote:

" Hard is the scholar's lot, condemned to sail
" Unpatroniz'd o'er life's tempestuous wave ;
" Clouds blind his sight ; nor blows a friendly gale,
" To waft him to one port—except the grave.

" Big with presumptive hope, I launch'd my keele,
" With youthful ardour and bright science fraughte ;
" Unanxious of the pains long doom'd to feel,
" Unthinking that the voyage might end in noughte.

" Pleas'd on the summer sea I daunc'd a while,
" With gay companions, and with views as fair ;
" Outstripp'd by these, I'm left to humble toil,
" My fondest hope abandon'd in despair.

" Had my ambitious mind been led to rise
" To highest flights, to Crosier and to Pall,
" Scarce could I mourn the missinge of the prize,
" For soaringe wishes well deserve their fall.

" No tow'ring thoughts like these engag'd my breast,
" I hoped, nor blame, ye proud, the lowly plan,
" Some little cove, some parsonage of rest,
" The scheme of duty suited to the man ;

" Where, in my narrow sphere secure, at ease,
" From vile dependence free, I might remain
" The guide to good, the counsellor of peace,
" The friend, the shepherd of the village swain.

" Yet cruel fate denied the small request,
" And bound me fast, in one ill-omen'd hour,
" Beyond the chance of remedie, to reste
" The slave of wealthie pride and priestlie pow'r.

" Oft as in russet weeds I scour along,
" In distant chappels hastilie to pray,
" By nod scarce noticed of the passing thronge,
" 'Tis but the curate, every childe will say.

" Not circumscribed in dignitie alone
" Do I my rich superior's vassal ride ;
" Sad penurie, as was in cottage known,
" With all its frowns, does o'er my roof preside.

" Ah ! not for me the harvest yields its store,
" The bough-crown'd shock in vain attracts mine eye ;
" To labour doom'd, and destin'd to be poor,
" I pass the field, I hope not envious, by.

" When at the altar surplice-clad I stand,
" The bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden fee ;
" The gift I take, but dare not close my hand ;
" The splendid present centres not in me."

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

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